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**LAMPLIGHT:**

**Illustrations and Quotations for Pulpit, Platform and Forum**



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and Forum

By  
PERRY J. STACKHOUSE, D.D.  
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*To my granddaughters,  
Eleanor and Jane Lefler  
Linda and Diana Stackhouse*





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## PREFACE

Nearly all of the quotations and illustrations found in this book are from public addresses and books written by the author. Where material is used from other writers, credit is given, whenever possible, but in some cases the source has been forgotten, and probably there are passages that ought to be in quotation marks.

It was a serious question whether the personal element, permissible within certain limits in a public address, ought not to be eliminated from a book. After much consideration, it seemed best, for the sake of vividness, to leave such passages as they were originally delivered.

In selecting quotations and illustrations, the author endeavored to include only those that might be of service to public speakers, teachers, and writers in the preparation of articles, sermons, or public addresses.

One of the most difficult problems that confront a speaker or writer is to find some fresh illustration that may help illuminate his subject. People like stories, and a fresh illustration will often grip an audience, stir their minds and hearts, and impel them to action more quickly than any closely reasoned argument. Many of the illustrations used in this book have grown out of the author's own experience in a ministry that has brought him into close contact with thousands of people in widely separated communities in Canada and the United States—fishing villages, lumber camps, small towns, great cities—among the very poor and illiterate; among the rich and cultured.

It is his hope and prayer that the illustrations and suggestions presented here may be of some service to men and women who are seeking to bring the reign of God into human life.

P. J. S.

*Chicago, Ill.*



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## Achievement and a Philosophy of Life

Maxim Gorky pictures in one of his books two Russian peasants discussing the problem of life. Said the first, "People bustle about, work, and so on. That is called living. Then, suddenly, thump, the person is dead. What does that mean?" "It doesn't mean anything. When one grows old it is time to die." "But what did they live for?" "They just lived for the sake of living. They work, they endeavor to attain success. Everybody wants to live well and to look out for a chance of making a career."

The peasants keep on talking, but they add no contribution to the problem, and both lives close in disaster because they have no adequate philosophy of life.

There are many people like these two Russians. They just eddy about without any goal that is worthy to be called a goal. They gather and squander, following blindly a few primitive instincts, and when they die there is nothing to be recorded of them except the fact of their passing.

## Addition, Overcoming Evil By

Chicago depends on Lake Michigan for its water supply. The lake is filled with impurities. There was a time when epidemics of typhoid fever swept through the city and took a heavy toll of life. Every few years there was a cholera visitation, and sometimes, as in 1854, when the plague was particularly bad, the population of the cemeteries increased by many hundreds. There was no known way to rid the lake of pollution. Finally it was discovered that the way to purify drinking water for the millions of city people was not by a process of subtraction, but by a process of addition. Chlorine was added to the water and the poison was neutralized. So, salvation came not by subtraction but by addition. It is by that same process of addition that the moral health of the individual is to be preserved. Paul, writing to the church of Corinth, tells them to add to their faith certain virtues to neutralize the power and poison of evil.

## Advertising, What It Does

One of the most remarkable developments of modern business is the art of advertising. It is estimated that in America every year one billion dollars is spent in advertising. It has laid its hand on poets and painters, scientists and writers. Electrical advertising has converted the business streets of our cities into something like a fairyland. It is said that advertising came into the world because men were too impatient to wait for Mrs. Jones to tell Mrs. Smith that Brown's pickles were good to eat. Brown discovered that he could tell two million Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Joneses about his pickles and that he could sell a lot more pickles that way than by waiting for the news to leak out by itself. Advertising multiplies human wants and intensifies human desires. It makes two blades of grass grow in the business world where only one grew before. No sane man will deny that advertising pays in business and industry. But what about advertising in religion?

## Agitator, Appeal of the

The appeal of the agitator to the masses is the appeal of a new and better world. When men are out of work and their families suffer for lack of nourishing food, and have insufficient clothing on their backs, and depend only on a casual and grudging charity to keep their bodies and souls together, they are the raw material out of which revolutions are made. The agitator comes to a despairing class steeped in misery, and he says, "Comrades, you have nothing to lose but your chains. Follow me and we will pull down the mighty from their seats and exalt men of low degree. Rise, fight, slay. The world is rich in money and goods. These treasures are yours if you will but seize them."

## Agitators, Types of

There are different kinds of agitators as there are different kinds of animals. Some are useful, some are dangerous; some have good intentions, some are murderous. When you call a man an agitator you may be paying him a compliment, or you may be trying to start something. Some men are so narrow and reactionary in their outlook upon life, so well satisfied with things as they are, that they are ready to brand as an agitator any man whose ideas do not coincide with their own. If they had their way they would put free speech, the free press, and the right of peaceful assembly under lock and key, and permit them to be used only by people who could present the

right kind of credentials. The agitator who opposes democratic principles menaces everything that is fine in our civilization. He scorns the ballot, has a lofty contempt for religion and morality, regards capital as the source of all our social ills, would abolish private property, and believes the Golden Age is to be ushered in with the dictatorship of the proletariat. The new order is to come not through the ballot but by the bomb, not by education but by intimidation, not by evolution but by revolution.

### **Agitator, Value of the**

Without certain kinds of agitator the world would soon be controlled by the crafty, the ruthless, and the selfish. The abolition of slavery, trial by jury, freedom of conscience, emancipation of children from industrial servitude, better working conditions for men and women came through agitation and agitators for reform. If the women who wanted the vote had not agitated; if they had patiently waited until the so-called stronger sex had bestowed it upon them, they still would be patiently waiting when Gabriel blows his trumpet and declares that time is no more. Jesus was an agitator. When the temple police haled Him before the Roman procurator, the charge they brought against Him was, "He stirreth up the people." They were right. He did stir up the people. He taught the revolutionary idea that men are equal in the sight of God, that the things you must not do to an emperor you must not do to the humblest individual, that the test of greatness is not lordship but service, that the loving heart, not the mailed fist, should govern individuals and classes and nations in their relations one with the other. Every man who is worth his salt is an agitator. The man who can survey the world as it is and not see grounds for agitation is either woefully blind or wilfully selfish.

### **Anchors, Atheism Has No**

People can get along without God when the skies are clear, the winds gentle, and the seas calm; but not when the storm breaks and they are without an anchor. Clarence Darrow, whose death made headlines for the press, on his seventy-seventh birthday sent this message to the younger generation that was coming up the slope behind him: "If I were a young man with life ahead of me, I think I'd chuck it all, the way things now are. The odds are too great against you. The world is all wrong nowadays. I certainly have no encouragement for the young bloods who are just starting out looking



for jobs. The sooner they jump into the lake, the sooner they will find peace." That is the best that the atheistic philosophy can offer a man. If the odds are difficult, "jump into the lake." So today the beaches are covered with the wreckage of men who in the hour of disaster had no God to turn to for comfort and strength.

### Apathy, Religious

On many of our church altars the fires have nearly gone out. We lack the thrill and the throb of earlier days. The church has become conventional. It is an institution, not a crusade. It is lukewarm, neither cold nor hot. In losing the power of propaganda there is danger that it shall become petrified.

As a contrast with the apathy of the Christian Church of today let us give consideration to a traveller's report of his attendance at a communistic youth rally in Moscow. Over a million were gathered. The speaker spoke with the fervor and conviction which once characterized Christian preaching at its best, and in answer to every emphatic statement the crowd would chant back, as with one mighty voice, "We are building a new world." He went on to say that he heard a man tell of sitting in a Chinese courtroom and witnessing Chinese students sentenced to die under the executioner's axe because they were communists. He described the march of the boys from the courtroom to the executioner's block. They went in single file, locked together with heavy chains which clanked and dragged. They entered the narrow dingy street with people lined on both sides to spit and jeer. But as the boys marched they began to sing. He heard their voices rise above the rattle of their chains and the jeers of the crowd. They were singing the "Internationale," "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation, arise." Soon the crowd forgot to mock. The heroism and faith of those doomed boys transformed what was to have been a scene of disgrace and shame into a sight of sheer heroism. The traveller said, "I asked myself how much of this moral earnestness, this passionate devotion to conviction could I find in the church today? How much in my own church? How much could I find in myself?"

### Appetite, The Power of

Shaw in his play, *Man and Superman*, shows the power of appetite in the following speech by one of his characters:

"Do you not understand that when I stood face to face with the temptation, every fibre in my clear critical brain warned me to spare her and save myself?

My morals said, No. My conscience said, No. My chivalry and pity for her said, No. My prudent regard for myself said, No; and while I was in the act of turning away life seized me and threw me into her arms, as a sailor throws a scrap of fish into the mouth of a sea bird."

### **Appetite, The Ruling Passion**

The pagan passion for appetite finds expression in the mouth of Nicholas, one of the characters in the book, *The Will to Live*. Nicholas said:

"The master passion is appetite, appetite, appetite. I perceive no other thing in life. From the baby at the breast to the nonagenarian, it's appetite that makes the wheels go round. For all practical purposes humanity is one wide mouth with tentacles of trade, science, commerce and politics feeding that mouth. Food, love, possessions—all come under the single head of appetite. There is nothing else in life but to eat, to kiss, to own. Those who can eat, kiss and own are happy. And those who can't are damned."

It is that pagan passion for appetite that has taken possession of great masses of our people. That is one reason why family life is crumbling in our city, why crime is becoming one of the most popular and lucrative professions, why lawlessness is threatening the very foundations of our social order and corrupt and criminal politicians direct the affairs of government and plunge us into bankruptcy. In Europe the wide mouth of appetite has swallowed three small nations and is threatening to swallow others.

### **Authority, The Breakdown of**

Once the authority of the father in the home was supreme. He demanded and usually received the unquestioning obedience and submission of all the members of the family, from the wife and mother down to the youngest child. His word was law, not necessarily because it was the right word, but because of the authority of his position. There may be a few such old-fashioned families left in the world, but I cannot recall meeting any in recent years. The popular cartoon, "Bringing up Father," probably expresses the attitude of the average American family toward that former august individual who still is somewhat euphemistically known as the head of the household. Authority in a republic is always a difficult thing to define. We are a nation, but we are a nation made up of many states. To what extent shall the authority of the nation be imposed upon the individual state? Lawlessness is threatening to submerge our civilization, perhaps because there seems to be no

real and adequate authority to deal with the lawbreaker. The policeman washes his hands of responsibility, and says, "The judge is to blame." And the judge goes through his ablutions and accuses "corrupt politicians," while the politician, with an expression of injured innocence, declares, "The laws cannot be enforced." We have made the meshes of our legal net so big that about seventy percent of our lawbreakers are able to wiggle through.

The same decay of authority that we have witnessed in the family and the state is evident in the sphere of religion. In the Protestant world there has been a general revolt against the authority of creeds and confessions of faith. The dogma of an infallible book is no longer taught, even in conservative theological seminaries. Probably the most difficult problem Protestants face today is the problem of what constitutes the final authority in religion. If we could come to an agreement on this question of authority, most of our theological difficulties would disappear.

### Automobiles, Not an Unmixed Blessing

We have not yet learned how properly to use the things which the inventive genius of man has brought to us. Thoreau said, "We are always wanting to tunnel under the Atlantic, although the first message that may come to the flapping American ear is that the Princess Adelaide has whooping cough." The automobile is the great American invention. There are more automobiles in use in the United States than in nearly all the rest of the world put together, but the automobile is not an unmixed blessing. It slays its victims by the tens of thousands, and seriously injures hundreds of thousands of others. It has become an instrument of crime. Some years ago I was escorted by three gentlemen of the bandit profession to a dark basement, where they made the sad discovery that a Baptist minister was a poor subject for a holdup. They escaped in a waiting automobile. By the time I got to a telephone to notify the police that automobile was probably five miles away, and possibly twenty miles away before the police got to the scene. The tremendous increase in crime in the United States is not due entirely to the aftereffects of the war, or to any unholy alliance between criminals and crooked politicians. Automobiles must be taken into consideration. On the whole, automobiles have operated against religion and against the church. I have read that a church somewhere in Indiana has a large sign with these words: "Train up an automobile in the way it should go and it will not depart from the Lord's House

on the Lord's Day." Evidently there is some grave weakness in our pedagogical method, for on the Lord's Day most automobiles make for the open country rather than to the Lord's House.

### Ballot, The Power of the

It is a most inspiring spectacle to us who believe in democracy to see a government that has been in power come again to the people and ask for a certificate of good conduct. It means that, in the last analysis, the people are the masters of their fate, the captains of their souls. It means that the men who represent us in our city councils, our state legislatures, and at Washington are there by our permission, that they are carrying on government for us, that if they are not good stewards we can put them out of power by the same method we used to elevate them to office.

### Barnyard, The Ethics of the

Some years ago I spent my summer vacation at a farmhouse. Perhaps it was because I was city born and reared that the sights and sounds around that farmhouse made such a deep impression upon me, especially the sounds which usually began about three o'clock in the morning. There was one old rooster who seemed to think that he was an alarm clock for the entire neighborhood, and I must confess that he was the last word in efficiency. I was greatly taken with the barnyard, and the variety of life that grunted and hissed, crowed and clucked, barked and mewed, screamed and neighed, within its somewhat narrow enclosures. I am not an especially keen observer, but I was not long in making the discovery that in that barnyard every bird and beast were following the law of appetite. I found little evidence of pity, sacrifice, cooperation. The spirit of the barnyard was a spirit of egoism. It was a ruthless struggle, and if it had not been for the supervision of the human animals, the weak would have perished and only the strongest and most piggish forms of life would have survived.

Is the world a barnyard, and are we all merely animals contending for food and drink and shelter? Is the law of struggle the great law of life, and selfishness the true interpretation of human history? Was that barnyard a miniature world depicting the happenings of the social order of which we are members? Are culture, and altruism, and cooperation mere superficial adornments? If you scratch the skin of the human animal do you find the pig? Is selfishness the true philosophy of life, and altruism a mere appendage, like a diamond

earring worn by a beautiful woman for effect? That view of life is not without some distinguished advocates. "Life," says Nietzsche, "is essentially the appropriation, the injury, the subduing of the alien and the weak. It is suppression, compulsion, the enforcing of its own forms. It is assimilation, and at the least and gentlest, exploitation." He scouts altruism. "The weak and crippled should go to the wall: this is the first principle of our philanthropy." There you have barnyard ethics elevated to a philosophy and a guide to conduct.

### **Beast, The Battle with the**

Primitive man, cowering in a cave, faced a hostile world. Within the cave there was a certain degree of safety, especially after he had discovered the use of fire. But the cave was only a refuge. Man's food supplies were outside. But outside were ravenous beasts of prey who were also looking for food. Every time he left the comparative security of the cave man took his life in his hands. The history of man is a history of ceaseless struggle with beasts. Man has finally conquered the brute creation. Some he has tamed, and others he has driven far from the haunts of men. He has harnessed the forces of nature—the same forces that once terrorized his soul—and made them obedient servants. Someone has said that, "if there be somewhere in the universe a race of supernatural beings with unlimited vision, they must be watching with absorbing interest the drama of life as it has been played out upon this tiny planet that we call the earth during the past one hundred thousand years."

### **Beautiful, Looking for the**

A story is told of Alice Freeman Palmer, once president of Wellesley. In her youth she spent some time teaching a Sunday-school class made up of girls recruited from a city slum. One Sunday the idea came to her to ask these children, tragically dirty and unpromising, to find in their homes something beautiful, and then tell the other children about it the next Sunday. When the Sunday came, a bedraggled little girl who lived in a particularly dingy tenement said slowly, "I ain't found nothing beautiful where I live, except—except the sunshine on our baby's curls." Years later, long after Mrs. Palmer's death, her husband was lecturing at a university in the West. He was entertained in a distinguished home, and his hostess told him eagerly that she had once been a member of Mrs. Palmer's Sunday-school class. She said, "I can remember that

your wife once asked us to find something beautiful in our homes, and that I came back, saying the only beautiful thing I could find was the sunshine on my sister's curls. But that suggestion that your wife made was the turning-point in my life. I began to look for something beautiful wherever I was, and I've been doing it ever since." It was characteristic of Jesus that He saw the beautiful in nature and in people, and He was ever trying to open the eyes of His disciples, that they, too, might see the divine and the beautiful, even in the most unlikely places and among the most unlovely people.

### **Bethlehem, Democracy Born at**

Somebody has said that democracy was born at Bunker Hill, but it is more correct to say that democracy was born in a common stable, in a little obscure village in Judea. I have read somewhere that there was once held in London a magnificent parade in memory of the death of a great inventor. He was a man who had begun life as a common shop mechanic. Most of the machine shop men of that city were in the parade, and they carried a banner which read, "He was one of us." Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin, as was also James Garfield. Alfred E. Smith sprang from a tenement under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, Herbert Hoover from a shack out on the prairies of Iowa. All honor to these men who from humble beginnings were able to achieve national eminence. But if there had been no Bethlehem there would have been no Abraham Lincoln. Jesus was born not in a palace but in the stable of an inn. He spent His boyhood days in the obscurity and poverty of a humble carpenter's home, in a village that was a name for reproach. His disciples were fishermen, artisans and tax collectors. He never owned a square foot of earth, and often He knew what it was to be hungry and homeless. He lived on the common level, where millions live and die. "He was one of us." He came preaching good tidings to the poor, deliverance to the downtrodden. He proclaimed the absolute equality of men in the sight of God. The day of the common man dawned when Jesus was born.

### **Bethlehem, A Symbol**

Bethlehem may be taken as a symbol of the realization of the hopes, the dreams, the ideals of humanity, and the star points the way. The thought of Bethlehem lures the soul from dry pasture lands to an adventure in that strange and undiscovered country that lies over the hills and far away. Bethlehem is not simply a

geographical unit, but a spiritual idea. A little town, a little child, a manger, cattle and shepherds—out of such unlikely material the miracle of the ages emerged.

### Bigness, The Craze for

One of the most popular topics for discussion in the magazine sections of newspapers is the bigness of the universe. We are like little children who have caught their first glimpse of Santa Claus when some astronomer tells us how many million years it would take us to fly in an airplane, travelling a hundred miles an hour, to the nearest star. But why should we be overawed by anything because it is big? Bigness is just bigness, and while I make no pretense of understanding Einstein's theory of relativity, I do know that all bigness is relative. Eddington in his book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, writes, "The revelation of modern physics of the void within the atom is more disturbing than the revelation by astronomers of the immense void of interstellar spaces." The ambition of every small town is to become a city and of every city to become a bigger city and of every big city to become the biggest city. The real test of a city is not the number of people reported in the census returns, not the size of its buildings, its miles of paved streets, but the opportunities it offers to its men, women, and children for a healthy, happy, wholesome life. The worth of a family cannot be computed by the number of heads that gather around the dining table. The influence of a church in a community is not fixed by the size of its membership and the report of the church treasurer. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father cannot be determined on a commercial and mathematical basis.

### Birthday of Jesus, Preparing for the

The time draws near the anniversary of the birth of Christ. Let us get ready for His advent. The merchants are stocking their stores with Christmas goods. They are preparing alluring advertisements. Christmas is their harvest time. They are thinking, not of the song of angels, but of the ringing of cash registers. Their minds are occupied with thoughts, not of peace and good will, but of profits and dividends; not of the Babe of Bethlehem, but of the mammon of commerce. To thousands of people employed in the stores the Christmas season means longer hours, harder work, and complete exhaustion of mind, body, and soul. There is a real danger that Christmas, with all its sacred associations, will degenerate into a

sort of pagan feast of eating, drinking, buying, selling, merry-making, and carousing. What profit is it to us if Christ is born in Bethlehem and is not born in our hearts? Let us never forget

"Tho' Christ in Bethlehem a thousand times is born,  
If He is not born in thee thy soul is still forlorn."

### Birth, The New

Can a man be born again when he is old? There are various answers. The social worker will probably tell you that the only way to change people is to change their environment. The materialist will inform you that man is but a bundle of appetites, that motor reactions follow sensations with the regularity of an eight-day clock, and that, as a matter of fact, there isn't any soul to regenerate. Can a man old in sin, and with the habits of life firmly fixed, be born again? Is there any hope for the broken human earthenware that strewn the streets of our city? Can an Iago be transformed into a Jean Val Jean, a Caliban into an Ariel, a Saul of Tarsus into Paul the apostle? Jesus answered these questions in the affirmative. It was a part of His revelation that the hopelessly lost can be saved. The early church proclaimed it with such triumphant assurance that in 300 years hundreds of thousands of people living in the most corrupt society the world has ever seen were spiritually transformed. The modern church sounds forth the same message, but not, I think, with the same ringing note of absolute certainty. For regeneration we are apt to substitute education, and for a life hid with Christ in God, a life devoted to Red Cross work on the Jericho road and the creation of a new social order.

### Bread, The Broken

Dr. Arthur John Gossip of Scotland in his book, *From the Edge of the Crowd*, recalls an experience that he had on a battlefield in France. He writes in *The Pulpit* (The Christian Century Press):

"One day I came on a dead laddie lying all alone. Why of all the multitudes one saw he so affected me I do not know. But he was Scottish, and he was young, and very handsome, and somebody's dearest, and, somehow, the dead eyes seemed to look up into mine with solemn challenge, and the dead lips to cry aloud till my heart heard, 'This is my body broken for you.' And then we had a communion service of a kind, just we three, the Lord Christ, the dead laddie, and my soul, and I swore that because he had died for me, please God, I would be worthy of that sacrifice."



Some such feeling the disciples must have had in the days following the Crucifixion. Whenever they broke bread in the common meal, their minds must have gone back to that upper room in Jerusalem, and they must have recalled that on the night the Lord was betrayed He took bread and broke it and gave it to the disciples, saying, "This is my body broken for you."

### Bread, The Cost of

During the Great War the bread of Europe was purchased with the blood of men. The tears and sobs of widows and orphans entered into its composition. The loaf became sacramental. It was gained by the sacrifice of thousands of men whose bones are lying today on the bed of the Atlantic. "This is my body broken for you," said Jesus. "I am the bread of life." And let us never forget that His body was broken for us. The scarlet thread of sacrifice runs through the whole life of our Lord. It is no accident that the chief symbol of the Christian religion is a cross, and that the chief sacrament is that which tells of the body that was broken and of the blood that was shed.

### Bush, The Burning

It is an interesting question how God speaks to men. God spoke to Moses through a burning bush. The poet Wordsworth tells us in the fourth book of the Prelude that during his first college vacation a strange quickening and consciousness of high and sacred vocation came to him, as on an early summer morning he was returning to a farmhouse among the hills. He tells us how through nature he found God, and dedicated his life to high and sacred things. To see God in a burning bush we must have the inner vision. It is true that every common bush is aflame with God, but only he who sees takes off his shoes. If Jethro, the priest of Midian, had accompanied his son-in-law to the desert that day, it is quite conceivable that he would have seen only a bush. But to Moses it was a bush plus God. There are many people who see without perceiving.

"A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

I think that if Moses had not been brooding over God he would never have found God in that burning bush. Looking at that burning bush, most men would have said, "spontaneous combustion,"

and passed on with their sheep. But Moses came with a prepared mind. Because he had vision he was ready for the message.

### **Cæsar and Christ, The Battle Between**

The battle that is to be fought out in the realm of religion and morals in the next twenty-five years is the battle between Cæsar and Christ. The old pagan view is expressed frankly and unblushingly in the editorial and news columns of many of our newspapers. It does not lack defenders among the professors and instructors in our colleges and universities. Modern literature is permeated with the pagan spirit. In his book, *The World of William Clissold*, H. G. Wells sneers at the old-fashioned ideas of sexual purity, preaches the right of the individual to find physical gratification from whatever woman may appeal to him, declares that marriage as practiced today is a failure, and says that we are living in the hectic last phase of a dying order. The fight is on. The issues are clear. It is not a battle over some metaphysical or theological problem that is remote from life and conduct. It is the old struggle between Cæsar and Christ. Cæsar means that the strong shall oppress the weak. It means pride, self-will, pomp, power, and individual and national self-indulgence. It means that man shall be as promiscuous in his loves as the birds and beasts of the barnyard. It means the setting up of the old temples of Mars and Venus.

### **Calf, The Fire and the Golden**

The ancient story of the golden calf and the plea of Aaron that all he did was to cast the gold into the fire and there came out a calf has some modern application. Like Aaron, many people today try to cover up their wrong-doing by claiming that they are but passive instruments in the hands of irresistible forces. The crooked business man who never permits the Ten Commandments to stand in the way of making a dishonest dollar, and who finally finds himself in the clutches of the law, has no sense of personal guilt. "Life in the business world," he will tell you, "is a struggle for existence. Every man is seeking to outreach the other. Business is organized warfare. My sin is not the way I played the game, but the grievous blunder of getting caught. I was put into the fire and I came out thus." The most hopeless sot that walks the streets of our city has a very plausible excuse for his downfall. "I am a victim of circumstances," he will tell you. "Somehow, I got in with the wrong crowd. They put temptation in my way that I was not able to resist. When I

had a desire to walk on the right path there was always someone to lead me on the wrong one. The times are evil. I was put into the fire and I came out a beast. Don't blame me, blame the fire." One of our novelists is continually insisting that virtue is a matter of climate. No man who has red blood in his veins can live a decent life in a hot-weather environment. When you pass from a temperate to a torrid zone the law of purity is no longer binding upon you. Virtue ceases to be virtue when the thermometer registers more than ninety in the shade. Character depends upon climate. Dr. Jekyll goes into the furnace, and Mr. Hyde emerges.

### Camel and the Needle's Eye, The

According to the Gospel story, when the young ruler who had come seeking life turned away sorrowful because he was unwilling to meet the demand of Jesus that he sell all that he had and give to the poor, our Lord said to His disciples, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Some rich men have been able to meet that test. Some years ago, in England, a young man named Fred Charrington heard that same call of Christ, "Go sell all you have and give to the poor and come follow me," sounding in his ears. All over England, on bill-boards and in saloons, you will find the announcement, "Charrington's Pale Ales." The older Charrington was a brewer. He had made a great fortune out of his ales. But young Fred had something in him that reached higher than beer. He wanted to enter into the fulness of life. He knew that he could not get through the narrow gateway and carry the money his father had made in selling beer. He put Christ before his money. He declined to touch it. He left his fortune at the Needle's Eye and passed through. Today he may be found working among the outcasts in the East End of London, a poor man. But he has found the abundant life.

### Cards? Is Life a Game of

A. S. Hutchinson begins his book, *The Happy Warrior*, with these words: "This life we stumble through, or strut through, or through which we creep or whine, or through which we dance or whistle, is built upon hazard, made up of tricks and chances, hence its miseries, but hence also its spice; hence its tragedies, and hence also its romance." This view of life has been expressed in poetry:

"Life is a game at which from unseen sources  
The cards are shuffled and the hearts are dealt."

Is life a game of cards? Are we pitted against some unseen player who deals out to us whatever cards may suit his good pleasure? Do skill, devotion, and rectitude count for nothing in the game of life? Is it true that success is only for him who holds trumps? Is life just one thing after another, and man himself only a bubble in the protoplasmic pot? It is a view of life that is held by not a few people, who would hardly be gratified if they were dubbed superficial thinkers. Is it true that

"We are no other than a moving row  
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go  
Round with this sun-illumined lantern held  
In midnight by the Master of the show,

"And that inverted bowl we call the sky  
Whereunder crawling, cooped we live and die,  
Lift not your hand to it for help—for it  
As impotently rolls as you and I."

There you have the Persian poet's view, that the whole universe is a gamble. Even the unseen player is no reality. He is just a figment of the brain. There is no purpose in life. Things just happen. Physiological differences account for the difference between a philanthropist and a murderer, and a good character may simply be the result of freedom from adenoids in early life. I had rather be "a pagan suckled on a creed outgrown" than believe any such stuff as that. The universe is not without a soul. Man is not a victim of circumstances. Nobility of soul, the passion for love, the glory of self-sacrifice are not capable of physiological explanation.

### Castaway, The .

There is something very ominous in that word *castaway*. It sends a chill to the heart. It comes from a Greek word, seldom used in the Scriptures, which has been variously translated "reprobate," "rejected," "castaway." Literally, it means not standing the test, not approved. Just outside of the harbor of St. John, New Brunswick, there lies, or there did lie a few years ago, near a rocky point called Red Head, the bones of a great ocean steamer. This great ship had weathered the gales and seas of the Atlantic successfully, and was only a few miles from safe anchorage, when the pilot, by some strange mistake, failed to follow the channel that leads into

the harbor, and the steamer went on the rocks. A high wind was blowing, and the ship, caught in the sharp teeth of the rocks, was helpless. The seas battered her; the tides, as they rose and fell, strained her sides; the waters of the Bay of Fundy poured into her. It wasn't long before she began to break up under the pressure of wind, wave, and tide. The last time I saw her there was nothing left of the great ship which had carried thousands of tons of commerce across the Atlantic but a blackened hull covered with seaweed and periwinkles. In a very real sense she had become a castaway. But a ship that has become a castaway cannot be compared with a human life that has become a castaway, and yet we know that every day thousands of lives are driven by some treacherous current of lust or anger on the rocks and never make the port for which they had sailed.

### Character, Environment and

While it is true that there are many great evils which have only a very indirect connection with environment, it remains an undisputed fact that character is highly susceptible to environment. Much has been said and written on heredity as a factor in the formation of character, but heredity is a feeble influence as compared with the effect of environment. The tremendous influence of surroundings has been described in a very striking way by Max Nordau. He writes:

"Marry Hercules with Juno, and Apollo with Venus, and put them in the slums. Their children will be stunted in growth, rickety and consumptive. On the other hand, take a miserable slum dweller and his wife out of their noxious surroundings, house, feed, clothe them. Give them plenty of light, air, leisure, and their grandchildren, perhaps already their children, will reproduce the type of the fine tall Saxons and Danes of whom we are the offspring."

The potent influence of environment in shaping the physical, mental, and moral qualities of the individual is a powerful appeal to the man who believes in the kingdom of God on earth. Heredity as a factor in determining character makes for pessimism and inaction, for there is no process by which we can change our ancestors. But the possibility of improving environment floods the soul with optimism and summons us to crusades against all conditions which result in human failure and suffering.

### Charity, The Inadequacy of Private and Public

In the parable of the Good Samaritan, and in His picture of the

final judgment, Jesus made charity the test of a religious life. Christianity introduced into the ancient world a spirit of compassion for the weak and suffering which found expression in relief agencies, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and cared for the sick and helpless. Some of the most glowing pages in the history of the Christian Church are those which record its vast organized philanthropic agencies. What is perhaps of more importance is the fact that Christianity has so permeated the governments of all countries with its ideals that today the State is increasingly feeling and meeting the responsibility of caring for dependents. Never in the history of the world were public and private charities on such a gigantic scale as now. But while charity has done much to palliate the evils of poverty, it has proved inadequate as a solvent. It happens not infrequently that charity, instead of curbing poverty, breeds paupers. All who have to do with the distribution of charitable funds can testify that the task of distributing relief without impairing the self-respect of the recipient and putting a premium upon laziness and shiftlessness requires an almost superhuman wisdom and insight. The best-laid schemes of philanthropy are hopeless before a problem which is, in part at least, the outcome of wrong social conditions.

### **Child, The Catholicity of the**

The child is no respecter of persons. He makes no distinction between rich and poor, black and white, Jew and Gentile. He will smile as graciously at a beggar as at a king. If all men are equal in the sight of God, all men are surely equal in the sight of a child. Our artificial standards of wealth and rank and race are not native to a child. If he bows obsequiously to the purple, and turns his back upon the poor and illiterate it is because he is the product of a false system of education. The child untouched by the standards of snobbery is the true democrat.

### **Child, The Importance of a**

The birth of a child may be more important than the birth of a star, or the winning of a war. A new child is a new force released into the crucible of human life. A baby slumbering in a cradle may become a power that will change the habits, the ideals, the outlook of millions of people. We may well stand tiptoe in expectation over the birth of a baby. Outwardly it may seem nothing more than a smiling, scowling, gurgling, dimpling, squirming piece of human

clay. But that child may have in him some spark of the divine, some flame of genius, some rare understanding of the mystery of life, that will one day make him a world leader.

There is a beautiful scene in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*. When the children journey into the kingdom of the future they visit the immense halls of the azure palace, where wait the children that are yet to be born. Everywhere there are blue children, waiting the hour of their birth. In the blue workshops they see the inventions and discoveries of the future. They see grapes as large as pears, apples as large as melons, and melons bigger than pumpkins. They see the child who is to wipe out injustice from the earth, and another who is to conquer death. Who can tell what may be the future of that tiny atom of humanity that is trying to swallow his toe? He may be, in very truth, the child that will give us a new social order, that will wipe out injustice from the earth. He may be the child who will conquer cancer and give multitudes of people a new lease on life. The future leaders of the world in commerce and industry, in literature and art, in philosophy and science are today babies in baskets, children learning to walk and to talk, recent graduates from kindergartens.

### Children, The Church and

It is said that when Robert Moffatt, the great African missionary, joined the church in Scotland at a very early age an aged elder was bemoaning the condition of the church, and when someone asked him if there had been any additions to the church at the communion service he replied sadly, "No one came forward but wee Bobbie Moffatt." If he could have looked into the future and seen "wee" Bobbie Moffatt as a missionary leading thousands of people to Christ, how his heart would have rejoiced.

Doctor Hulbert, famous writer of Sunday-school literature, once related this interesting incident out of his own experience: "There was once a whole row of young people standing up to be received into the church. After the service I said to one of the trustees, 'Well, wasn't that a splendid sight?' The trustee answered, 'Oh yes, I guess it was, but I sized up the whole row and there wasn't five dollars in the lot.'" But, as Doctor Hulbert remarked, "You never know what you are taking in when a child is taken into the church. One boy in that row could not repeat the multiplication table, but after a while he became president of a state normal school, and now conducts a Bible class of two hundred and fifty members every Sunday

afternoon. Another young woman is superintendent of an institution for the training of Christian women. One boy, now a man, has given five thousand dollars for the building of a new church."

### Children, High Pressure Evangelism and

The souls of the young are very sensitive, and any violent emotional pressure is to be avoided. I have never forgotten a remark made by a twelve-year-old boy to his mother. We had an evangelist in our church. He had a tremendous voice, and the greatest collection of deathbed stories it has ever been my ill fortune to hear. He had the converts kneeling at the penitent form, and made them repeat certain pious phrases which he claimed had the magical art of transporting them from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of grace. This boy, after attending several of the services, said to his mother, "I would like to be a Christian and join the church, but I can't stand all this fuss." That boy expressed exactly my own sentiments, and from that day to the present I have been on my guard against the high pressure salesmanship of professional evangelists.

### Christ, Belief in, Is Not Easy

In some respects, it is more difficult to believe in Christ than to believe in God. Most intelligent people believe in God. It has been said, and I think correctly, that the leading scientists of today, more than in any other day in history, unite in believing in God, and only the self-styled intelligentsia and the fools say in their hearts "There is no God." But belief in Christ is not so easy. To believe in Christ is to accept His way of life, and that is bound to bring us into bitter conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil. Maeterlinck's view of God, in which human offenses seem no more serious than the antics of a puppy, can never be applied to the God of Jesus. To believe in Christ is to believe that the world is built on moral foundations, that whatsoever they sow, the individual, the nation, the race, also shall reap. In the presence of Christ it is easy to fall down and worship, to sing exultantly, "All hail the power of Jesus' name; let angels prostrate fall," but it is not so easy to rise up and follow Him. What profit is it to me if I say, "Lord, Lord," and do not the things which He has commanded? So difficult is it to believe in Christ that serious-minded men are debating the question, "Can we follow Christ today?" To believe in Christ has such tremendous implications that it is not surprising



that some modern nations have turned their back on the Christ of the New Testament, and are erecting altars to the old national gods of Power and Domination.

### Christ, the Center of Our Creed

Some years ago a young man came to me and said that he had lost faith in a personal God and personal immortality. "What shall I do, and what can you say to me?" he asked. After a rather prolonged conversation, I found that he was willing to admit two facts: first, that there was once a character in history called Jesus Christ, who had lived a most beautiful and winsome life, and, second, that his life might well be taken as a perfect example for men. Then I offered him a challenge by asking him if he had sufficient moral earnestness to go out and follow Christ. I ventured to predict that if he followed Christ the time would come when he would have a personal knowledge of God and of life everlasting.

There is a way of life that we call the way of Jesus. To be a Christian is to follow in that way. Stanley Jones tells us in that most fascinating book, *The Christ of the Indian Road*, that when he first went to India he was trying to hold a very long line—a line that stretched clear from Genesis to Revelation, on to Western civilization and the Western Christian church. He said:

"I found myself bobbing up and down that line, fighting behind Moses and David and Jesus and Paul and Western civilization and the Christian Church. I was worried. There was no well-defined issue. I found the battle almost invariably being pitched at one of the three places: the Old Testament, or Western civilization, or the Christian Church. I had the ill-defined but instinctive feeling that the heart of the matter was being left out. Then I saw that I could and should shorten my line, that I could take my stand at Christ, and before that non-Christian world refuse to know anything but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The sheer storm and stress of things had driven me to a place that I could hold. Then I saw that there is where I should have been all the time. I saw that the Gospel lies in the person of Jesus, that He Himself is the Good News, and that my task was to live and present Him. My task was simplified." (© 1925. Used by permission The Abingdon Press.)

### Christ, Ceres or

One day in Chicago, while riding in a street-car, I noticed a statue of Ceres the goddess of plenty perched on the top of the Board of Trade building. Ceres in the pagan world was the special deity of corn and harvests. She was the sister of Jupiter and mother of Proserpine. What could be more fitting than that a corn goddess

should be enthroned on a building in which the buying and selling of corn is the chief occupation?

A few minutes later I looked out of the car window and saw on the top of the Chicago Temple a great cross, symbol of a suffering, dying Christ. There, in that square mile of Chicago's Loop, where millions of people congregate every day, the goddess and the Christ confront each other in the eternal conflict for the souls of men. I looked at the slender statue of the goddess and the gleaming, golden cross, and the words of Jesus rose to my lips, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

We must make our choice. The decision will be reached, not by any words we may utter, but by the deliberate acts of our lives. If we put pleasure, possessions, power, position above the spiritual values which we associate with the name of Jesus, then we belong not to Christ but to Ceres, not to God but to Mammon. There can be no compromise between the two. They represent two different worlds, two opposing codes of conduct, two contradictory sets of values. Either we will love the one and hate the other, or we will cling to the one and despise the other. We *cannot* serve God and mammon.

### Christ, The Multiform

Mark, in citing the several appearances of the risen Christ, states, "He was manifested in another form." It suggests that Christ comes to different men in different ways. Here is a man crushed under the burden of sin, bound by the chains of evil habits, conscious of his moral failures, and scourged by an accusing conscience. To that man Jesus manifests Himself as a saviour and cleanser of the soul. To another man, of a finer type of character, who seeks an interpretation of life with all its mysteries and baffling problems, He appears as a teacher of truth, a revelation of God, and a way to God. To the children of sorrow, whose hearts have been buried in new-made graves, He manifests Himself as the comforter. To many of earth's toilers, the sons of Martha, who are doing the world's work in brick, stone, and steel, in mine and mill, in field and factory, He comes as the carpenter of Nazareth who touched labor and made it divine. To the men of prophetic vision and glowing hearts, who look for a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, He appears as the comrade who stands by our side and helps us in the good fight against social wrongs, who helps us in the redemption of all the afflicted, toiling, oppressed peoples from the ruthless forces of evil.

## Christ, Patronizing

In our nation few people are hostile to Christ. The average man who never attends any religious service has a very kindly feeling toward Christ, and even toward the church. He believes that Christianity is a good thing for the other fellow, and that it would be most unfortunate for society if the churches closed their doors. Probably he would heartily subscribe to a statement made by Roger Babson, to whom bankers and business men pay large sums of money every year for his counsel. Mr. Babson has given us some startling figures on the decline in value of real estate that would follow the closing of the churches, and this is his appeal:

"For the sake of business, for our own sakes, for the children's sake, for the nation's sake, let us business men get behind the churches and their preachers. The safety of all we have is due to the churches. By all that we hold dear, let us from this very day give more time, more money and thought to the churches of our city, for upon them the value of all we own ultimately depends."

That is a commercial argument that would appeal very strongly to the average member of the Rotary Club or Chamber of Commerce. Many of them, indeed, contribute to the church, as they contribute to the art institutes, grand opera, the Red Cross; but they never pass the threshold of a church, and they have merely a bowing acquaintance with Jesus. They would not hurt a hair of Him. They just walk down the street and leave Him in the rain.

## Christ, Sympathy Needed in Interpretation of the Person of

I believe with Doctor Garvie that it is necessary to insist that "the heart makes the theologian." It does not necessarily follow that because a man has been through university and seminary, and is fortified by diplomas and dignified by degrees, he is qualified to speak with authority on the person of Christ. If he has not passed through the Christian experience, he is no more fitted to be accepted as an authoritative teacher on that particular subject than an illiterate Christian is to be regarded as an authority on the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch or on the synoptic problem because he is pious. We cannot put too much emphasis on the fact that something more than the critical spirit is needed to arrive at the truth as it is in Jesus. There are some things that are spiritually discerned, some things which God has hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes.

## Christ, The Testimony of the Primitive Christian Community to

They witness not only to an empty tomb and a risen Christ, but also to a Christ who is alive and with them, transforming, inspiring and moulding them. They bear testimony that through Him they have found the Father, and have been so delivered from doubts and fears that they can face death calmly, fearlessly, even exultantly, rejoicing in tribulations, singing hymns of thanksgiving in dungeons, with their backs bloody and smarting from lictors' rods. They know that their sins are forgiven, that the old tyranny of guilt has been broken, that what the law could not do God could accomplish through His Son, and that every day Christ reinforces their feeble efforts to conquer evil. They have the consciousness that through Christ they are citizens of heaven, that they live in two worlds, that while still in the flesh they do not live after the flesh. They testify that all that they are and all that they hope for they owe to Christ. Their hearts leap up at His very name. He is to them the Real Presence, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He is to them Saviour, Redeemer, Friend, God manifest in the flesh.

## Christianity, a Religion of Song

Men have argued that the Christian religion is divinely revealed because it alone among the great religions of the world started the tongues of men singing the praises of God. Men of all religions pray. It may be a very primitive and even degraded form of prayer, like that of the Hindu, who turns his prayer wheel, or of the African witch doctor, who mutters incantations, of the savage, who looks to his totem, or of the Mohammedan, who turns his face to Mecca and cries, "To prayer, to prayer. There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet." Men of all races, in all ages, have prayed; but only the men who have come under the influence of the religion that budded and flowered in Judaism and Christianity have lifted up their voices in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.

## Christmas, The Child and

The center of the Christmas symbolism is a child lying in a manger. At Christmas the little hands of children tug at the heart-strings of the world. It is the day of the cradle. Heaven lies round about us in our infancy, and at Christmas we recapture something of the joy, the wonder, the romance of our childhood days. The spirit of Christmas is abroad in the land. The air is full of Christ-

mas carols, which can be picked up by any radio. Reindeers are prancing in the stores. Santa Claus is no longer an unreal figure in an old wives' tale. He appears in flesh and blood and appropriate apparel, and the most skeptical child cannot travel around the downtown district without being convinced that there is, indeed, not only one, but many Santa Clauses. Christmas bells are ringing, Christmas candles are burning, Christmas trees are appearing, and the earth is young again. Children are counting the days. The Yuletide season is working its ancient miracle and we are in fairy-land.

### **Christmas, Dawning of New Day for Children, The Meaning of**

If Jesus had never come, what would be the status of children today? It is a question that cannot be answered with certainty. We know how children are regarded in non-Christian lands today, and history tells us how sad their lot was before Jesus came. One writer puts it somewhat after this fashion:

"Some of the very tenderest letters in history are letters written about little children, but, on the whole, children were looked upon in rather a utilitarian way. They were necessary in order to carry on a family, or to provide farm-hands, slaves, and soldiers. But if they were not wanted, they were destroyed like puppies, or put out to die. You heard the cries of these discarded children in the night. Old hags from baby farms prowled the streets feeling the babies' limbs. If they were strong, they might do for slaves. If they were fair little limbs, the babies could be reared as prostitutes. If they were frail, they were left on the damp flagstones to die."

It was Jesus who changed all that. Wherever the story of the manger Child has been told mothers have found inspiration in the Madonna and children have become citizens of the kingdom of God. Homes for crippled children, homes for orphans, juvenile courts, public schools, kindergartens, day nurseries—all the hundred and one institutions for the care, protection, and education of little children we owe to the new spirit that came into the world when the Child was born on that long ago Christmas morning.

### **Christmas as an Antidote to Fear**

Jesus came into a world of sin, superstition, despair, and fear as the Saviour. Christmas is an antidote to fear in that it unveils God the loving Father in Christ, and causes the old terror of the unseen which had gripped the souls of men from the dawn of history to

disappear. A new hope stirs the blood of men. They say, "God is our Father; we are His children; Jesus Christ is our Saviour; He is Lord over demons."

### Church Advancing by Retreating

Sometimes it is necessary to turn back in order to go forward. If you have ever gone on a fishing trip in a wilderness without a guide you will appreciate the truth of that statement. You start out early in the morning, with some stream or lake as your objective. You come to a place where the trail forks. You debate as to which fork you shall take. After you decide, you go forward again. You walk one mile, perhaps five miles. Perhaps the trail ends in a swamp, or gradually disappears, and the suspicion that has been growing in your mind becomes a certainty—you are on the wrong trail. It is always a disheartening experience, one that does not lead to pious reflections, when you become convinced that in order to go forward you have got to turn back. It is especially aggravating if one of the party breaks in with that common remark, "Well, I told you so." The great religious reformation of the sixteenth century was, from one viewpoint, a weary, bloody, and sorrowful return to the original trail. Somehow, the church got off the way of Jesus and the New Testament. It found itself floundering in a swamp of superstition and ecclesiasticism. It was not easy to get back to the old trail, for there was no common agreement as to where that original trail could be found. But in order to go forward it was necessary for the church to turn back. There is some reason to believe that our modern church is off the trail, and that we need to turn back. For one thing, we need to turn back to the way of our fathers, who remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy and were in their places with their families on every first day of the week. We know that many of our church members, because of their devotion to pleasure and money-making, have lost the joy of their salvation, and no longer take the Lord's Day seriously. It has been variously estimated by authorities on church attendance that from forty to sixty per cent of church members rarely attend the services of the church. D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, once said, "If you give up the Sabbath, the church goes; if you give up the church, the home goes, and if the home goes, the nation goes." Many people in our great cities have given up the Sabbath. Does that mean the collapse of the church, of the home, of the nation? I trust not, but there is surely ground for apprehension.

## Church, Alienation of Wage Earners from the

It is the testimony of men who have made a study of church attendance that a very high percentage of the non-churchgoing people are wage earners, that is, manual laborers. The causes of the alienation of so many wage earners from the church are many and complex. That the economic reason is largely responsible will not be questioned by anyone who studies labor conditions and knows at first hand the life of the working people. Probably the chief cause is the feeling that the church stands for the classes rather than for the masses. It is claimed by many labor leaders that the church is the exponent of special privileges, and that the average minister is so afraid of the capitalist in the pew that he is content to repeat pious platitudes that would not jar the sensitive ear of the most notorious sinner against the social order.

## Church Attendance, Some Original Reasons for

In his book, *The Return to Religion*, Henry C. Link, the eminent psychologist, tells of his own return to religion, and sets forth some very original reasons why, after a lapse of many years, he returned to the habit of churchgoing. No minister would ever present such reasons for going to church, but perhaps they are of greater value because of that fact. He writes:

"My reason for attending church again is that I have recommended it to so many others. I go because I would rather lie in bed late on Sunday mornings. I go because I would rather read the Sunday papers. I go because it will please the old father, when he learns of it. I go because I shall meet and have to shake hands with people, many of whom do not interest me in the least; because if I don't go my children consider they have a good reason for not going to Sunday school; because I might be asked to do something I don't want to do; because I may disagree with what the minister has to say. I go because I do not believe in all the doctrines of the church, or any other church. I go in short because I hate to go and because I know it will do me good." (Macmillan Co.)

## Church, The Changing World and the

One of the strongest impressions made on me in my study of Chicago's history for one hundred years was of the changes that have taken place during that time. I am not now referring to the mechanical inventions which make the Chicago of today so different from the Chicago of a hundred years ago. What I have in mind are the changes that have taken place in the world of ideas and in the habits of the people. Puritan ideals were in the ascendancy in Chicago until they were submerged, or nearly submerged, by that

tremendous tide of European immigration that started shortly after the Civil War. Even as late as 1870 the Pullman Car Company provided the cars with reed organs and hymnbooks for the use of passengers in religious services. Can you imagine a Pullman car pulling out of the Union Station today with the passengers lifting up their voices in Moody and Sankey hymns? This is only one of a hundred illustrations that might be given of the tremendous changes that have taken place and that are still taking place.

### Church, Chicago's Debt to the

Religious leaders have had a large part in the making of our city. Our finest hospitals, our homes for the aged and the orphan, our settlement houses, our three great universities, and a hundred other institutions that promote human welfare are the offspring of the churches. They have fought a good fight against moral evils. They have protected our children from the dangerous associations of the streets. They have waged a desperate fight against commercialized vice, the liquor traffic, and gambling. They have tried to sensitize the public conscience against economic wrongs. Many of our ministers have preached, and are preaching, a social gospel which, in my judgment, is the only final solution of our social and economic problems. Best of all, they have brought to millions of people the Gospel of the grace of God. That Gospel has brought light and salvation, comfort and strength to multitudes of people. It has lifted thousands of men and women out of the depths of sin and degradation and transformed them into the very likeness of Christ. The churches have been the salt of the city. They have saved not only Chicago, but also other great cities from decay and destruction.

### Church, Crises and the

The church has always been facing crises. In every age prophets have told us that Christianity was ready for the coffin. But whenever they were about to call in the undertaker there was a rebirth of spiritual power that swept hundreds of thousands into the kingdom of God. So it was in the days of Luther, in the days of John Wesley, in the days of Jonathan Edwards, in the days of Moody. Thomas Carlyle looks at a wayside cross upon which hangs the image of Christ. "You poor Christ," he moans, "you have had your day." Had His day? Why, the best days in the history of Christianity have been since Thomas Carlyle uttered his dyspeptic groan.



### Church, Evangelism and the

If the church is to save herself and others she must give herself afresh to her historic task of winning men and women to the acceptance of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. No man who has the spirit of Christ can be indifferent to the social mission of the church. In Christianity there is nothing common or unclean. War, intemperance, social injustice, wrong economic conditions, racial antipathies—all these things are the business of the church, and for the church to stand aloof from these problems would surely mean that her candlestick would be taken from her. But let no one think that the social program is her chief and only concern. What our nation needs most of all is not a new deal, but new men, not a better social order, but better human beings. The social machinery is not nearly so important as the men who run the machinery. We are allured by a vision of a new world in which there shall be no poverty, no war, no class struggle. But we shall never have a New Jerusalem until we have new men. There is only one power that can change the lives of evil men, that can break down the barriers that divide rich and poor, black and white, Jew and Gentile; only one power that can inspire men and women to give their lives in sacrificial service for the unfortunate, the degraded, and the needy, that can open a window in the soul so that men may catch a vision of the unseen and the eternal. That power is the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The only group of people who are interested in the proclamation of that Gospel are the people to be found in our churches. Therefore, the paramount mission of the church is to bring to men and women the Gospel of the grace of God. It alone can touch the springs of conduct and bring that social health that we call salvation.

### Church, The Grocery Shop Conception of the

A grocer is the middleman who supplies his customers with the things they want. He makes his living by studying the desires of the people who trade with him and meeting those desires to the best of his ability. How foolish that grocer who would try to force on his customers the things they do not want and deny them the things they crave. Here is a man who comes into the shop and says, "I want a box of strawberries." The grocer says, "You are eating too many strawberries. I will wrap up a couple of pounds of rhubarb." Another man comes in and says, "I want a pound of coffee." The grocer replies, "Coffee is bad for the nerves. I will

send you around a package of something better." How long do you suppose a grocer would survive who adopted such a policy? Not very long. Is the church a grocery shop and the minister the middleman who supplies the people with the things they want? Then God help the church. If the church exists to pander to the appetites of the people who attend her services, then, indeed, she is in a bad way. A friend once said to me—by way of comfort I suppose—"Well, you can't expect to please everybody." If I understand correctly the mission of a minister, it is not his business to try to please anybody. If he is God's man, it is his business to deliver the message that burns in his soul, without giving any anxious thought as to what effect that message will have on the likes or dislikes of those who wait upon his ministry. He may make himself unpopular. He may bring down a storm of criticism on his head. He may be asked to resign. That would be very unpleasant, but it is also incidental. That minister, or that church, which is deeply concerned over the effect a certain message is to have on the fortunes of that minister or that church is in danger of apostasy. The light that is within is becoming dark. It is likely to go out.

### Church, Rivals of the

The times in which we live are not easy for the Christian Church. It must compete with the highly organized life of today. It is not the attraction that it once was. In my younger ministry I preached in schoolhouses, halls, lumber camps, private homes, and the people flocked to hear me. From 1907 to 1910, on Sunday afternoons, once every month during the summer and early fall, I preached in a schoolhouse on a mountain, in the Province of Quebec. There were about sixty people who lived on the top of that mountain, and on Sunday afternoons there were sixty people out to hear me. Was that an evidence that the people there were devout and spiritual? I do not think so. In fact, I know there were some scalawags among them. It was simply an evidence that on the top of that mountain a preaching service was an event, something to talk about for weeks, something that brought them together and broke up the deadly monotony of their lives. The church now is in difficult times. It must compete with motion pictures, theatres, the radio, the automobile, golf, the Sunday papers, and a hundred other things. Faith is not so easy as it once was. My congregation on that mountain was not troubled by the conflict between science and religion. They believed the Bible from cover to cover, al-

though many of them could not read or write. I doubt that one of them had ever heard of Mr. Darwin and the evolutionary hypothesis. They were a naive, openhearted, childlike people, and they believed every word I told them, for was I not a minister of Christ who had spent years of study in college and university? But modern congregations are sophisticated. Many of the people who attend our churches have been trained in scientific methods. They accept nothing on the fiat of authority. If to an average congregation the modern minister said, "You must believe this or that because it is taught in God's Word," I can hear a lot of young people, and older people as well, replying, "Oh, yes, and why?"

### Church, A Rock

It may be argued that the church is a human institution, that it came into existence to meet certain religious and social needs. That may be granted. But that is not the last word. The church is also a divine institution. It was not an accident, any more than Jesus was an accident. It didn't come by chance. It didn't just happen. I am not a high churchman. The hands that were laid upon me when I took my ordination vows were plain Baptist hands, and conveyed no special sacramental grace. But I affirm that my ministry is not of men, nor by men, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father. And the church I serve is something more than a local organization of a particular denomination. The individual church may pass, and Baptists in the centuries to come may lose their identity and be merged with some other communion. But the Church, the divine institution, will live on, will conquer all its enemies, for it is built on a rock. In March, 1937, I had a remarkable dream. It seemed to me that it was Easter Sunday, and a great crowd of people had gathered for the Easter service. I stood in the pulpit, looking over the congregation. Suddenly there came into the church a great crowd of people, floating over the heads of the congregation. It was a congregation almost as large as the congregation in the pews. Their faces were clear and distinct. I recognized many of them. They were the faces of the men and women I had buried during the sixteen years of my ministry in the church. I awoke, shouting, "I believe in life everlasting." It was only a dream, but a dream that had back of it the conviction that the Church survives not only the changing and destructive forces of time, but also that greatest of all changes that we call death. The Church is on a rock. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

## Church, The Simple Gospel and the

"Preach the simple Gospel" is a very popular slogan among a certain type of politicians and newspaper editors, who would not recognize the simple Gospel if they met it face to face on the street. They have a very exalted opinion of the mission of the Church in the world. Her mission is to save souls, administer sacraments, bury people, marry people, conduct prayer meetings, and send missionaries to foreign countries to spread the inestimable blessings of Western civilization. But she ought not to soil her white robes in the dirty mess of political and secular affairs. Why all this fine and tender solicitude for the honor and welfare of the Church on the part of people who never attend its services, never contribute to its support and do not accept its faith? Is it because they wish to see its spiritual life deepened, its influence widened, and its prayer meeting and Sunday services more largely attended? Not so. It is because they fear the effect produced upon the public mind by a church that takes the principles of righteousness seriously. Corrupt officials and machine politicians in every age have tolerated the priest but persecuted the prophet. The priest—and he is a familiar figure in Protestant circles—has been so busy with forms and ceremonies, the right mode of baptism, the smelling out of heresies, that he has no time to concern himself with political corruption and social sins. But the prophet, the man who champions righteous but unpopular causes, who insists that religion is not an ecclesiastical commodity to be kept under lock and key, but something that has political and social consequences, is likely to encounter some very stormy opposition.

## Church? What's Wrong with the

Why is it that the Church seems to be losing its grip over vast masses of mankind? It is not because it is lacking in numerical strength. If we can trust the statistical records put out by the various denominational boards, its membership is increasing more rapidly than the growth of population. Perhaps we cannot say so much for the quality of our members. At times we rather sympathize with Dr. Madison Peters, who declared that he had three hundred members that he would be glad to trade for a good automobile. It is not because of any lack of financial resources. The most affluent members of our social order are church members. It is not because the church has been found wanting in machinery. The modern church is so finely organized with all the up-to-date ap-

pliances of the business world, its typewriters, telephones, filing cabinets, addressographs, mimeographs, and what not that the minister spends so much time tinkering with the machinery that he has little leisure to go up to the mountain top where he may commune with God. The Church commands the lip homage of presidents and would-be presidents, of men of the financial world, and of heads of great universities. Even the leaders of the scientific world are beginning to touch their hats in recognition. The Church, like the rich young ruler, has wealth and social prestige. It keeps the commandments. Its ideals for the individual and for society were never higher than they are at this present moment. But I think that the Master would say to the Church, as He once said to the young ruler, "Yet lackest thou one thing." The Church has lost the radiance, the triumphant faith, the exhilaration and conquering mood of that first group of disciples that assembled in Jerusalem and contemplated the spiritual conquest of a world that was sunk in sin and hostile to every ideal of the Gospel of Christ. It was written of the early Church that when they prayed the place was shaken. Something happened that filled their souls with spiritual exaltation. The tragedy of the modern church is that we meet together in religious worship without any expectation that something will happen. It would almost shock our smug, respectable conventionalities if something did happen. We do not pray as we ought to pray, consequently we no longer hear the sound of a mighty rushing wind. Lacking all or nearly all the objective aids of promoting God's kingdom on earth, the primitive Christian community had something which I fear the modern church is in danger of losing—power with God in prayer.

### Church Unity, The Growing Spirit of

Thirty years ago we pounded the denominational drums and worked up our congregations to a high pitch of excitement by sermons in which we proved to our own satisfaction and to that of our listeners that we were the true church of Christ and all other churches were apostate. I remember that as a young man of eighteen I had a strange feeling of pride in the fact that when I preached a sermon on the subject, "Why I am a Baptist," more than twenty members of other religious denominations who were present grabbed their hats and made a hurried exit before I had finished my sermon. Today the middle wall of partition between the different Protestant denominations is breaking down. We recog-

nize that the things that we have in common are of infinitely greater importance than the things which keep us apart. We cooperate in Christian work, we pray for one another. In thirty years we have taken a long step toward the answer of the prayer of Jesus, "that they all may be one, that the world may believe that thou didst send me." Surely the growing spirit of unity and good will among all believers in Christ is something that should cause us to thank God and take courage.

### **Citizenship, Prophetic Leaders and**

The great need of the Church, the community, and the nation is prophetic leaders. In a mammonistic society dominated by the pitiless law of the jungle, where a thousand roads lead to moral ruin, the call is for men who will make our consciences sensitive to social wrongs and lead us in making straight paths for weak and faltering feet. Consider a man like the late Tom L. Johnson, once mayor of Cleveland. A bronze statue of him is set up on the spot in the public square which, during his mayoralty, he dedicated to free discussion. He died at fifty-seven. The sentiments carved on the base of the statue indicate the citizens' feeling toward his memory:

"He found us groping, leaderless and blind;  
He left a city with a civic mind.  
He found us striving each his selfish part;  
He left a city with a civic heart.  
Beyond his party and beyond his class  
This man forsook the few to serve the mass."

Below runs the legend: "Erected by popular subscription in memory of the man who gave his fortune and his life to make Cleveland a happier place to live in, a better place to die in."

It is prophetic leaders of the Johnson type we need in our civic, religious and national life.

### **City, The Holy**

While motoring on Chicago's Outer Drive one evening I was struck with the beauty of the scene. On my right the lake stretched out into the haze of the far-off horizon, on my left ten thousand lights gleamed from the windows of monumental buildings towering into the sky, and the wonderful stadium, with its fountain spouting colored waters into the air, looked like a little bit of old Rome transported to the new world. It seemed almost that the city had caught and imprisoned in steel and stone the very essence of beauty.

"I saw the holy city," said St. John. I saw a city that is beautiful but not holy. Beauty is a poor substitute for righteousness. I saw a city, a bloody city, where, on an average, more than one person is murdered every day and where life is so cheap that two persons are killed every day by automobiles and thousands every year are maimed for life. I saw a city in which an army of criminals prey upon law-abiding citizens, and gangs of politicians share in the loot. I saw a city where multitudes of people are given over to the worship of the flesh and harlotry is a lucrative profession. I saw a city with such a rising tide of color that in great sections the white people have been completely driven out and race riots are always threatening. I saw a city in which are found the two extremes of great wealth and sodden poverty. I saw the mansions of the Gold Coast, in which everything that can delight the eye, please the palate, and enrich life, is brought to the highest point of perfection. And I saw the squalid homes of the slum dwellers, where grim, heartbreaking, soul-destroying poverty reigns. I saw a city with a night life that is fascinating, seductive, and colorful, where siren songs lure tens of thousands of people to their physical and moral ruin. I saw a city—a great common barracks—alluring, wicked, noisy, savage, and glamorous.

### City, Loneliness as a Moral Peril of the

I remember spending a day alone on the shore of a river in the Province of New Brunswick. The nearest house and the nearest human being were forty miles away. I had a lonely wait for a lumberman who had agreed to pick me up in his canoe on his way down the river. But the loneliness of a great city is more heartbreaking than the loneliness of the wilderness and the great forest.

It is easy to see how a great city, with its surging crowds, its social isolation, and its soul-destroying loneliness, can paganize the people who come under its influence. If there is one place in the world where you may have some assurance that your sin will not find you out, it is in the great city. In a small town the fierce light of publicity beats upon you. You are a marked man; you cannot be hid. But in a great city you can lose yourself in the crowd. There it is so easy to develop a crowd mind, to go with the crowd, to do what everybody seems to be doing, to sacrifice certain standards to satisfy the mass craving for excitement. Loneliness drives thousands of young men and women into the streets to be among the crowd. They hunger for human fellowship. They seek it in dance halls,

night clubs, taverns, and when a friendly voice sounds in their ears and a hand is outstretched, the temptation is to grasp it, even though it may be the hand of a libertine or a prostitute.

### Civilization, High-Power and Low-Morals

In his *The Day After Tomorrow, What Is Going to Happen in the World?* Philip Gibbs speaks of certain evil forces at work in our social order which, unless they are curbed, will wreck our civilization. Like many of the more serious English writers, he believes that the only thing that will save the world from catastrophe is a return to faith in God and belief in the supremacy of spiritual forces. He sees more power coming to man. Radium heat is a third of a million times as great as that from the same amount of coal combustion. A large supply of this energy exists. If the scientists can liberate and utilize that atomic force—and some of them think they are getting close to the secret—man will possess power so illimitable that all previous forms of energy will become negligible and man himself will be the master of the very sources and origin of power. So the problem that confronts the world today, according to Mr. Gibbs, is high power and low morals. We are changing the world, but human nature is still in the Stone Age. Our old instincts, appetites, passions remain unaltered, and gain control of us if there is any letting up of the social code, or if our religious and spiritual law of life loses its hold on our habits. Science has put into our hands tremendous powers of destruction. What are we going to do with them?

### Class Snobbery

A common tendency among possessors of great wealth is to build fences around them, isolating them from the common life of humanity. There is no more attractive side of the Christian ministry than that which leads to friendships with the rich and the poor, with men who occupy high positions, and with men who earn barely enough to provide the necessities of life. Some of the rarest and most beautiful souls are to be found among the most lowly members of our social order. It is one of the tragedies of great wealth that it encourages class snobbery, which renders impossible any real understanding of the great masses of our fellow men. Rauschenbusch makes this very true statement in one of his books, "that as men and women grow rich they get out of touch with the real needs of the poorer classes, and when they try to meet them it is often like



the Hallowe'en game in which two blindfolded persons try to feed each other molasses with a spoon." A great deal of our social discontent springs from lack of sympathy, and lack of sympathy is due to lack of understanding, and lack of understanding is the natural result of the amassing of great wealth.

### Climate, Changing the

A teacher was once talking to his pupils of a prehistoric monster called the diplodocus, which lived in Canada when that country was a steaming marsh. One of the pupils asked the teacher what it was that caused this prehistoric monster to become extinct. The teacher answered, "It was a change of climate."

I believe one of the most important duties of the church of today is to bring about a change of climate in the social order. The only way to kill the spirit of hate and suspicion and bitterness that is so manifest in the world of today is to create an atmosphere of good will and tolerance. The reactionary and the radical are abroad in the land, and one is as dangerous as the other. If they have their way we are in for a bloody struggle. The time has come for men who have caught the social vision of Jesus to change the climate and to usher in the new day of peace and brotherhood and good will among warring nations and warring classes.

### Comfort, Man's Need of

Alfred E. Cook tells a story of a publicity committee of a great church that approached a famous newspaper editor for advice how to advertise to get people to church. He replied, "Show them what you have to offer which they can get nowhere else. What do people want most?" he went on. "Comfort. They are sick at heart, beaten, weary, disappointed, discouraged. Make them know that there is comfort for them all in the church."

That editor hit the nail on the head. The church provides, and ought to provide, social life for its congregation, and there is no friendship that is so strong and lasting as the friendship of Christian people. But the church has no monopoly of this. Friends are made outside of the church, in the fraternal orders, in clubs, in all sorts of places. The modern church has laid great stress, and rightly I think, upon providing recreation for its young people. But the church is only one of a hundred organizations that cater to that natural desire for recreation. Yet it has one thing to offer the people which they can get nowhere else—God—and men need desper-

ately the help which only God can give. The late Bishop Quayle relates this story: He was sitting alone in his study one night, worrying about some difficult problems, some torturing anxiety. "Along about midnight," he went on, "God came to me and said, 'Quayle, you go to bed. I'll sit up the rest of the night.'" That is our comfort and inspiration, and it ought to banish the foolish worries which so often torture our souls. God has not forgotten us. He is our Father. He has a plan for our lives. Let us do our best and then go to bed. God will sit up the rest of the night.

### **Compassion, The Salvation Army and the Spirit of**

I like to think of the young William Booth and his devoted wife, Catherine, standing on a corner in the East End of London, watching the crowds as they surge past. Gin palaces brilliantly illuminated are sending hundreds of reeling men and women into the streets. Prostitutes are plying their ancient profession. The tenements have spewed forth their children onto the alleys and sidewalks, and the two great avenues of the human soul, ear-gate and eye-gate, are assailed by the foul words and sights of that putrid environment. And as the young couple look upon that hell of human misery, there is repeated the old miracle that happened in Palestine when Jesus, looking upon the multitude, was moved with compassion. It is that heart of compassion that makes possible the work of the Salvation Army in all parts of the world. When I see some Salvation Army lassie with her arms around a poor fallen woman of the street, pleading with her to forsake her evil life and accept Jesus Christ as her Saviour, I begin to understand the explanation of seven thousand women annually rescued from a life of vice. It is not the organization, good though it may be. It is not the military dress. Certainly it is not any superior gifts of oratory or intellect. The magic is in the clinging arms, the kindly voice, the bleeding heart. It is the human touch of divine compassion that counts.

### **Competition, The Ethics of**

Society today is on a competitive basis, and it is held by some that so long as competition exists in the world, brotherhood in any real sense of the term is utopian. We are told that modern business is dominated by the survival of the strongest, that it is a case of big eating little, until at last only the strongest and most piggish forms of life remain. Business men are frequently represented as a horde of pirates and wreckers, waiting for an opportunity to trap the

simple and less cunning and despoil them of their goods. While it may be recognized that the commercial buccaneer is by no means a strange figure in our industrial life, it should not be forgotten that there is a nobler side to commercial life, even on a competitive basis.

When we look out upon society today we are apt to see only the pitiless selfish struggle. But let us remember that there are other factors in that struggle. It has been said that modern business rests on credit and integrity. It cannot be said truthfully, then, that modern business is merely a system of piracy. Doubtless the competitive system has given rise to many evils, but also it has taught lessons of fidelity, honor, thrift, and industry. This is not intended as a defense of the competitive system. It is simply a reply to those who see only the evil and shut their eyes to the good in that system.

It is easy for men exaggerating the evils of class struggle lightly to dismiss the claims of brotherhood, on the ground that it is not practical in existing society. But it should be remembered that it was in one of the most evil ages in the world's history that Jesus said to the disciples and the multitude, "One is your teacher and all ye are brothers." The call today is for men who will risk their money and perhaps their business reputations to operate factories, mills, and shops on a basis of brotherhood. Such an altruistic venture would mean far more for the Christianizing of society than the attempt of any millionaire to give away his millions during his lifetime.

### Conscience, A Disturber of the Peace

There is something to which we have given the name of conscience. It sometimes makes my life miserable. It disturbs my peace of mind. It puts me on a rack of torment and drives sleep far from me. Pleasure beckons me with rosy fingers to walk on a delightful road that runs through a pleasant valley, which seems to offer many alluring adventures. The insurgent forces of the flesh clamor at the citadel of my will and bid me hasten, for life is passing swiftly and the hot blood which now courses through my veins will soon become sluggish and finally cease to flow. Then, suddenly, I hear another voice breaking in upon the golden dreams of my riotous imagination. I see another road, rocky, steep, drab, and hear a stern voice say, "That is your road, walk therein." Why am I dogged as though the hound of heaven were on my trail? What means this sense of moral obligation, this imperial "I ought," that

compels me to do the things I do not want to do? Two things the philosopher Kant marvelled at—the starry heavens above him and the moral law within him. Whence this moral law, written, not upon tables of stone, but on something within my inmost being?

### Conscience, Obedience to

It is always easy to go with the crowd, to adopt the standards of the community. The herd instinct is strong in us all. It requires a high degree of moral courage to follow conscience rather than the crowd. Abraham Lincoln lives in history because he put conscience first. In the days when slavery was in the ascendancy in Illinois, Lincoln was a member of the Illinois Legislature. Late in the session of 1836-37 a bill was being put through denouncing the growth of abolition sentiment and its activities in organized societies and upholding the right of property in slaves. "Suddenly," says Irving Bacheller in his book, *A Man for the Hour*, "Lincoln had come to a fork in the road. Popularity, the urge of many friends, the counsel of wealth and power and public opinion, the call of good politics, pointed in one direction and the crowd went that way. It was a stampede. Lincoln stood alone at the corner. The crowd beckoned, but in vain. One man came back and joined him. It was Dan Stone, who was not a candidate for reelection. His political career was ended. There were three words on the signboard pointing toward the perilous and lonely road that Lincoln proposed to follow. They were justice and human rights. Lincoln and Dan Stone took that road, declaring that they believed that the institution of slavery was founded upon injustice and bad policy. Lincoln had followed his conscience instead of the crowd. At twenty-eight years of age he had safely passed the great danger point in his career. The declaration at Decatur, the speeches against Douglas, the sublime utterance at Gettysburg, the innumerable acts of mercy, all of which lifted him into undying fame, were now possible. Henceforth he was to go forward with the growing approval of his own spirit and with the favor of God."

### Conscience, The Puritan, Revolt Against

In our revolt against the Puritan conscience we have swung to the other extreme. Emerson, whose great name is claimed by many modern religious and semireligious cults—Emerson, with all his idealism and serene self-sufficiency, had no sense of sin. He needed no balm of Gilead for a sin-sick soul, for he was perfectly satisfied

with his soul as it was. "Saints are sad," said Emerson, "because they behold sin from the point of view of conscience and not of the intellect. Man, though in brothels or jails or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true. The carrion that rots in the sun, the criminal who breaks every law of God and man, are on their way to blessedness. Evil is part of the discipline by which the soul is restored to union with the oversoul." That was strange teaching to be heard on a soil that produced Jonathan Edwards, who pictured sin in such terrible terms that on one occasion five hundred men listening to one of his sermons thought they saw the flames of hell and the devils roaring for their prey, and cried to God for mercy.

### Conscript Cross-Bearers

The story of Simon, a Cyrenian whom the soldiers compelled to bear the cross of Jesus when He staggered under its weight on the way to Calvary, is suggestive. What a turmoil there was in the soul of Simon. A moment before he had been a peaceable and inoffensive stranger, intent on his own affairs, quietly wending his way into the city. Suddenly an irresistible force seizes him. Rough and commanding voices sound in his ears. Simon does not wish to bear the cross, but the cross is thrust upon him. He is what might be called a conscript cross-bearer.

All about us are people like Simon the Cyrenian. Many are suffering for the sins of others. The man of the house is a drinking man, and the wife and children are often hungry and ill clad and sorely treated. A son or daughter falls in with evil associates and breaks the parents' hearts. And there are some crosses that just happen. Apparently, no one is to blame. It may be sickness, some unfortunate error of judgment, lack of foresight, or death which comes mysteriously and plunges the house of joy into a house of mourning. As a minister I meet hundreds upon hundreds of people who are bearing crosses for which they are in no way responsible. That strange, and sometimes terrible, thing we call life has just stretched out its hands and seized them and bound a cross on their weary shoulders. So they go staggering up the hill, with a cross on their backs.

### Coolidge, The Problem of Sorrow and

A very pathetic passage is found in the autobiography of Calvin Coolidge. He was a typical New Englander, reticent, and certainly

one who did not wear his heart on his sleeve. His son Calvin, a very promising youth of sixteen, died in the White House. Mr. Coolidge wrote:

"We do not know what might have happened to him under other circumstances. But if I had not been President he would not have raised a blister on his toe which resulted in blood poisoning, playing lawn tennis on the South grounds. In his suffering he was asking me to make him well. I could not. When he went, the power and glory of the presidency went with him. The ways of Providence are often beyond all understanding. It seemed to me that the world had need of the work that it was probable that he could do. I do not know why such a price was exacted for occupying the White House."

The wisest among us do not know. To lose wealth is misfortune. To be informed after you have clipped a coupon from your bond and tried to collect payment that the company is now in the hands of a receiver, to have the savings of a lifetime swept away because your neighborhood bank has failed, are most distressing experiences. But when death lays his hand on some loved one in your home you feel that no other loss can equal that. The suffering that assails us in the realm of the affections is the hardest suffering to which humankind is heir.

### Courage in Meeting Difficulties

In his book, *The Unforgiven*, General Krassnoff, a Russian author, tells a fable of two frogs. One was a pessimist, the other an optimist. The two frogs got into a cellar, and, jumping about in the darkness, they fell into a big jar full of cream and began to drown. The pessimist exclaimed, "I am done for." He folded his little legs, swallowed too much cream and sank to the bottom. The optimist said, "I am going to fight before I give in," and began to work with his legs. In the morning, the optimist, tired out but looking very happy, was sitting on a lump of fresh butter.

The courageous spirit is not appalled by difficulties. It finds in them an imperative call to action. Out of the very conditions which spell defeat to the cowardly soul it emerges in triumph.

### Courtesy, The Law of Reaction and

Courtesy is not simply that outward polish that we call good manners, but that perfect flower of good breeding which springs from a heart of kindness. The man or woman who possesses this grace lives in an atmosphere of good will. The majority of people are very quick to respond to kindly words and deeds. The man

who gives courtesy receives courtesy. He who is kind to others will receive kindness in return. The man who is churlish, ill-tempered, unsympathetic, and censorious in his judgments will not escape the law of reaction. With what measure he metes, it will be measured to him. Our words and deeds are seeds. They do not die in the earth. They spring up and bear fruit. He who sows deeds of kindness will reap a harvest of happiness.

### Cross, The Heavy Weight of the

It is said that some years ago, during a presentation of the Passion Play, two tourists, a man and his wife, ventured back stage and came upon Anton Lang waiting for his cue to take up the cross and begin his tragic journey to Calvary. Eager for a memento of the occasion, the woman said to her husband, "Stand over there and let me have a snap of you carrying the cross." To his surprise he found that he could not lift it. With new-found respect, he turned to Anton Lang, exclaiming, "It is heavy. Why is it so heavy?" Replied the Christus of the Passion Play, "I could not play the part unless I felt the weight of the cross." (*The Pulpit*, The Christian Century Press.)

### Cross, The Pathos of the

Nothing lies so near the heart of humanity as a story of self-sacrifice. Some years ago the press reported that Arthur W. Spalding had found in the North Georgia mountains a grown-up white woman, uneducated, but of more than average intelligence, who had never heard of the crucifixion of Christ until a circuit-riding minister visited the family. He told the story of the cross, and they followed it with rapt attention. When he had finished, the woman leaned toward him and whispered hoarsely, "Stranger, when did you say all this happened?" "A long time ago," he answered, "nearly two thousand years ago." "And they nailed Him to that thar tree when He hadn't done nothing to hurt them—only just loved them?" "Yes." She leaned nearer. "Wal, stranger," she said, the tears standing in her eyes, "let's hope it ain't so." But it was so, and because it is so the world is under the spell of the Man of Nazareth, who went up the hill bearing His cross.

### Cross, A Symbol of Redemption, The

There are many interesting things to be found in Chicago's Loop—the great shops, the palatial theatres, the Lindbergh Light, the

towering skyscrapers, the banks, the libraries, the art institute, the crowds of people. But to me the most significant thing in that five hundred acres is a great cross that stretches out its arms from the top of a church. Above the din of rushing multitudes, the shrieks of automobile horns, the roar of trains and cars; above the thousand voices of a tumultuous city, by day and by night, it proclaims the divine message of a suffering, dying Christ and redemption through His blood.

### Crowd, The Creed of the

The creed of the crowd may be summed up in the ancient words, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." As someone has said, "For everyone is in a hurry to get what he can here and now. Let us put away the wives we are tired of, or the men who make us tired, and find new love elsewhere, for tomorrow we die. Why be loyal if it means sacrifice? Why be kind if it means self-denial? Why be virtuous if it means a limitation of desire? Why not wallow in vice if it amuses us, or commit any crime if it produces wealth? Because there is no God and tomorrow we die."

It is not difficult to feel the presence of God in the silence of the mountains, to hear His voice in the rustling of the pine trees, to catch a glimpse of His glory in the flaming sunset. The arrow of light from the rising moon on the sparkling waters of the lake seems to point to the things which are unseen and eternal. But the city, with its black smoke, its rows of great buildings rising into the sky like the ancient tower of Babel, its scurrying crowds, its stentorian voices, its slums and its palaces, its lights that never go out and its wheels that never stop running, suggests not the God that Jesus found as He walked in the fields and on the shores of Galilee, but rather the pagan deities of ancient Greece and Rome.

### Crowds

Crowds of people—that is the first impression the visitor from a small town or rural district has of the city. To him the crowds are a more amazing spectacle than the skyscrapers, the art museum, the stockyards, or the grey towers of a great university. Millions of human beings dart hither and yon, like the inhabitants of an ant-hill disturbed by the foot of a passer-by. The city man lives his life in crowds. In one of the forty or sixty apartment buildings in which he has found a temporary home—for few people spend more than a year or two in the same rooms—he goes to bed with several



hundred people. Not in the same bed, of course, but under the same roof, and if he awakens at any hour of the night he can still hear, more or less distinctly, the roar of the crowd. He gets up with the crowd. And no pigeon struggles more fiercely for the peanuts of the Good Samaritan to birds than does the city man for a seat in street-car or subway in which he may read his morning paper. Always he meets crowds on the street, pushing into offices and stores; crowds waiting at the elevators, crowds in the restaurant where he eats his midday meal. Bigger crowds, hungry crowds push and scramble, and dodge crowds of automobiles on their way to crowded street-cars, buses and trains to get to the comparative seclusion of overcrowded tenements and apartment houses. When the evening meal is over our urbanite may join another crowd that packs the theatres, the motion picture houses, cabarets, and dance halls. Crowds of people—Negroes, Jews, Italians, Mexicans, Poles, Russians, Chinese—white faces, black faces, brown faces, yellow faces! Harlots and virgins, bankers and bandits, missionaries and dope fiends, bootleggers and bishops—all living together, travelling together, eating together, and breathing the same smoke and germ-polluted atmosphere!

### **Crowds of People but Socially Isolated**

Forty families living under the same roof and as strange to one another as the inhabitants of another city! All you know about the family in Apartment B-2 is that they keep their radio going when respectable people ought to be sleeping, and you say to yourself that unless the superintendent stops the racket caused by the people in the apartment just above you, you will break your lease and let the landlord whistle for his money. A man dies, is buried, and two months later the head of the family across the hall casually remarks, "I haven't seen Mr. Jones lately. I wonder where he is keeping himself."

### **Daybreak, The Glory of the**

Few things in the world of nature are more sublime and inspiring to the soul of man than the break of day. Poets have written some beautiful descriptions of the sunset and the rosy sky painted with flashing colors of purple and violet, gold and white. But there is something somber in the sunset. It is the deathbed of a day. The colors soon fade, and black night descends and wraps the world in gloom.

How different the break of day! One moment you stand in a world of darkness, then you perceive a grey light on the eastern horizon. The stars lose their brilliance. The high clouds are flecked with flashing streaks. There is a glow on the hills, and the tops of the trees begin to blaze with light. From the womb of darkness a new day is delivered.

### Death, Jesus and the Problem of

Jesus changed the old hooded horror of death into an angel of deliverance, the graveyard into the gateway. He has done for us what Light did for the children in Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*. You remember that beautiful scene where the children stand before the gates of the City of the Dead waiting for the midnight hour, when the gates will swing open and they can enter and see the dead rise from the tombs. The little girl crouches with fear under the arms of her protector. At last the clock strikes, the gates swing open, and the angel of the resurrection comes to guide the children through the silent city. Suddenly the great slabs begin to move. The tombs are open. In a moment will come forth the skeletons or pale ghosts of those who once breathed life. No! What the children see is a resurrection—Life! Life! *Life Everywhere!* And flowers and happiness and hope. "And where are the dead?" they ask. And the angel answers, "There are no dead."

When a man believes in a good God, who is with him as the Great Companion, all through life and who will guide him safely through the valley of the shadow of death to a land of cloudless skies, he already has won the victory and overcome the world.

### Death, a Strange Trail

I have always had a love for strange trails. Once I got on one, not intentionally, but through bad judgment on my part, for I was the guide. We had started out early, with high expectations of filling our basket with speckled trout from an inlet of the Big Otter Lake, in the Adirondacks. But we got on the wrong trail, and, after tramping many weary miles, we came to a hunter's lodge that was locked and barred, with a sign on it, "Trespassers on this property will be prosecuted." Death is a strange trail. It leads through a very dark valley. But I believe that at the end of the trail we shall find, not an unfriendly lodge, locked and barred, with a sign that trespassers will be prosecuted, but a joyous welcome from the Lord of the land, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter thou into

the joy of thy lord," and a happy reunion with the loved ones that have gone on before.

### Debts and Debtors

I do not know that Robert Blatchford was a specially religious man. Certainly he was not religious in the orthodox significance of the term, but in his book, *Merrie England*, he makes a confession which shows that he understood the significance of the social message of Jesus. He writes: "To none in my peculiar make-up am I more indebted than to Jesus Christ. Well, He left a will. His will expressly bids me treat all men as brothers. And to the extent of my indebtedness to Christ am I bound to pay all men—His heirs."

Forgive us our debts. You cannot utter that petition if your heart is full of hate and envy. You cannot pray this prayer if you are mean and selfish and grasping. If you employers take advantage of the hunger and the need of a brother man and grind him down to the last cent in order that you may heap up riches, how can you pray, "Forgive us our debts"? If you workingmen beat into insensibility a brother workingman whom you scornfully call a scab, or pitch a bomb into your employer's factory, how can you pray, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"?

### Disillusionment, The Great War and

Perhaps the Great War has been overdone as the contributing cause of most of our social and economic ills. There can be no doubt, however, that a good deal of the restlessness and disillusionment of modern people can be traced directly, or indirectly, to that world catastrophe. Democracy, based on the worth and rights of the common man, was hard hit by the Great War and is still under an eclipse in many countries. Before the War it seemed to many of us that Utopia was near at hand. We looked for a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Then the thin crust of our boasted civilization crumbled, and the world has never been the same since. When the war broke down our doors and entered into our house of life, the old optimism flew out of the window. It has never returned. A savage realistic mood of disillusionment has taken possession of the masses of the people of the world.

### Disillusionment, Sin and

The main source of disillusionment is summed up in a word that

we have almost banished from our vocabulary—the word *sin*—personal sin and social sin.

In a book which I recently reviewed I came across this fine illustration from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": A little girl is speaking to the guilty Queen, not knowing at the time that it is the Queen to whom she is speaking:

"Yea, but I know the land was full of signs  
And wonders ere the coming of the Queen,  
So said my father and himself was knight  
Of the great table at the founding of it."

And then she goes on to say that the land was full of spiritual presences. Strange music was heard everywhere, and there was all down the lovely coast of Lyonesse the shining of beacon lights, until headland after headland was aflame. In every cavern and cleft some little elf made music like the music of a distant horn. And then Guinevere came and sinned and wrought woe to the table round and all was changed. No longer was the fairy music to be heard. No longer were the beacon lights to be seen aflame with fairy fire. No longer were the caves and dells peopled with fairy people. All were gone, so said the little girl. Perhaps neither the little girl nor Tennyson, out of whose soul came the rich imagery, could have told just what connection there was between the sin of Guinevere and the headlands, the woods, the meadows, and the fairies. They simply knew that the land in which the Round Table came to dissolution was less beautiful. They simply knew that sin had made a difference and had destroyed some of the finer things in life for them.

### Dreamers, Our Debt to

The world owes much to its dreamers. Here we are living in the thirty-ninth year of the twentieth century. We enjoy all the blessings of civil and religious freedom. We live in houses supplied with many comforts—gas, electricity, telephone; with pictures and paintings on our walls, and rugs and tapestries on our floors and walls. Our children are educated in public schools, and a great library, with a wealth of literature, is at our doors. Distance has been almost annihilated by the telegraph, the telephone, the car, and the locomotive. We accept all these things and many others I might mention as a matter of course, but all these things we owe to our dreamers.

Joseph was a dreamer, Isaiah was a dreamer, Jesus was denounced

as a dreamer—He dreamed the dream of a perfect man in an ideal society. Columbus was a dreamer, Galileo was a dreamer, Shakespeare was a dreamer—the greatest poet dreamer the world has known; George Stephenson was a dreamer, Edison was a dreamer, Abraham Lincoln was a dreamer—he dreamed of a nation of free men. Robert Fulton was a dreamer, Theodore Roosevelt was a dreamer—he dreamed of the gospel of a square deal. And though Theodore Roosevelt was vilified and hated and misrepresented while he was alive, when his prophetic spirit left us there was created a vacancy that no man today seems big enough to fill.

Take out of history that noble band who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and who would care to read it? "The things which make life worth living, which have emancipated man from drudgery and lifted him above commonness and ugliness and have set his spirit free, we owe to our dreamers."

### Dreams, The Phenomenon of

Havelock Ellis begins his fine book, *The World of Dreams*, (Houghton-Mifflin Co.) with this statement:

"When we fall asleep we enter a dim and ancient house of shadows unilluminated by any direct ray from the outer world of waking life. We are borne about through the chambers without conscious volition of our own; we fall down its mouldy and rotten staircases, we are haunted by strange sounds and odors from its mysterious recesses. We move among phantoms we cannot consciously control."

That is a poetical way of describing the phenomenon of dreams. In making a little investigation of the subject of dreams I was astonished to discover what a vast literature has been written on it. It has been established by dream analysts that a large proportion of dreams represent the fulfillment of a wish or desire. The sick dream of health, the childless of children, the poor of wealth, the hungry of food, the sentimental of love, while the mother of a soldier boy in the trenches dreams of his safe return, or, alas! of his dying in agony on some bloody field.

There are dreams creative, revolutionary, monitory, and premonitory. It is well known that the late Robert Louis Stevenson obtained from dreams the plots for some of his best stories, including the weird but immortal *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Coleridge dreamed of "Kubla Khan," and some of us who are preachers know what it is to work out sermons in our sleep. Possibly that may account, in part, for the nodding heads, the closed eyes, and

the half apology that is sometimes offered, "Pastor, I shut my eyes today while you were preaching, but, believe me, I heard every word you said."

## Drifting

How easy, and sometimes how delightful, it is to drift down a smiling river. One appreciates especially the experience when, after a hard day of poling and paddling against a swift current under a broiling summer sun, he leans back in the boat at the close of day and listens to the music of the river. Now it sings a lullaby as it flows gently through the deep calm places; now it roars angrily as it rushes over a bar or through a rapids, with black rocks here and there pushing their way up through the white foam. To glide past green fields, where cattle stand knee deep in the water, placidly swinging their tails, indifferent to the busy, throbbing world; to hear the tinkle of the bells and the evening song of the birds; to watch the shadows from the hills and mountains lengthen, until the face of the river is completely shaded; to drift on and on, past islands and farmhouses perched like solitary birds on the hillsides; to watch the sun go down, until, at last, only the highest hills are crowned with light and the stars begin to blink, and the hush of the mountains descends, broken only by the ripple and snarl and murmur and roar of the river as it glides, rushes, and plunges on its way to join the waters of the ocean—how delightful is all this to a jaded mind! Surely it is easy and delightful to drift down a smiling river, and how many people there are who find it easy and pleasant to drift through life. They make no effort to stem the current; apparently they fear neither rapids nor rocks nor falls that may be in the river which we call life. They pull up the anchor and let the boat drift. It is to this class the apostle addressed the solemn word of warning, "Therefore we ought to give more earnest heed to the things we have heard, lest haply we drift away from them."

## Duty, Fidelity to

In 1895 the senior class at Amherst voted to decide which of its members showed most promise of making the greatest mark on the national life. More than eighty percent of the vote fell on the outstanding scholar of the class. Another member received only the vote of the brilliant scholar. This scholar said of that other, "I notice that he has a high sense of duty, does it loyally day by day,

and keeps his eye on the horizon. We shall hear from him." The student who elicited this praise was Calvin Coolidge.

### Easter, The Crowds and

Why do the crowds come out on Easter? It is not a sufficient answer to say that it is because of habit, that it is fashionable to go to church on that day, for that simply raises another question, Why has it become a habit and why is it fashionable? Some cynic, probably masculine, may suggest that it offers to the ladies an opportunity to display the new styles in millinery before an appreciative audience. But that is hardly a conclusive answer when you consider, without prejudice, the kind of hats worn today. I think that when my little granddaughters are grown-up ladies they will enjoy a hearty laugh when they see pictures of the kind of hats that ladies wore in 1939.

No, you have got to go deeper than all that. What is the supreme problem that confronts the individual and the race? Is it not the problem of death and what comes after death? Today we are alive. According to the law of averages, it is almost a mathematical certainty that next Easter some of us who are here this morning will no longer be alive. Will that be the end of us? To that question the mind of man ever turns.

Shortly after America entered the World War, Lord Balfour of England and Henri Bergson of France visited New York City. Following a mass meeting in the interests of the Allied cause, these two eminent philosophers, it is said, went to the home of the late Joseph Choate, diplomat and lawyer. There, while New York fairly seethed with war excitement, these men sat in Mr. Choate's library and discussed the immortality of the soul. I have no doubt that to these men the problem of the survival of personality was more important than the problem of how to win the war.

I think the crowds come out to church on Easter Sunday because Easter symbolizes immortality, and men and women in a world of physical pain, heartache, loneliness, frustration, bereavement, and death need desperately, at times at least, the assurance of life everlasting.

### Easter, Immortality and

Easter Sunday brings to us the assurance of a living Christ. There is no shadow of doubt that the first group of disciples who knew Jesus after the flesh were convinced that Jesus was alive. One of

the most extraordinary facts of history is the change that was wrought in the lives of these men by the events that followed the crucifixion of Jesus. On Good Friday they were beaten, hopeless men. Apparently the religion that had come out of Galilee had ended in an execution. They skulked in their hiding places. One of the group had committed suicide. Another had sworn with great oaths that he had never heard the name of Jesus. Then something happened—something that brought them out of their hiding places, something that made heroes of them all, something that gave them grace to endure tribulation and to face death with songs of thanksgiving. That same man who had sworn that he did not know Jesus was standing only a few weeks later before a hostile mob and declaring to them this message: "This Jesus whom ye have crucified and slain has God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses." A sober historian relates: "Within a few weeks these same men were sweeping like a forest fire through Palestine and Asia Minor, and within a few years into Africa and Europe, with one breathless message, 'He is risen.' They were irresistible. They laughed at jails, defied mobs, sang in prisons, welcomed martyrdom for what? As witnesses to a living Christ." It is historically true that Christianity with its assurance of personal immortality was built upon an empty tomb.

### Easter, The Message of

Easter is a day, of gladness because it brings to us the message that death will not be finally victorious over the souls of men. Some day these physical bodies of ours will collapse, and our friends will call in the undertaker, and the word will go out that we are dead. None of us can escape it. Death takes all men. It took even Jesus our Master and Lord. But it was only a temporary victory, for death could not hold him, and the Easter message is that it cannot hold us.

Let us not be afraid of death. Doctor Woelfkin tells a story of a child who lived in California, not far from a deep chasm. So deep was this gulch that the sun never illuminated the whole extent of it except at noonday. A foolish nurse had told the child that at the bottom dwelt ogres and goblins who would eat her up if she ever ventured down into it, and she was terribly afraid. Her older brother was much troubled by this fear, and tried to reassure his sister. He urged her to go down into the depths with him, but she could not bring herself to do it. Then he said, "If I go down



and come up on the other side and call to you, will you come to me? " At length, after much hesitation, she agreed to do so. And the brother went down out of sight and emerged on the other side. When he called to her she essayed, with much trembling, to keep her promise. The edge of the valley was drear and forbidding, dry and without vegetation. But when the child got to the bottom, she found to her surprise that a little stream flowed there, and on the bank of the stream were flowers. Delighted, she filled her arms with flowers, and made her ascent and, at last, stood by her brother's side in triumph.

Thus Christ tasted death for all men. He went down into the dark valley and shadow of death. He burst the bands of death asunder, and tossed the shackles of fear from the spirit of man. Victory over death and the grave! We owe it to Jesus. Death could not hold Him.

### Economic Problem, A Moral Problem

Our economic problem is not one simply of bread and butter, shelter and clothing. Even the question of wages has its ethical aspect. A low wage or an uncertain wage means debt. It may involve living in a crowded tenement, exposing the family to grave moral and social dangers. Often it means that parents must send their children to work in mill, shop, or mine, thus depriving them of education, of recreation, and, because of their immaturity, weakening their moral fibre. Most of the greatest evils of life root in economic soil. One of the greatest curses of modern civilization is the drink traffic. No one can thoughtfully study that subject without discovering that economic causes are responsible for a great deal of drinking. So with that most appalling of modern evils, the white slave traffic. Tear up that ugly, murderous, sinister thing, and you will find its roots well down in economic soil. Thousands of girls and women are working for wages that are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. In such cases they must either suffer want, and deny themselves of certain pleasures craved by young life, or supplement their wages by occasional prostitution. That in all our cities are hundreds of people who are led astray every year through economic stress is the testimony of social workers conversant with the facts.

### Education, The Need of

Shortly after the signing of the Armistice a famous Oxford

scholar asked all mankind the question, "What is the leading interest of your country? What do your people really believe in?" Replies were received from England, France, Italy, Sweden, America, China, and Japan. With startling unanimity, they answered—"Education." When he varied the question and asked, "What have you discovered from the war?" the answer was equally unanimous and emphatic: "We have discovered our need of education." In commenting on this, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton said:

"No doubt many would prefer these nations to have replied, 'We have learned our need of religion,' but, after all, it is much the same thing. Education is light and God is light. The fact burned into the mind of the world is that the struggle for power, with its mean passions and its monstrous illusions, must give place to the struggle for light, with its wide fellowship and increasing enthusiasm. Education is the struggle to escape from darkness into light, from prejudice, passion, and selfish private-mindedness into the glory of the lighted mind and the understanding heart."

### Education, Putting It to a Wrong Use

Education may be devoted, and often is, to antisocial and even immoral ends. Irving Bacheller, in an article that appeared in the *American Magazine*, illustrates the danger of a little learning by telling the story of a neighbor who had an educated dog. The neighbor said to Mr. Bacheller:

"I had taught this dog to find things I had hidden. One day I tied a fuse to a stick of dynamite and shoved it under a stump I wished to blow out. I lighted the fuse and ran. Suddenly I saw the dog running at my side with a stick of dynamite in his mouth, the fuse trailing and sputtering behind him. He seemed to be saying, kind of conceited, 'See how smart I am.' I tried to grab the fuse and smother it, but he dodged. I didn't have time to argue with him so I just ran. He kept close to me. I climbed a tree and done it supple, and it saved my life and I have always thanked God that dogs can't climb."

We owe much to the chemist and the engineer. During the past one hundred years they have altered the face of the earth, but it is well to remember also that the chemist and the engineer are responsible for inventions that during the Great War converted the world into a shambles and increased the horrors of war a hundred fold. Education is light, but there is a light that kills. The great need of the world today is an education that will enable us to master ourselves. Somehow, we have got to learn how not to use the deadly things which modern science has put into our hands. It may mean the collapse of an orderly human society, if, having

learned how to liberate and handle new and tremendous sources of power, undreamed of by the generations of the past, we are still ignorant of how to handle human relationships.

### Egoist, The

In every community is to be found a large class of well-dressed, well-fed, well-educated people who move in the best circles and are not infrequently represented as our first citizens, and who have developed to a very high degree of perfection the art of dodging unpleasant things. They surround themselves with congenial friends, good literature, works of art, but they keep at arm's length anything that would disturb their enjoyment of material things. If there is a wounded man lying on the Jericho road they pass by on the other side. In fact, there are some who try to delude themselves with the pleasing fiction that there isn't any wounded man. Outwardly, the egoist may be a very charming personality. His manners are good and he can talk in a most entertaining way on subjects of interest. But under that mask of polished refinement is a hard and pitiless spirit. If you should happen to get in his way he would crush you without mercy.

### Eloquence Without Love

Eloquence cannot take the place of love. We have all felt the hollowness of the man who is merely an orator and nothing else. He can thrill you with his eloquence and sway audiences by the witchery of his words, but not infrequently he is the type of man you could not trust with either your money or your wife. There are other men who use their eloquence for self-advertisement. They are not bad men but weak men. They are not unknown in the Christian ministry. They have acquired the arts of the actor. They strut and pose, are eager to catch the ears of the crowd, love the lime-light, are delighted when their pictures appear in the papers, and their names are written in half-inch type. Notoriety seekers and players to the gallery, with their ears to the ground so that they may catch the popular tune, they make a big noise like a drum, for they are hollow inside.

### Emmanuel, God With Us

Robert Horton of England relates this incident:

"An American father who was absent on a trip to the Far East had a child at home over whose bed there hung the father's portrait. Every morning the

child looked lovingly at it, and one day said to his mother, 'Mother, I wish father would come out of the frame.' Emmanuel means that God has come out of the frame. In every age men have given us pictures of God. You will find many such pictures in the Old Testament. Even pagan poets and philosophers have painted portraits of God. God has not left Himself without witness. Many of these pictures are faulty and marred by human passion, for men have always made God in their own likeness. But in Jesus God came out of the frame. The picture became embodied in human flesh and walked among us."

George Eliot has a passage in one of her books that is frequently quoted: "Ideas are poor ghosts." They are. They seem shadowy and unreal. "But," she continues, "sometimes they are made flesh. They breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes. They are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power and they shake us like a passion."

That is the glory and the meaning of Emmanuel. What do I desire in my God? Holiness? Yes, for a God who is not holy would not command my respect and allegiance. Love? Yes, for a loveless God in a loveless universe would soon convert the world into a house of fear. A heart of compassion? Yes, for most of us know the bitterness of sorrow and the shame of sin. A spirit of forgiveness? Yes, for man is a prey to evil temper, and not one of us can lift a shameless face to God. A power to lift man up from the brute into the likeness of God? Yes, for man in his own strength lacks the will and the power to achieve righteousness. All of these divine qualities I find embodied in Jesus Christ. Love, purity, compassion, forgiveness, power—all become incarnate and walk the common street. The light of the divine shines in the human. Emmanuel, God with us.

### Emperor, The Galilean and the

Ibsen, in his *Emperor and Galilean*, pictures Julian the Apostate as fighting a lifelong losing battle against the Galilean in the name of the pagan world. On the night before the last conflict he recounts a dream:

"Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since that happened at Golgotha? I dreamed of Him lately. I dreamed that I ordained that the memory of the Galilean should be rooted out of the earth. Then I soared aloft into infinite space, till my feet rested on another world. But, behold, there came a procession by me on that strange earth where I stood, and in the midst of the slow moving array was the Galilean alone, and bearing His cross on His

back. Then I called to Him and said, 'Whither away, Galilean?' But He turned His head to me, smiled, nodded slowly, and said, 'To the place of the Skull.' And the Emperor cried, 'Where is He now? What if that at Golgotha, near to Jerusalem, was but a wayside matter, a thing done as it were in a leisure hour? What if He goes on and suffers and dies and conquers, again and again, from world to world?'"

From world to world, yes, and from age to age. The old struggle between the Emperor and the Galilean is still on. The issues are not yet settled. The fight is on in the economic world, where men buy and sell and exchange the commodities of life. It is raging among the nations of the old world, and in the Orient the beast of the Revelation is on his conquering way, trampling roughshod over the lives of others. Is it Cæsar or Christ, the flashing sword or the wayside cross, the Emperor or the Galilean?

### **Environment, The Early Church and Unfriendly**

Into a world of lust and cruelty and selfishness rose a new kind of men and women. They were not angels. They were called to be, but were not yet saints. But they had lived with Jesus and they had learned new values, and they had a spirit that was not of the world. Because of this they were as conspicuous as a light on a lampstand; they were like a city set upon a hill. Because they were not of the world their lives were set in evil places. The difficulty was that they didn't harmonize with their environment. A dove doesn't fraternize with a hawk, or a sheep with a wolf. Said Jesus, "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." And they went forth, that group of men and women, with their message of love and their beautiful lives of simplicity and tenderness. They went forth to do battle with the forces of hate and greed and lust and godless materialism, and their weapons were spiritual, not carnal—the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony. And the great world rose up to crush them. That was as easy as taking candy from a baby. Jesus was crucified, and for three centuries His followers were hunted down like wild beasts, and poured out their blood like water. But though you may strangle men you cannot strangle ideas. They have an indestructible life. Try to destroy them, and you enthrone them. Try to smother them, and the world watches the illumination, and the fire starts up in a hundred places.

### **Evangelical Confession**

In Christian experience is born the evangelical confession. Paul

writes to one of the churches, "No man can call Jesus Lord, but in the Holy Spirit," which means, I think, that in order to arrive at the evangelical confession you must first pass through the evangelical experience. The man who through faith in Jesus Christ has come into the richest fellowship with the Father, who has had the burden of sin lifted, his heart purified, his conscience cleansed, his life filled with new ideals of love and service, and who feels Christ going with him all along the way—that man, I say, is convinced that Jesus Christ is something more than one man more in the world, something more even than an ideal, or distant example, or even a prophet from the most High God. By virtue of his experience of the Living Christ that man belongs to the company of Peter, of Paul, of Augustine, and of Athanasius. Out of his experience of Christ in the inner life bursts the evangelical confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

### **Evangelism, Old Time Power of Mass**

I often look back rather wistfully to my evangelistic experience during the first twenty years of my ministry. It was the method of mass evangelism. Pictures flash across my mind that are colorful and fascinating. I see the rough but deeply religious fishermen of the Bay of Fundy coast gathering in the schoolhouse to hear the Word of the Lord. Or I am standing in a lumber camp hidden away in a spruce forest of New Brunswick, and looking into the faces of fifty or one hundred lumbermen, heavily bearded, many of them reckless and profane, who, after the day's work and the evening meal, are ready to listen to what the preacher has to say. Perhaps I am in a city mission, with an audience made up of the poor, the humble, the outcasts. Sometimes I am in a great city church crowded with well-dressed people who have come out to hear the message of the minister who is assisting their pastor in special services. But wherever it may be, souls are won for Christ and the Church. Sometimes I can almost recapture the fine spirit of ecstasy I had then. I see men and women trembling in their seats. Tears are trickling down many faces. A strange awe descends upon the congregation. We feel that we are in the very presence of the Eternal, and when the invitation is given, men and women rise to their feet, confess Christ as their Saviour and Lord, and experience the forgiveness of sins and the peace of God which passeth understanding.

That method of mass evangelism seems to be passing in many

of our evangelical churches. The very people who need the Gospel message are not present. It is conservative to say that in a dozen preaching missions that I have conducted in various churches during the past five years ninety-five percent of the congregation were not only Christians, but church members as well. Mass evangelism seems to be inadequate to meet the religious needs of multitudes of people who need Christ and need Him most sorely.

### **Evangelism, Its Method and Value, The New**

The new evangelism is a throwback to the evangelism of Jesus and of the early Church. It is a rediscovery of the importance of the individual member of the Church in spreading the good news of the kingdom. It provides a method by which Fundamentalists and Modernists, Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, and Episcopalians can, without any sacrifice of principle, unite in the practical work of winning men and women for Christ and the church.

The social sciences have taught us the value of a survey, and one of the first steps in the new evangelism is to discover the religious affiliations of the people who live in the community. The district is divided into blocks, and two workers are assigned to each block. After careful instructions, they go out, two by two, as did the first disciples. They tabulate the information desired. From this mass of material is prepared a list of possible recruits for Christ and the Church. Then, on a certain date, after much prayer and careful training, this group of men and women go out as did the seventy, two by two, to win for the kingdom of God the unchurched men and women, boys and girls of the city.

There are four things that may be said concerning this method of the new evangelism. It is a method that gives the individual member of the church a real task. There are people who can be won by business men, by professional men, by boys and girls who could never be won by the minister. It is a method that develops in the church a body of men and women who have been trained in personal evangelism and who have discovered the joy of leading people to Christ. It is a method that requires only sincerity and friendship for Christ as a prerequisite.

### **Evangelism, A Task for Every Member, Personal**

I have read somewhere that the wife of a man who had left the church and joined an animal club was asked why he was no longer a church member. She replied, "Well, they never gave my husband

anything to do at the church, but as soon as he joined the lodge, they put a helmet on his head and a sword in his hand and they made him keeper of the royal and ancient arch, and he never misses a meeting."

That was good psychology. I am ignorant of the duties of the keeper of the royal and ancient arch, but I do know that when you put a helmet on a man's head and a sword in his hand, he must feel that he is occupying a very responsible position. We lose not a few members from our churches because they finally get the idea that there is nothing for them to do but to attend services and to contribute money. Confront such men with the challenge of personal evangelism and the response may astonish you.

### Evil, Magnifying the Power of

Paul, in his wonderful description of love as the greatest thing in the world, wrote, "Love taketh not account of evil." Evil was a tremendous reality to Paul. In his own life he was conscious of the terrific struggle between the forces of good and the forces of evil. Paul took evil seriously, but not too seriously. Evil is a force that must be reckoned with, but the greatest thing in the world is not evil, but love. Love need not stand aghast in the presence of evil. Love is the great conqueror. Love looks out on the world with clear eyes. It sees all the pitiful tragedies of life, the degradation of women, the exploitation of children, the pollution of manhood. It views the great social evils that afflict and torment humanity.

Love does not try to bamboozle itself with the pleasing delusion that we live in the best possible world. It refuses to shut its eyes to wrong, or to close its ears to the bitter sobs of sin and suffering. But love knows that neither society nor men are incurably evil. Even in the worst of people it sees divine possibilities. It knows that evil is not irresistible, that the children of light are slowly but surely gaining the victory over the children of darkness. It looks for a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness. Love refuses to be driven into a panic by the fact of evil. Love taketh not account of evil.

### Evil, The Struggle Against

Once I got into conversation with a man while we were waiting for a street-car. I do not know his name, although we always pass the time of day when we meet. He said, "I know a man"—and I am sure he referred to himself—"I know a man who loves to go



to church, who is interested in every good work, who is charitable and gives freely of his means to every cause that will uplift humanity. That man would not willingly hurt the most humble member of society, but he has an evil appetite, not drink, but lust, that masters him and brings him into bondage." He said, "If you met that man what would you say to him?" And looking him straight in the eyes I said, "If I met that man I would tell him that if he allows that evil beast to conquer him he is a weakling and a coward. I would tell him that if he makes a truce with that unholy appetite he is lacking the elements of true manhood and will lose his soul as surely as there is a God in heaven. I would tell him that by the grace of God he can curb that brute and come off more than conqueror." That is what I told him and that is what I would tell any man grappling with an evil appetite.

The difficulty with so many people who have allowed their appetites to master them is that they do not fight. They run up the white flag before they have struck a blow. Even God Almighty cannot help the man who will not help himself.

### Evil, The Stubborn Fact of

The history of man is a history of the battle between good and evil. Men in all ages have eaten of the bitter fruit of evil, and in their suffering have sought a solution. The Egyptian priest wrestled with it. The Chaldean astrologer gazing into the stars of the midnight sky sought a solution. Job, the ashheap philosopher, was tortured by the enigma. It was the theme of Milton's "Paradise Lost." The African witch doctor, the Mohammedan with his prayer wheel, the mournful procession of Hindu pilgrims wending their way along the sacred river Ganges—all are conscious of the fact of evil and in their own way are seeking deliverance.

Evil is all around us. Our newspapers, which reflect the everyday life of the people, are chronicles of current evil. They tell how men defraud one another in business, how nations in their lust for a larger place in the sun, fired by a dream of world empire, set the laws of humanity at defiance and cause the blood of millions of people to cry to God for vengeance; how men, letting loose the reins of passion, murder and rob and sow in their bodies the seeds of disease and death; how husbands prove unfaithful to wives and wives to husbands, so that the beautiful home life collapses like a pack of cards. Fools may flout at evil, and short-sighted moral amateurs may deny its real existence, but however it may be denied,

explained, or ignored, its polluting, paralyzing, damning effects are spread over all the pages of history.

### Evil, The Apparent Triumph of

We all like to think that virtue always brings its own reward, that honesty is always the best policy, that goodness is always triumphant. But do not the hard facts of life sometimes contradict these pleasing sentiments? In movies and popular novels, the hero always succeeds and the villain is always punished; but in the real world sometimes I have seen the wicked flourishing like green bay trees and the good and the innocent hunted down like wild beasts.

Gilbert Murray once raised the question, Why are there no Protestants in Spain? Not because of the persuasiveness of Spanish theology, but because the Spanish Inquisition did its work. Why are there no descendants of the Albigenes in France? Because they were massacred.

What makes the struggle for ideals so intensely interesting is that one is never sure of the outcome. Mr. Worldly Wiseman never wants to play an uncertain game. He desires to be on the winning side. Unless he hold the trumps he throws up his hand. But the true man questing for moral ideals is willing to take all the hazards. He has the spirit of Tennyson's "Ulysses":

"Strong in will,  
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield,  
For my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset and the paths  
Of all the Western stars until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash me down,  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles."

To touch the Happy Isles, to have public opinion vindicate the ideals for which we have struggled, is a most gratifying experience. But if we are washed down by the gulfs and that is the end of us, still we shall have fought a good fight. We shall not have bent the knee to any false image, and we shall not have lived altogether in vain. We shall have saved our souls, even if we have not achieved what the world calls success.

### Faces

The human face is the window of the soul. Sin writes its grim record on the face. Each sin has its distinguishing sign. Who can mistake the haughty glance and arrogant air of the man clothed

with a little brief authority? The woman of the streets needs no policeman to tell her history. The pity and shame of it all are written on her face, and he who runs may read. There are faces that bear the imprint of avarice—Shylock faces, greedy and merciless. There are faces that are hard, repellent, and cruel. There are faces that have scarcely a mark of the divine left upon them, sodden, haggard, and beastlike. But there are other faces that are lighted up with truth and purity and goodness. There are faces that are baptized with sunshine. There are faces that are radiant with the glory of the unseen, like the face of little Nell, transfigured by approaching death, while the little boy looked to see if she were already an angel, as the neighbors had said she would be. There is nothing more beautiful than the lovely face of childhood. It is a scroll upon which is written only innocence. At birth faces are strangely alike, unmarked, unstained. But what the face will ultimately be will depend on our thoughts, our emotions, our words, and our deeds. It may be the face of an angel; it may be the face of a demon.

### Faith, The Adventure of

Religion is an adventure of faith. It is betting your life that there is a God, that He is the companion of the brave, the upholder of the loyal, the friend of the lover, the healer of the broken, the joy of the victorious—the God who is spirit, the God who is love. It is betting your life that love is better than hate, that altruism is better than selfishness, that purity is higher than lust, that to be on the side of the angels is better than to follow the pig, and that life will be the lord of death.

These things cannot be demonstrated like a problem in geometry, but they can be realized in the experiences of the soul. It was said of Abraham that "he went out not knowing whither he went." Religion, too, is a spiritual adventure. You go out not knowing whither. But I believe that beyond the boundary fences and over the ranges we shall find the God who is seeking us even as we are seeking Him.

### Faith, The Difficulty of

Jesus once propounded this question to His disciples: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Today we look at that question in the light of nineteen hundred years of history. Somehow, the faith has come down to us. It survived the

bloody persecutions under the Roman emperors. It kept going through the dark ages. The materialistic science of the twentieth century has failed to destroy it. But the question is still open. In various forms, men are asking the same question today. For many weeks one of our newspapers conducted a symposium on the question, "Is Christianity Vanishing?" Not all the replies were in the negative.

Ralph Walker relates this incident:

"One of Cleveland's most prominent business men, a man of about seventy, once said to me, 'I was with my father when he died. I also stood by my mother's bedside when she breathed her last. Both were saintly people. Their religion was as natural to them as the beating of their hearts. When my father died and when my mother died I heard them saying, in calm and peace, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death I shall fear no evil."' He looked at me and his eyes were troubled. 'But when I go I will find it harder to say that.'"

That man was a product of our modern age. Faith is not as easy as it once was. Today a man must fight for his faith. He is not ready to accept it second-hand. He no longer believes in a religion of authority.

### Faith, The Exploits of Men of

Admiral Byrd, in the book which bears his name, tells the thrilling story of his trip to the South Pole. There is in it this fine paragraph which illustrates what may be accomplished by men of faith. He and his crew were faced with the almost impossible venture of establishing a base where they could survive through the black, frozen months of winter. (*Exploring with Byrd*. Putnam.)

"'Let's go,' someone yelled. And instantly the discouragement seemed mysteriously to fall away. Fatigue that a moment before seemed overpowering was brushed aside. Instead of seeming as distant and inaccessible as the South Pole, Little America—the proposed base of operation—came magically nearer within reach. We had a pretaste of victory and it made all the difference in the world. I have seen the same thing happen to football teams, one moment in the slough of despond, and the next, owing to a fortuitous turn of fortune that brought them suddenly within striking distance of the goal, vividly infused with the psychology of victory. Here on this forsaken tableland of ice, which nature implacably refused to bend to our wishes, the thing was an interesting experience. We were close—closer than I care to remember—to humiliation, only to be carried ahead by a word we have, in the triteness and cynicism of our language, cheapened—the word FAITH."

## Faith, A Personal Testimony, The Fight for

Faith does not come easy to me. It does not come easy to many of us. When little Alice in Wonderland was informed by the Queen of Hearts that she was one hundred years, five months and one day old, she exclaimed, "I can't believe that." "Can't you?" said the Queen. "Try again. Draw a long breath and shut your eyes." I have never been able to shut my eyes to facts, and swallow dogmas that seemed to me unreasonable. Very early I revolted against the Puritan theology in which I was reared, and for the first decade of my ministry it was an open question whether I would be permitted to remain.

I have never been obedient to the voice of authority. Fortunately for me, I was reared in a denomination that has no creed, and that teaches that every individual has the right to interpret the Scriptures for himself, and formulate his own articles of faith. That has been my salvation. Literally, I have worked out my own creed and any dogma that has not entered into my experience I have pushed aside. I accept the scientific method in religion. I could not accept any other method and retain my self-respect.

So I arrived at the faith I hold. It is the faith of my fathers, but not the creed of my fathers. Just as the science of mathematics is based on certain postulates which cannot be proved, but which must be accepted by faith, so I accept certain things in the realm of religion which are beyond or seem to be beyond scientific verification—the existence of God, freedom of choice, the survival of personality. These may some day be demonstrated. At present they are postulates of faith.

I share the faith of Jesus, that in this great universe there is a personal spirit who is all wise, perfectly good and all powerful; that in the long run goodness will be triumphant, and that when I come to the end of my earthly pilgrimage my immortal spirit, now pent up in a physical body, will escape like a butterfly from the prison of a chrysalis and take up its abode in some new and glorious spiritual body.

## Fear in the Ancient World

Fear ruled the ancient world. There were superstitious fears. Men were afraid of God and gods. They trembled in their presence, and sacrificed beasts and birds and sometimes men, women, and little children. The mystery of the universe struck terror into their

souls. A comet, an eclipse, a thunderstorm, a high wind made their souls shiver with apprehension. These were the activities and the voices of the gods and no man was safe against their wrath. The ancient world peopled the earth, the sky and the sea with demons, and these demons possessed the strange power of entering the bodies of men. It was believed that all sickness was caused by demons. Instead of saying as we say today, "I picked up a germ somewhere that put me into bed for a week," the man in New Testament times would say, "A demon flew down my throat and, somehow, I cannot shake it off." To an imaginative mind, the thought of a lot of little germs holding high carnival somewhere within the body is most alarming. But even so, from the standpoint of peace of mind, germs are infinitely preferable to demons. The physicians of that age built up their practice through their ability to cast out demons. Medicine began as magic and the first priest was a witch doctor. The ancient world was in bondage to fear.

### Fear as an Explanation of Religion

No one can study the history of primitive religions, ancient and modern, without being impressed with the controlling part played by fear. It is claimed by some writers that in fear we have the explanation of religion. Primitive man looked out upon a world that was strange and mysterious. Great monsters, which long since have become extinct, pursued him to the caves or tree tops, in which he found a precarious refuge. Fevers burned his body, created strange hallucinations, left him weak and panting on the forest floor. The rumbling and crash of thunder, the sun rising and sun setting, the shooting stars, the eclipse of the sun—all of these things filled him with awe and terror. How natural it was for him to see in these forces which struck terror to his soul the presence of spirits. How inevitable it was that he should walk softly before them, and, if possible, propitiate them with gifts and sacrifices.

### Fear, The Old Theology and

The old theology did not make for peace of mind. As a boy I sat under the ministry of a man who was an ardent champion of the doctrine of predestination. After listening to a discourse which set forth how God in His sovereign power had foreordained from all eternity that a certain number of people would be saved, and that another group—by far the larger group—was doomed to the tor-

ments of eternal fire and brimstone, I can still remember how my soul was racked with horror lest I also should be among the company of the non-elect.

From that early experience I have always had a deep sympathy with Cowper, the English poet, who went through a great part of his life with the absolute conviction that he was unalterably condemned to hell. He was convinced, so we are told by one of his biographers, that God had not only abandoned him but had made him a special object of punishment and vengeance. For other men there might be salvation and redemption, but for him none, but only the wide, gaping terror of eternal and inevitable hell. He believed that in neglecting to improve the mercies of God on a certain occasion in his early life he had sinned against the Holy Ghost. This was the unpardonable sin and there could be neither forgiveness nor recovery.

### **Fisherman's Luck**

Every fisherman knows the equivalent of the phrase, "fisherman's luck." It was expressed in more urbane language by the fisherman disciples when, returning from an unsuccessful fishing trip, they said to Jesus, "Master, we have toiled all night and caught nothing." Not an unusual experience for fishermen. Sometimes fish are scarce. Sometimes we cast our nets or our flies in the wrong places. Sometimes the wind is in the wrong direction, or we are not using the right kind of bait. Sometimes the finest art is unable to lure fish to the surface of the water. Grover Cleveland, who was an authority on fishing as well as on statecraft, once wrote an article in which he claimed to find evidence of an overruling Providence in the fact that some days fish will not bite. "We have about us thousands of those who claim membership in the fishing fraternity because, in a way, they love to fish when the fish bite and only then," he wrote. "Their idea of fishing is unlimited slaughter. Think of the consequences of turning an army of fishermen like these loose upon fish that could be caught every day and every hour." So Mr. Cleveland comforts the true fishermen with these words, "If on days when we catch few or no fish we feel symptoms of disappointment, these should immediately give way to satisfaction when we remember how many spurious and discouraged fishermen are spending their time in hammocks or under trees or on golf fields instead of with fishing outfits, solely on account of such unfavorable days."

### **Fisherman, Spirit of Daring Needed by the**

There is, perhaps, no occupation that calls for greater self-denial and daring than the life of the man who earns his living by fishing. When schools of fish are passing, it is his harvest time, and he must reap the harvest regardless of the consequences to himself. Sometimes fishermen average but a few hours' sleep a day for weeks at a time. I have seen fishermen so exhausted that they would fall asleep while rowing the boat. Their life is one of constant hardship and peril. Sometimes they lose their nets. Sometimes a storm breaks upon them, and, tossed by the waves and blinded by flying spray, they must fight their way back to the harbor. Sometimes, unable to make the harbor, they go down to a watery grave.

I remember a little fishing village called Dipper Harbor, where I did some of my early preaching. One afternoon in July a fleet of salmon boats started out for a night's fishing. That night a terrible storm came up from the southeast. The wind blew with hurricane force. Rain came down in torrents. There was no sleep that night for the wives and mothers in that little village. The next morning a few boats beat into the harbor, but the great majority had been swamped by the waves or dashed to pieces against the rocks. There were few homes in that little fishing village in which lamentation was not heard—wives and mothers weeping for their husbands and sons and would not be comforted because they were not.

It was perhaps something more than an accident that Jesus first called fishermen to be His disciples. They were used to hardships and perils. They had often faced death on the lake of Galilee. Jesus foresaw that there were stormy days ahead of those who had answered His call. But the fishermen disciples had in them the stuff out of which heroes are made. They who had braved the fury of the gale were not likely to cringe before the wrath of civil and religious leaders.

### **Fishermen, The Spirit of Patience and the**

The true fisherman must have in his soul the spirit of the man "who fished all day and fished all night, encouraged by a single bite." I know a man who, however lacking he may be in many virtues, possesses to a very high degree the quality of patience. Some years ago he spent a solid week on the Restigouche River, poling a canoe every day up a mile of rapids, and casting from



early morning until it was so dark that he could not see his flies on the water. During the week he never once saw a salmon rise to his fly. One day he was casting on a high-water pool, but the river was low, with only about three feet of water rushing over the bar. It was one of those perfect July days, without a breath of air stirring in the treetops, and not a fleecy cloud shading the sun. In making a long cast the fisherman thought he detected a break in the water. The chances were that it was a sea trout. It was evident that in the shallow water, on such a day, salmon would not be tempted by any fly that was ever made. So this fisherman reeled in his line and decided that he would wait for a breeze to ripple the water, even if he had to wait all day. He waited one hour; he waited two hours; he waited three hours. The hot sun beat on him and the black flies encircled his head in clouds. They were perhaps the longest three hours that he ever experienced. At the expiration of the third hour a fleecy cloud for a moment blotted out the sun and a passing breeze rippled the water. It lasted not more than forty seconds but it was sufficient for the fisherman to stand up in his canoe, and, with a skill born of many years of experience, he sent his fly sixty feet through the air, and it lit within a few inches of the place where he had seen the water break three hours earlier. In the twinkling of an eye, there was a boil of white foam, a mighty splash. The rod bent, and an eighteen-pound salmon went plunging and leaping and twisting, with the reel screaming behind. I can bear personal testimony that the hooking and landing of that salmon gave more satisfaction to that fisherman than any honor he ever received throughout a rather long life.

The lesson of patience is a most difficult lesson to learn. Pascal once said that "most of the evils of life arise from the inability of people to sit still in a room." How much patience is needed for us who are fishers of men. We crawl under the juniper tree because success does not immediately crown our efforts.

"Not so in haste my heart, have faith in God and wait;  
Although He seems to linger long, He never comes too late."

### Flesh, The Lust of the

The lust of the flesh is no empty phrase. It expresses one of the most insistent facts of life. There are exceptional men with self-control who apparently are able to pass through life untouched by the fierce temptations that have their seat in the physical life.

There are other men in whom the fires of desire burn so feebly that they scarcely know what temptation is. But to the average man life is a continual struggle against the beast that would drag him into the outer darkness. One of the Greek philosophers expressed the wish that, in the interests of common honesty and sincerity, the gods had placed a window in the breast of every man. Alas, if it were so, we would all be turning our backs on each other to prevent exposure. In Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* the woman carried the letter on her breast in the sight of all people. The minister carried his next to the naked flesh. Some of us who have managed to keep our outward lives free from reproof have gained the victory only after the most severe conflict and through the grace of God.

### Foes Within the Household of Faith

There are three evil spirits to be found in every church. There is the spirit of indifference, namely, indifference to the great task of winning men and women to Christ that our Lord has laid on us. There is the spirit of inactivity, an unwillingness to use the talents which God has given us for the promotion of His kingdom. There is the spirit of worldliness. It is difficult even for the earnest Christian to escape the subversive, benumbing influences of the world. It is like the fog which used to roll in from the Bay of Fundy on the city in which I once lived. It would blot out the sun at midday. Everything was indistinct. People groped in the semidarkness. Bells were kept ringing so, that the ferry boats crossing the harbor might keep their direction and not be carried out to sea. So it is with worldliness. It blurs the fine lines of right and wrong. It envelops the soul, so that we are in danger of losing our sense of direction. Thousands of church members lost in the fog of worldliness are carried every year out to sea. Indifference, inactivity, worldliness—these are no imaginary evils. They are real evils, against which we must fight or go down to defeat.

### Fools, God's

Paul, in one of his letters, makes this rather audacious statement: "We are fools for Christ's sake." It is rather a serious thing to call a man a fool. I have taken no legal advice on the subject, but I have an idea that if I called a man a fool a policeman might make a professional call on me. Who are the folks that Paul calls fools? They are a group of people organized into a society that was known as a Christian church. It seems like a very rash statement.

But a church that is not willing to act the fool is a church that has lost its first love. A church that is wise and prudent, sensible and conformable, that cannot be tempted into any mad adventure, is a church that lacks the apostolic mark of divine foolishness. Turn over the pages of history, and you will see that it is true that the men who have enriched the world by their presence—the martyrs, the reformers, the saviours of society—were accounted fools by the accepted standards of their day.

### Fool's Paradise, In a

There are certain sentimental souls who deliberately close their eyes to the sinister facts of life. It may be admitted that many of them are very charming people. They carry the gospel of the smiling face and sugar candy to the utmost limits, but, unfortunately, their optimism is often built on wrong foundations.

One of the happiest men I ever met was a man who spent most of his life within the narrow space of four walls. But by the power of his mind he had converted that room into a palace. Mentally, he had garbed himself with royal purple. He ate from golden dishes. His word was law to thousands of people. On his head he wore a crown of flashing jewels. I met and talked with that man in a hospital for the insane. Actually, he was a poor, broken-down old man with an unbalanced brain, with iron bars in his windows, but he gravely assured me that he was King of Great Britain, Emperor of India, and that he ruled a kingdom upon which the sun never set.

The art of humbuggery may bring a certain amount of personal happiness and peace, but it doesn't change or annul the hard and stubborn facts of life. When a shell bursts among a group of soldiers the man who is in the way of the flying pieces of steel is killed, or injured, whether he be a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Roman Catholic, or a Christian Scientist. He may cherish some very optimistic views of the supremacy of mind over matter and of the inability of any mortal thing to injure one of God's children, but when a hot piece of steel comes into collision with his material body his opinions have no influence over the inevitable result. Nothing is to be gained in minimizing evil. There are evil men and evil doctrines and evil forces, and it is arrant folly and an evidence of mental weakness to try to cajole ourselves into thinking the opposite.

## Footprints

You will remember the terror that gripped the soul of Robinson Crusoe, when, walking one morning along the seashore of his desert island, he came across the print of a man's foot. Sherlock Holmes, according to his creator, solved the mystery of certain crimes that baffled the best minds of Scotland Yard by his understanding of footprints. In the big city, where millions of feet, big and little, flat and otherwise, tramp the pavements every day, footprints count for little. But in the wilderness country a knowledge of the footprints of birds and wild animals and human beings is most important. I remember a certain small stream in the Adirondacks from which I have taken many baskets of trout. We always had an anxious moment when we first reached the stream. We looked for footprints, for if the tracks were fresh, it meant that a party was ahead of us, and that, unless they were novices in the art of fishing, our prospects for a good catch were slim. Of course, there were always footprints. The problem was, Were the footprints only a few hours old, or were they made yesterday or a week earlier? It was the fresh footprints that gave us anxious concern. Probably some of you have had the experience that has been mine on various occasions of getting lost in some wild piece of country, remote from roads and houses, and of facing the prospect of spending a night in the woods without food or shelter. After spending hours in forcing your way through tangled underbrush, and struggling through wet and muddy swamps, you have suddenly come across a trail that has been beaten down by the feet of men. It is almost impossible to describe the joy and relief of that moment. You know that at the end of that trail is a road that leads home, and that home means food, fire, dry clothing, and a bed.

Peter, in his first letter, calls attention to the importance of following the footprints of Jesus. He was writing to slaves, and it was a word of comfort to those who were bearing the chains of servitude. He holds out no false hope of any improvement in their lot. It was sadly and tragically true that they had been called to be slaves. Grim necessity had decreed that the sunny rooms in the social structure were not for them. But let them not despair. Let this thought come to them like a ray of light as they struggle along the rough and dreary trail, that Jesus also had tramped that same trail of suffering, leaving them an example they should follow. Discipleship is not a holiday jaunt. It is not a boulevard journey. It will not be easy to follow the trail. There will be steep ascents,

turbulent streams to ford, sometimes dense darkness, when you cannot see the trees that have been blazed for your guidance. But following in the footprints of Jesus will give to your life nobility and dignity. It will be a safeguard against temptation. It will fill your life with joy. It will give peace and real satisfaction.

### **Force, The Christian Conscience and**

The man who protests against the use of force to achieve moral ends fails to recognize that even in times of peace we live in a continuous state of war. The policeman at the corner is a symbol of the force of the community in constant operation against the criminal and the lawbreaker. Every court of justice is a declaration of the fact that there is a power organized by the State at great expense to compel citizens to act justly by one another. In an ideal world, where all men are dominated by the principle of love, we might be able to dispense with the services of the policeman, with the penitentiaries, and with courts of justice. But so long as evil exists and men value the spiritual goods of life more highly than life itself, there must be force, and back of that force men who are prepared to make even the supreme sacrifice for the higher things.

A nation can be justified in going to war only as it adopts the ideals of the policeman. The duty of the policeman is to protect society, to defend the weak from the attack by the ruthless and the unscrupulous. If he catches a criminal with his loot he must have no part in the spoils. A nation that undertakes police duties must not think of territorial expansion and indemnities. If it be right for the father to defend his daughter against brutal attack by an abductor, if it be right for the policeman to protect the helpless citizen against assaults by a highwayman; if George Washington is still worthy of a place among national heroes, then the Christian conscience may sometimes justify force when all peaceable means have failed.

### **Forces, The Triumph of Spiritual**

Love is stronger than hate. Truth prevails over falsehood. Purity is higher than lust. Sacrifice is more constructive than selfishness. We know that a society that is based on hate and greed and force is a society that carries within it the seeds of decay and destruction. The principles of the kingdom of God are not a set of principles that have been imposed upon us from without.

They are a part of the constitution of the world of nature and are embedded in the structure of the human race. The universe is keyed to righteousness.

Because I believe in the supremacy of spiritual forces I believe also in their ultimate triumph. I am an agnostic on some theological questions that certain of my ministerial friends regard as important, but I share the confidence of Jesus in the all conquering power of the Gospel of the kingdom. Let us not despair because of the strength of the forces arrayed against us.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain.  
The enemy faints not nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent flooding in, the main."

### Forgiveness of Sins, The Difficulty of

Surgeons tell us that in dissecting bodies it is easy to distinguish a citizen of Chicago from a man who has lived in a small town or village. The body of the Chicago man is known by the color of the lungs. They are black, due to the fact that for nine months of the year the man breathed air polluted with smoke and soot. Sin has somewhat the same effect on the soul. It poisons the springs of conduct. It penetrates into every nerve of the body. Just as the smoke we breathe breaks down the resistance of the body to certain diseases like pneumonia, so sin weakens our power to overcome moral evil.

Sin leaves a terrible record. Lady Macbeth, in the famous sleep-walking scene, tries to wash imaginary drops of blood from her hands, crying out, "All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten these little hands." How can the soul be cleansed? That is the problem of forgiveness. And even if we grant that purification may be possible, what of the past record? We need not think of God as a sort of glorified bookkeeper with a ledger in which are written down all our transgressions from the day we arrived at moral self-consciousness, but, nevertheless, the record stands. I am not surprised that the wisest of the Greeks once exclaimed, "Plato, it may be that the gods can forgive human sin, but how I can never tell."

Forgiveness is difficult because it cannot take away the fact of sin. The record stands, and the most terrible thing is not the account written down by the recording angel, but the record we carry inscribed on the tablets of our souls.

### Forgiveness, The Message of

Abroad in the world today is a spirit that is harsh, bitter, unforgiving, and anarchistic. It flames up in the relation between Jews and Gentiles, between white people and colored people, between Catholics and Protestants, between capital and labor, between nation and nation. It is a destructive spirit—a breeder of war, of social anarchy, of religious bigotry, of racial and national antipathies. Unless that evil spirit is cast out it will surely wreck our civilization. What the world needs most of all is not courts of international justice, leagues of nations, important as they may be as steps toward world peace. What the world needs is to kneel before the cross at Calvary and to look upon that innocent man suffering for the guilty, the just suffering for the unjust; to hear Him as He prays for His murderers, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," until the evil spirit of hate and revenge and animosity has been driven out and the good spirit of love and peace and forgiveness has entered in with healing in his wings.

### Forgiveness, The Virtue of

Christianity introduced into the world a new thing under the sun, the virtue of forgiveness. Judaism had given birth to some very high and noble ideals, but forgiveness is not one of them. The Mosaic law commands: "That shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy." It demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. It was Jesus who first said, "Love your enemies and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." It was Jesus who in that hour of agony on the cross lifted His eyes from the mocking mob and cried, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It was Stephen, buffeted by a bloodthirsty Jewish rabble that had dragged him outside the walls of the city and were stoning him to death who said, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." That new spirit of forgiveness was like a Gulf Stream flowing through the nations of the earth, melting frozen hearts and making possible the development in human lives of those kindly virtues which hold in them the rich promise of the millennium of which the prophet dreamed.

## Freedom, Academic

Academic freedom, like the freedom of the press, is most desirable. To curb the press in printing the news or commenting editorially on public affairs would be to take a long step toward dictatorship. A university board of trustees that would attempt to muzzle its professors in their public utterances on religion or economics would show itself unworthy of our ideals of liberty. We look to our colleges for light and progress, and no dead hand of tradition should be permitted to hamper their efforts in the search for truth. But academic freedom can be abused.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in an address at the dedication of the chapel of the University of Chicago, gave a much needed word of admonition to certain professors who are to be found in that one-time Baptist University. He said: "That professor in any university who makes light of such vital religion, who belittles it, who seeks to undermine his students' faith in it is unfit to be a leader of youth, is faithless to his trust."

These are strong words and Mr. Rockefeller has been criticized for making that statement on the ground that it conflicts with academic freedom. If academic freedom means that any fool professor dominated by a superiority complex is free to use the authority of his position to hold up to ridicule certain long cherished beliefs in religion and morals before a class of young people whose minds are struggling with an undigested mass of new knowledge, then I am not prepared to accept the theory of academic freedom without certain reservations.

## Freedom of Choice

God took fearful chances when He gave man the power to choose between good and evil. There was always the possibility that men might turn from the good and deliberately select the evil. Men cry, "Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down." It is a prayer to God to impose His will on the world, to coerce men into goodness, to override their judgment. But that means that man is to be no longer a responsible being. It means the degradation of man to an automaton.

God could convert the world into an Eden, and bloodthirsty, revengeful, ambitious and selfish men into seraphs and angels, but He could not do it without making puppets of us all. Human freedom stands in the way of any arbitrary act of divine intervention. God does not intervene in the lives of individuals when they



adopt some course of action which is bound to bring suffering upon themselves and perhaps upon others. He leaves them alone, to work out their own salvation. They must learn by experience.

I know a boy who, when he was a little fellow, used to watch with the most intense interest his father in the act of shaving. He had been warned not to touch the razor, but when he was five years old, he evidently felt that he had come to the age when he could use a tonsorial instrument. So he shut himself up in the bathroom, stropped the razor, or to be exact razored the strop, applied lather to his face, and proceeded to shave himself. When he came downstairs blood was running from a half dozen cuts. It was not necessary to warn him again that a razor is a very dangerous instrument in the hands of a small boy.

When a man or nation, in defiance of the commandments of God, seizes some dangerous weapon and proceeds to use it, there is no voice from heaven, there is no fiat of the Almighty which compels him to drop it. He is permitted to go on his way without any intervention. But the judgments of God, though slow, are sure. No man or nation can break the laws of humanity and justice and escape suffering.

### Game, Playing a Safe

The story of the three Hebrew youths with the euphonious names who refused to bow the knee to royalty has in it something of the fantastic, and yet is not without meaning to the modern world. In the presence of the most powerful king of ancient times, threatened by the devouring flames of the fiery furnace, they stood up, and without bluster and without defiance, fearlessly confessed their faith in the God of Israel. "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of thy hands, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Such men are the salt of the earth. What is wrong with so many men in public life is that they want to play safe. They have such a wholesome respect for the sanctity of their own skins that they never dare to oppose popular opinion. They study the winds and the tides, and practice opportunism. They sit on the fence and never act until they are pretty sure which way the cat will jump. A man in a public position who never makes an enemy is either a nonentity or a trimmer, and may God have mercy on the souls of those of us who are preachers if, when we leave our present charges,

there will not be some people who will be mighty glad to see us depart.

Sincerity and the courage of conviction may not be the highest virtues, but without them a man is only a manikin, with circumstance pulling the strings. A man who refuses to follow the bidding of his soul, who does not say what he means or mean what he says, is already in the graveyard of dead souls.

### **Gandhi, Christ and**

That it is possible for men to have all sorts of heretical ideas about the Church and dogmatic Christianity and yet be under the influence and inspiration of Christ is illustrated in the case of Gandhi. It is beyond question that he is the outstanding religious leader in the Orient. Millions of people reverence him. He is a teacher of non-resistance and of civil disobedience. He claims that our Western civilization, with its worship of material things, is an enemy of human progress. He does not believe in our organized institutional Christianity. It is the testimony of many religious leaders that he is a man of the most intense religious passion, absolutely unselfish, ready to give his life for the things he believes in. Some go so far as to say that there is only one character in all history with whom he can be compared, and that is Jesus Christ.

Some years ago Mr. Gandhi was greeted with a tremendous outpouring of people in Calcutta. He was the hero of the day, and the place was crowded with fifteen thousand Bengalese. For three hours the orators of Bengal spoke in praise of themselves and of Mr. Gandhi, and then came the great moment when Gandhi rose and looked into the faces of the shouting mob. His speech consisted of one sentence and one sentence only. This is what he said: "The man to whom I owe most and to whom all India owes most is a man who never set His foot in India, and that was Christ." And then he sat down. That was the whole of Gandhi's speech. I can readily understand how such a speech from such a man would do more to turn the minds and hearts of India's millions to Christ than the efforts of thousands of our missionaries.

### **Gentleness, The Power of**

Judson Kempton, who was my pastor when I was but a boy, and whose untimely end when he was but still a young man and serving a church in Wisconsin deprived the Christian world of a great leader, shortly before his death published an article on "The Power

of Gentleness." I came across it not long ago among some old papers. My friend, dead for thirty years, speaks to us in the words I shall quote from his article:

"Ivan the Terrible, William the Conqueror, Attila the Hun, the Scourge of God, were men of force without gentleness, and they swept across the countries of their dominion, as sometimes forest fires sweep across northern Wisconsin, leaving behind them no flower, no green leaf, no singing bird, no human habitation, but smoking heaps, and blackened stumps, grey ashes and whitened bones. If they accomplished any good it was because Almighty God caused the wrath of men to serve Him. It was the gentle forces of the sunshine and the rain that built the forest before the fire destroyed it, and only the gentle sunshine and the gentle rain can bring back again the fern, the flower, the green leaf bush, the singing bird, the forest tree.

"But you will remind me that the greatest characters in the world have been possessed of force. True, the ideal character has both force and gentleness. The world's greatest men have been gentle as well as strong. And it was these gentle qualities which distinguished them from merely strong men and made them great. Put it to a popular vote, and Abraham Lincoln was the greatest American—gentle, kindly Abe. Would his force of character alone have made him the person he was? By it alone he never would have been elected President of the United States. When all Englishmen are dead one will be remembered, William Shakespeare, and he was nicknamed, 'Gentle Will.' The greatest Russian was Tolstoy, the gentle peasant count. The Roman citizen who is the greatest name for good today is Paul, who wrote the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, love's greatest eulogy. The greatest Greek was Plato, who understood love so well that the purest love as its adjective still bears his name. The greatest son of Israel was Moses, who is called the meek. The greatest man of all history and all time was He who, looking over the wagging heads of the mocking mob into the blue of the eternal heaven, prayed, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

### Giving, Gaining Happiness by

William Allen White, the famous editor, some years ago willed to the city of Emporia, Kansas, a fifty-acre wooded plot along the river just outside the city to be used as a park, in memory of his daughter, who had died a few years earlier. In giving the park he stipulated that it should never bear his name and that during the next five years he should have the privilege of beautifying the park under the direction of the city's landscape director. The newspapers quoted Mr. White as saying:

"This is the last kick in a fistful of dollars that I am getting rid of today. I have always tried to teach that there are three kicks in every dollar, one when you make it—and my father's forbears were Yankees and how I do love to make a dollar. The second kick is when you have it—and I have the Yankee lust for saving. The third kick comes when you give it away, and my mother was Irish, and that's why the big kick is the last one."

George Bernard Shaw has said, "A gentleman is one who tries to put back a little more than he takes out of life." Mr. William Allen White is not only a great editor but a great gentleman. And we all may bear that proud title and also find real happiness, if, in addition to making and saving dollars, we are also willing to give dollars for the needs of others.

### God, Be Still and Know That I Am

One reason why so many people fail to find God is that they never take time to find Him. The Psalmist said, "Be still and know that I am God." On November 6, 1934, I attended a meeting in the Chicago Temple in connection with a missionary conference held in our city. There were perhaps eight hundred ministers present. It was addressed by Dr. E. Stanley Jones. Before he began his speech, he suggested that we spend five minutes in silence and think about God. There gradually came over that great audience a silence like the silence of death. I verily believe that you could have heard a pin drop. I could feel waves of emotion breaking over that audience. It was a mystical experience that I shall not soon forget. God seemed very real to us in that five minutes of silence.

### God, Finding

Studdert Kennedy, who now has met the God whom he had sought and found, has given us a very beautiful description of how he discovered God. He writes in *The Pulpit* (The Christian Century Press):

"I was alone at night on a moor by the sea. Above, a dark velvet dome, and a million stars. Beneath me, moving on a heavy swell, the sea. No sound but the rustling of a breeze through the heather, and the boom of waves against the cliff. I was alone and yet at the same time acutely conscious of that vast, shadowy, mysterious Other than myself looming up out of the darkness, and over against me the universe. The world and all other worlds that shone like points of light upon me."

His feelings at that moment he compared to those of another time when he lay alone in "No Man's Land," with his heart in his mouth, watching a dark moving object drawing closer to him. Suppose he whispered to that object, "Who goes there?" would the answer be a bullet, a friendly word, or silence? So this night, as he sat alone by the sea. Suppose he whispered to that mysterious object of the universe, would the answer be from a friend or foe,

or would he find that he was addressing an indifferent mass having neither love nor hatred at its heart? Then, he tells us, he made a cry to the universe, and only one word came back out of the stillness of the night, "God!" At that moment religion was born in his heart. He stood in the presence of God.

### God, The Future and

It may be granted that there are certain evil forces working in our national and international life that menace the peace and prosperity of the world. The superficial Polyanna optimism which was so common in the second half of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth centuries has been shattered by the Great War and its terrible aftermath. I would be another Elijah moaning under the juniper tree were it not for one fact, and that fact is expressed in the words of the psalmist, "I have considered the years of old. I will remember the right hand of the most High."

The right hand of the most High. No thoughtful mind can read the pages of history without finding evidences of the almighty power of the right hand of the most High. That right hand works through law. It is easy to perceive the operation of the right hand in the physical universe. There all is order and all is law, and nothing comes by chance. But there are moral and spiritual laws as well as physical. The universe is keyed to righteousness. No man or nation can break His laws and escape the weight of His right hand. Cruelty, lust, the domination of the weak by the strong carry within them the seeds of punishment. There is a terrible recoil in evil. Slowly and painfully, the human race has been compelled to learn this lesson. It is true that with the physical organs of sight you do not see His workings, but the nations and individuals that today defy His laws will sooner or later be dashed to earth by the right hand of the most High.

There are times when the only way to maintain our courage and faith is to remember the greatness of God and the countless times in human history when His right hand has been bared.

### God, The Hidden

God is a fact but He is a hidden fact. Some time ago I was confined to my bed four or five days. Somebody turned the calendar from the month of May to the month of June. There was a picture at the top of the calendar. I was without my glasses, but from my bed on the other side of the room I could see three men seated at a

table. One man evidently was reading from a book. Over one-third of the picture was shadowed. It seemed to lack proportion. I tried to puzzle out what the picture meant. After I was able to get up, the first thing I did was to look at the picture more closely, and then the mystery was explained. In the shadow was the dim figure of Jesus Christ, and underneath was the inscription, "There am I in the midst of them." The great Master of life was there, but my vision had not been keen enough to see Him.

That is our difficulty in trying to find God. Our physical senses fail to reveal Him. He cannot be discovered by any method of laboratory research. But He is here, and in our best and noblest moment God in Christ comes near to us, and we are conscious of a Presence that disturbs us with the joy of elevated thought.

### God, The Hunger for

Man is ever seeking satisfaction for his hungers. On the lowest plane it is a hunger for food. Then emerge those disturbing emotions which have their seat in the sexual appetites. All of these we share, not only with the animal but also with the vegetable kingdom. But man has gone on to higher things. A spark disturbs the clod. Man has a hunger for something higher than a mere existence of animal vitality. He is haunted by visions of truth and beauty. Some deep instinct tells him that he is something more than a foundling left on the world's doorstep. He dreams of God, of the beauty of holiness, of life everlasting. Long ago a certain man out in a field saw a deer standing with its starry eyes and flapping ears listening to the tinkling of a running brook, and as he watched that graceful creature bound to the life-giving stream he gave utterance to the cry, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." Our souls are hungry for God and we never know real peace and satisfaction until that hunger is satisfied.

### God and Immortality

We believe in God and immortality, not because we can demonstrate either, but because life on any other basis is intolerable. Here at the beginning is star dust and at the end a cinder heap, and between the star dust and the cinder heap the long, weary struggle of man up from the brute into the likeness of God. Man in all the ages dreams of God, of beauty; aspires after goodness, longs for immortality. We find law and order in the universe, evidences of mind and

purpose. If there is nothing left of all the spiritual influences of the centuries but a cinder heap, then there is a mocking demon in the universe who is experimenting with the human race as a biologist might experiment with mice and guinea pigs.

### God, Living Without

Life without God is meaningless, drab, and unsatisfying. I spent three unhappy days at Green Lake, Wisconsin, in 1936. It was a time of great depression. I passed by my friends without paying any attention to them. When they nodded and smiled, I failed to return their greetings. I was like a man walking in a mist. Everything seemed to be unreal. Even the stars were but blurs of light. I kept groping for things I could not find. The brightest day was not without its greyness. There was always present in my mind a sense of loss. Something that had made the days beautiful, the nights, with the blazing stars, sublime, that had brought my friends near to me, had passed out of my life.

You ask, "What on earth happened to you?" A simple thing and yet a rather serious thing. I had returned from a long fishing trip—incidentally I had no fish of any consequence. I had been ten hours without food. I was not in a particularly happy mood as I came into the empty and darkened house. In taking off my fishing clothes I accidentally knocked off my glasses, which were broken in a hundred pieces. That is what happened, and there I was for three days groping and walking in semidarkness.

It is not a far-fetched analogy between my position then and that of a man trying to live without God. To him the universe is without a soul, and because it is without a soul he gropes in the shadows, he has no faculty of vision. A primrose on the river's bank is just a primrose, and the flower in the crannied wall has no immortal significance. Without God he is no better than sheep, which nourish a blind life within the brain. The glasses of faith which would make life significant and satisfying have been broken, and the brightest day is filled with shadows. Living without God is to go stumbling and staggering through life, blind and indifferent to the spiritual values which give to the humblest life dignity and glory.

### God, Our Need of

Men and women in all ages have been conscious of their need of God. It is said that when Helen Keller, blind, deaf, and dumb, was introduced to Phillips Brooks she slowly spelled out the request,

"Please tell me what you know about God." I think that the sense of insecurity that came to so many people when our financial ship went on the rocks deepened our sense of the need of God. In fair weather we may, perhaps, get along without God, but when the clouds gather and the storm breaks, how the soul seeks refuge in God. Studdert Kennedy expressed it, perhaps a little too realistically, in these lines:

"I must have God. This life's too dull without,  
Too dull for aught but suicide. What's a man got  
To live for else? I'd murder someone just  
To see red blood. I'd drink myself blind drunk  
And see blue snakes if I could not look up  
To see blue skies, and hear God speaking through  
The silence of the stars."

We need a God who can hear us when we pray, lift us when we fall, comfort us when the skies are sullen, strengthen us when temptation assails our souls for their destruction, and inspire us in times of spiritual lassitude.

### God and the Religion of Fear

Men in all ages have colored religion with fear. The thought of hell has been more real to them than the hope of heaven. Pagan deities had to be placated lest they summon lightning and tempest, famine and disease to crush the mite of humanity who walked the earth in fear and trembling. The infidel of today looks upon the Christian God as a cruel monster conjured up in the image of man, always thirsting for revenge and delighting in suffering. Nursemaids, and even mothers trick their children into a semblance of good behavior by giving them a religion of fear and telling them that God is ever on the watch for misdeeds and ever ready to punish. So have children's minds been crippled. The God of their belief is not a deity to be loved and worshiped, but a deity to be guarded against with ritual and sanctimonious prayer. They are afraid of falling into temptation, and their thoughts are more of the devil than of the Saviour. Clouds have no beauty for them, but only hide the sun. Life is futile, and the thought of death is a perpetual torment. Too much of our modern religion is tinged with this sort of despair—with the idea that every pleasant thought is a trap of the devil and that any degree of happiness is a sign of sin.

But it may be said that people who think that God is eternally spying on man, that He exists only to be placated, are not Christians



but pagans. They are kin not to the disciples who learned from Jesus that perfect love which casteth out fear, and who went out into the pagan empire with their revolutionary message that God is Love, but kin to the savage who kindles his sacred fire and seeks to propitiate with the sacrifice of the things he holds most dear the evil spirits that menace his body and soul. The god of such a belief is the god before whom primitive man trembled, and not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who lived and taught and sacrificed that the world might know that like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

### Godlessness, Practical

According to Dr. Albert Palmer, president of the Chicago Theological Seminary, godlessness is the greatest peril of the present hour. "To be without God is to have a world view in which there is no unifying power and no central intelligence. It is to have no moral code beyond the passing whim or temporary expediency. It is to live a life within which there glows no larger hope and beneath which lies no undergirding purpose."

I stood one day at the corner of State and Madison Streets, Chicago, said by some to be one of the busiest corners in the world. I watched crowds of people as they went pushing, jesting, flirting, cursing by. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, the Gold Coast, the black belt, the Ghetto and all the ends of the earth being represented in that surging procession. I wondered how many of them ever thought of God, how many of them ever lifted their eyes above the skyscrapers to the unseen spirit of the universe. I am not able to answer that question, but I do know that for hundreds of thousands of people in a great city life has no immortal significance, that they live as if God were not, as if immortality were but a fairy story, as if Jesus had never come with His good news of the Father's love and life everlasting.

It is practical godlessness. On Sunday Rosemary Whynot, who for six days works in a five-and-ten store, spends two extra hours in bed, and employs the rest of the morning in washing and ironing. In the afternoon she reads her favorite magazine, "True Confessions," and perhaps take in a movie. In the evening she has a heavy date with her boy friend at the World's Most Beautiful Ballroom, and wishes that Sundays came oftener. Richard Armorfield, who is deeply concerned over high incomes and inheritance taxes and the deadly menace of inflation, spends his Sunday mornings reading

the Sunday paper, plays eighteen holes of golf in the afternoon at the Country Club, consumes a generous portion of rich food and exciting drinks at the same club and is secretly glad when the day is over so that he can get back to his real passion in life—making money. Rosemary and Richard, although they move in quite different social circles, are brother and sister under the skin. Neither of them ever thinks of God, of the beauty of holiness, of the glory of self-sacrifice. Both are frankly materialistic in their outlook, and they are typical of millions of others of their kind.

### Gospel of Comfort, Our Need of a

It need hardly be argued that the world is sorely in need of a gospel of comfort. In a letter to a bereaved friend Voltaire said, "The squaring of the circle and perpetual motion are simple discoveries in comparison to this secret of how to bring peace to a soul distraught by a passion of grief." Who has not felt the futility of words in the presence of some dire human need? The world has outgrown many things, but it has not outgrown its need of comfort. Death, sickness, the burden of old age, physical pain, poverty, the collapse of moral character, the betrayal of love, broken homes—these are the contributing causes of sorrow, and no human life is exempt from the common ills of humanity. We are ever seeking the "Blue Bird of Happiness," but the rapture of possession is not for the many, but for the few, and the few have it for only a few brief hours. Most of us are reticent concerning our inner lives. We do not wear our hearts on our sleeves. We try to put our best foot foremost. If we have got into a jam through our own failure or the fault of others, if we are normal people, we do not advertise it, even to our nearest friend. "All the world's a stage," and men are players and the part we play is not always the part that correctly expresses our real thoughts and desires. There are few people who are not in need of the gospel of comfort.

### Gospel, The Everlasting

It is a phrase used by one of the apostles. It seems like a very audacious statement. There are some words that can be used only on very rare occasions, and conspicuous among them is the word *everlasting*. It is true that we often use words very loosely and without any intention that they should be taken literally. Once a tailor, after showing me some imported cloth that he wanted to make up into a suit of clothes for me, said, "That cloth is of the very finest material. It will last forever." Now I knew, and the

tailor knew that I knew, that no cloth that was ever woven will last forever. It would be a bad thing for the clothing trade if any cloth lasted even ten years. We speak of the everlasting hills, but any geologist will tell you that hills are modern and that, sooner or later, they will crumble into dust. Even the stars are not everlasting. The time will come when they will pass from their place in the midnight sky. *Everlasting*—it is a word that trips easily from the tongue, but no finite mind can grasp the content of such a word. Are we to conclude, then, that there is nothing in life that is everlasting and that the word is one that we must put up on the high shelf to look at but never use? I do not think so.

“Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.” These are the words of Browning in that matchless poem, “Rabbi Ben Ezra.” In the sad vicissitude of things God and the soul stand sure. The Gospel which deals with God and the soul is everlasting. It was the power of God unto the salvation of the people of the first century. It is the power of God unto the salvation of the people of this modern world. So long as there is sin to be forgiven, tears to be wiped away, and struggling souls to be strengthened, so long will this Gospel hold the attention and draw the hearts of men. We need not fear the assaults of infidelity, or any discovery of modern science. Man’s need of God, man’s need of forgiveness, man’s need of an assurance of life everlasting are fundamental human needs, as real as any hunger of the physical senses. The everlasting Gospel meets and satisfies these fundamental human needs. No materialistic science or pagan philosophy can destroy these fundamental human needs, or the power of the Gospel to satisfy those needs.

### Gospel, The Heart of the

It is the Good News about God, the good news that God is a personal spirit, perfectly good, who, in holy love, creates, sustains and orders all. All of the old religions were based on fear. Men thought that they must walk softly in God’s presence and not appear too prosperous, lest in His anger and jealousy He should smite them. When Jesus revealed God as a loving father, the old terror that had gripped the souls of men began to disappear, and something that was fine and gracious and beautiful took its place. No longer did men lacerate their bodies, send the smoke of their sacrifices curling into the sky, and pass their children through the fire. “God is our father,” they said. “He loves us. The universe is friendly.” That is the very heart of the Gospel.

## Greatness, The Test of

Jesus put it this way, "Whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be the servant of all." Here we have a complete reversal of the pagan conception of greatness. To the jealous, envious, self-seeking disciples it must have seemed a hard saying, and after a lapse of many centuries it still remains a goal by no means easy to attain. For the strong to serve the weak; the wise, the foolish; the rich, the poor; the mighty, the mean; the learned, the ignorant; to suffer fools gladly, to live in a house by the side of the road where men go by and minister to the unwashed and unlovely multitude is contrary to all the lordly instincts of human nature.

Is it not true, however, that the men whom the world holds in grateful and loving remembrance are the men who have lived for the good of others? The possession of wealth, the acquisition of culture, the attainment of leadership in the commercial, industrial, or political world are no longer regarded as evidences of greatness. We have discovered that culture may be devilish, that wealth may be prostituted to immoral ends, that the many-talented few frequently have used their great power to exploit and enslave the one-talented many. Experience, that great teacher of mankind, has convinced us that the acid test of greatness as given by Jesus is the only one by which a man's value to society can be measured.

## Health, The Blessings of

It is doubtless true that we never appreciate health until we lose it. I think of the four or five months of almost constant suffering that I passed through several years ago. Nights of pain when no drug was able to give slumber, Sundays when I stood in the pulpit and thought that the hour would never end. Possibly the happiest moment of my life was when I came home from the hospital with a new lease on life before me. I remember that I made a sort of vow at that time that never again in a public prayer would I forget the thousands of men, women, and children in hospitals suffering from physical pain. In every hospital, every day, goes up a terrible chorus of groans and sobs and shrieks. Medical science has done much to relieve human suffering. It has conquered not a few diseases. It will probably, some day, give us a world almost without pain. But the day is still far distant. Physical pain, ill-health, incurable diseases still afflict and torment multitudes of people. A

man may be stripped of all material things, but if he has health he can create a world of his own.

### Hell, Salvation from

The old theologians taught that Jesus came into the world to save men from hell. Jonathan Edwards probably did not possess so rich a vocabulary of adjectives as the late Billy Sunday, but when he talked on hell, and he frequently did, his hearers knew that it was not any conception of cane-bottomed chairs instead of cushioned pews in the great hereafter that he was discussing. It is even on record that on one occasion he made it so vivid that five hundred men thought they saw the flaming fires and cried aloud to God for mercy. Was that the purpose of the coming of the Son of man—to save men from hell? I do not think so. We read in the Bible, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

Hell is a picturesque name for the suffering caused by sin, and you may experience it here as well as hereafter. Jesus did not come to administer morphine tablets to souls suffering from sin. The great Physician came that souls that were sick and ready to die might be cured of the disease itself.

### Heredity Not All Powerful

That there is a moral taint in man, a drop of bad blood, a survival of brutish instincts, will not be denied. We did not need Darwin and his followers to teach us that. The psalmist knew all about it twenty-five hundred years ago. So did the prophets. Paul described it at length in his epistle to the Romans. It is true that they did not use the same language, and their interpretation was somewhat different. Paul called it original sin, or words to that effect, and traced it back to Adam. Some of the scientists call it physical imperfection, the survival of savage and animal traits, and trace it back to the cave man, the tree man, and the gorilla. But, whether they go back to Adam or to protoplasm, they are describing the same thing. That heredity is all powerful is a libel on mankind and false to the experiences of life. That man must strike his flag before the appetites and passions he has inherited is contradicted by thousands and tens of thousands of men who have gloriously triumphed over their weaknesses and trampled the dragon and the adder under foot.

## Heroic, The Appeal of the

Chesterton has a story of King Arthur around whose person so many myths and legends have gathered. As I remember the story, it tells of a time when the political fortunes of Arthur seem to have ebbed to the lowest. His enemies had overrun the country, and his little army was in desperate straits. He had encouraged them with hopes of victory, with promises of better days so many times that they no longer responded to his words. Hope deferred had made their hearts sick. In his despondency, Arthur went to see a wise woman, hoping to receive some message that might rally the soldiers around him and stimulate them with the spirit of victory. Her message was like a blow in the face. Said she, "Go tell the army the night will grow darker yet and the sea mount higher." It was a discouraging message to carry back to the discontented soldiers, but Arthur called them together. Said he, "The night will grow darker yet and the sea mount higher." The message had an unexpected effect upon the soldiers. It was an appeal to the heroic, a call to sacrifice, to fight, and, if needs be, die for king and country. And right nobly they responded. The night did grow darker and the sea mount higher, but victory finally perched on their banners. Not for many centuries has there been such a dark night as we are facing now, and the night will grow darker and the sea mount higher before the dawn breaks and the turbulent waters of passion and hatred subside. Meanwhile, let us possess our souls in patience, fight the good fight of faith, and find in evil circumstances an appeal to courageous living.

## History, The "Ifs" of

Someone has said, "It is interesting to wander among the 'ifs' that might have changed the course of history. If a microbe in Babylon had not killed Alexander the Great all Europe might have been completely changed to an Oriental culture. If George III had been a wiser man than he was, America and Britain might be flying the same flag today. If the car of the Grand Duke of Austria had not stopped on a side street, a frenzied lad on the curb might never have shot him and perhaps there might have been no Great War."

If Jesus and Buddha had met and talked together, what would have happened in the religious history of the world? Mrs. Morrow, in her book, *The Splendor of God*, tells of a conversation between Adoniram Judson and a prince of Burma. "Lord teacher," said the prince, "have you ever thought what it might have meant

if your Christ and my Buddha had met and talked together?" Judson's hazel eyes deepened. "Yes, and it would have changed the whole history of the world if the Buddha Gautama had been with Jesus during the last forty-eight hours of His life." If the New England States had been settled by Catholic Spaniards instead of Puritan Englishmen what would have been the history of these United States? Someone has said that "if Cleopatra's nose had been an eighth of an inch longer world history would not be the same today." There is no end to such speculations, but the most startling of all is, "What would have happened and what kind of a world would we live in today if Christ had never come?"

### History, Value of

It was Voltaire who said, "History is nothing more than a picture of crimes and misfortunes." "History," he concludes, "is after all nothing but a pack of tricks which we play upon the dead." And you may recall that some years ago Henry Ford, while on the witness stand and under oath, said, "History is bunk." Mr. Ford's views on the mass production and marketing of automobiles are to be treated with the utmost respect. There he speaks with authority, but when he discusses history or religion he enters a field with which he is not familiar. James Truslow Adams, one of the foremost interpreters of American history, reminds us in an article in the *Forum* on "The Value of History," "that, without a knowledge of the history of mankind in its broadest sense—its acts, motives, experiments, and myths—we are at the mercy of every wind of doctrine." And all that is true. My study of the financial depressions of 1837, 1857, 1873 and 1893 in Chicago, helps me to understand the depression from which we are now suffering. When I hear some earnest brother minister passionately declaring that we are within gunshot of the end of the world, and demonstrating, or trying to demonstrate, with charts based on the Book of Revelation and Daniel, the coming world cataclysm, I recall that Dr. Hinton, the second minister of the First Church, in 1836 predicted, by the use of similar charts, the end of the present social order in 1873. So I keep my mental equilibrium, and do not worry over what may happen to the human family if the earth goes up in smoke.

History is of great value not only because of the fact that it helps us to understand the present, but also because of the inspiration we may receive from the heroic and self-sacrificing deeds of men and women who have long since passed to their reward.

## Holy Spirit, Baptism of the

It was a mystical experience that came to the believers at Pentecost. It was not an experience that could be written up for a newspaper, like a Republican or Democratic convention to nominate a candidate for president. It cannot be explained as you would explain a problem in mathematics. Even the man who wrote the account of the descent of the Spirit in the Acts of the Apostles could not explain it. He found it necessary to resort to figures of speech. It was like a mighty rushing wind. It was like cloven tongues of fire. What I think happened was that the reality of God burst upon them. Some new strange thrilling power which they variously called the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Christ entered into their lives. Then they remembered the words that Jesus had spoken to them, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

## Home, The Joy of Going

One of the greatest comforts of the Gospel is the assurance of the home above. If a man is compelled to spend a few nights in the woods he can put up with any rude shack. The rain may beat through the roof, and the flies may give him many sleepless hours, but he is able to comfort himself with the thought that he is going home and that the hardships will make home all the more precious. If this life were all, we would be of all men most miserable. Life is indeed a rude shack; few of us escape the storms, but we can comfort ourselves with the thought that, sooner or later, we are going home, home where the skies are ever blue and the air balmy and filled with the music of singing birds.

A Canadian writer tells how he stood one evening at the end of a dock, gazing across the slate-hued bay. Swiftly the soft autumn twilight faded and a grim shadow settled on the waters. One ray of light resting on them drew back reluctantly before chill night and faded into the western horizon. Straight in its track a flock of wild ducks came speeding—wild, frantic, free things—guided by instinct toward the wide marshlands in the west, their old home and nesting grounds.

Two immigrants watched the flight. Then the older of the two spoke. "They be going 'ome, lad," he said wistfully. "Aye," sighed his companion, "they be going 'ome." There was a moment's pause.



"They likely be most 'appy for the going, Tom." "Aye, Jack, and why shouldn't they be 'appy a-going 'ome?" Then they walked away through the shadows, leaving this thought in the mind of the observer:

"Gladly the wild fowl skim the darkened foam at set of sun  
Swiftly to far-off marsh, to rest and home; the day is done.  
God grant that to our souls at night may steal  
The joy and freedom that these wild birds feel."

## Humanism

The humanist, unlike the atheist, does not say, "There is no God." But he does say, "God cannot be found, therefore let us not waste our time and energy in seeking the unknowable but spend them in seeking, finding, and developing the only god we shall ever know—the god in man."

Some noble spirits are to be found in the ranks of the humanists. Not a few of them are found on the faculties of theological seminaries and even in the pulpits of Christian churches. Throughout the formative years of their lives they have had a Christian background. Their lives have been shaped by Christ and His Gospel. In some way, they have lost the assurance of God. Idealistically minded, they have undertaken the task (in my judgment a hopeless task) of building up a religion that will conserve all the spiritual values of Christianity without believing in God. Humanism, like atheism, is not new. Will Durant, in his *Story of Philosophy*, recalls how Comte spent his old age devising for his religion of humanity an intricate system of priesthood, sacraments, prayers, and discipline, and proposed a new calendar in which the names of saints should be replaced by the heroes of human progress. As a wit put it, "Comte offered the world all catholicism except Christianity." If I mistake not, that is what our modern humanists are doing. They are offering us the set of spiritual values which we call Christianity with God left out.

## Humanity, Above All Nations Is

In a book published many years ago I read this interesting incident in the life of the late Goldwin Smith. He was the first professor of history at Cornell University, a scholar respected throughout the nation. When he retired, he left to Cornell University his great library, said at that time to be the most valuable library of history in the city. In addition to this precious gift, he

had a great block of granite carved into a comfortable seat large enough for two or three persons, on the back of which were cut in bold letters the words: "Above All Nations Is Humanity."

In the evolution of the human race men have journeyed from the individual to the family, from the family to the tribe, and from the tribe to the nation. Somehow, we have got to learn to take the next step—humanity. Then, and then only will the millennium of world peace and brotherhood be ushered in.

## Hunger

In the vegetable kingdom, as well as in the animal kingdom, the primary impulse is hunger. The cabbage and the king, the jellyfish and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pope of Rome and the dandelion, Mussolini of Italy and the newest baby born in Chicago's black belt, all have this in common, that the most insistent of all desires is hunger. The world is a huge mouth into which must be poked every day a certain supply of food, or life on this planet would suddenly come to an end. Because food is absolutely essential if the physical life is to be preserved, the most important and fundamental job that man holds is that of food-getter. The robin that picks up a nice, juicy worm on our church lawn and flies off with it to the little robins is kindred to the tens of thousands of people who pour into our Loop every morning for their day's toil. They, too, are engaged in the high task of providing nice, juicy worms for themselves and their families.

## Ideals and the Church

Henry Drummond once said, "If it were mine to build a city, the first stone I would lay would be the foundation stone of a church." Why did Drummond say this? Because he knew that the church, in spite of its inconsistencies and failures, is the moral bulwark of society and of individuals.

A Canadian minister tells us that he once called on a cobbler who worked in a very small room overlooking the sea. As he entered and shut the door, he looked around and said, "Don't you feel imprisoned in this small place?" "Oh, no," said the cobbler, "when things feel cramped I just open the door and look out on the sea, and then I come back to my boots and go on with my work, listening to its voice."

The peril of our lives is that the strain and pressure of the modern world will crowd our souls into a corner and shut the door on the vision of God and higher things. "The church opens the door on the

great sea of eternity. It flings the barred windows open, and we catch a glimpse of the glory of God and turn back to life's duties inspired and strengthened, listening to the music of His voice."

### **Ideals, The Wings of the Soul**

Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is within you." It is a kingdom of ideals. They are not like a flock of migrating birds that fly from the sunny South and build their nests in our parks, converting them into cathedrals of melody, only to take their departure when the chill winds of autumn begin to blow. These ideals belong to me. My soul is their nesting place, and they are there to stay. Indeed, if I may change the metaphor, they are the wings of my soul. They encourage me to soar and mark me out as a human being from every other living creature that creepeth on the face of the earth. By my indifference I may bruise these wings, but I cannot utterly destroy them, for they are a part of me. For ideals men have sacrificed time, ease, convenience, wealth, and home. Obeying the pleading, alluring call of ideals men have been willing to live in dungeons, to submit to physical torture, and to give their bodies to the flaming fires of martyrdom. Whence came this sense of aspiration, this mysterious yearning after a life of purity and goodness, this strange love for spiritual things that is in eternal conflict with the carnal, selfish life that I have in common with the beasts of the field? I do not know. It is a divine treasure hidden in a material field of flesh and bones, blood and arteries.

### **Immortality, Does It Matter?**

In the mind of Jesus there was a hope not only for society, but for the individual as well. That hope was an anchor to the soul in days when the storm was raging. It was the hope that the grave is not the end. Jesus did not argue the question of immortality. He took it for granted. If God is in very truth our Father, and there is any meaning in life, then there must be a future existence. I cannot understand the attitude of certain of our liberal thinkers, that immortality does not matter. It matters tremendously to me and I think to most people. Why should I struggle against the evil things in my own life and in the life of the world in which I live if I am to fall like a leaf and perish like a moth? Let the human family once be persuaded that the materialistic interpretation of the universe is true, then earth will witness the most monstrous spec-

tacle since history began to be written—mankind, without God and without hope, organized to do evil.

### Immortality and Human Audacity

In *The Green Light*, by Lloyd Douglass, there is a very noble passage recording the words of Dean Harcourt, a cripple, uttered on an Easter Sunday. It refers to the Easter hope as representing the utmost reach of human audacity (Houghton-Mifflin Co.):

"Man's ambition throughout the ages has mounted from thin terrains of experience, dearly earned, toward heights of achievement, to be as dearly bought. We have warmed our hearths at the world's internal fires. We have broken white sunlight into healing rays. We have traversed under the water, through the mountains and in the air. We have found antidotes for every poison, anodynes for every pain. Yesterday's miracles become tomorrow's common-places. Yesterday's luxury, tomorrow's necessity. But no aspiration of ours will ever rival the hope we celebrate today—Immortality."

Let it be granted that the hope of immortality does represent the utmost reach of human audacity. But Christianity, with its glorious doctrine of a living Christ, and the new science, which is not far from the kingdom of God, with its inspiring conception of a living universe and its fundamental law of the indestructibility of energy and by implication the indestructibility of that highest form of energy, through which all other forms of energy are manifest, namely personality, teach us that such audacious dreams are not impossible of fulfillment.

### Immortality, The Instinct for

Doctor William Harper, the first president of the University of Chicago, died from cancer in early middle life. Shortly before his death he called four of his most intimate friends to his bedside and said, "Now let us talk with God. Let us not be formal. Let us be simple." And when each of the others had prayed in turn he himself offered up a petition of wondrous clearness, simplicity, and affecting power. Let us listen to a portion of his prayer:

"And may there be for me a life beyond this life and in that life may there be work for me to do, tasks to be accomplished. If in any way a soul has been injured, or a friend hurt, may the harm be overcome if it is possible, and this I ask in the name of Jesus Christ."

The friends felt that this prophet of God had been transformed

into the high priest of the sanctuary and they, too, saw something of the invisible.

The instinctive belief in immortality, the yearning for a life that does not end with the collapse of the physical body is as deeply seated as any instinct of bird and beast. It was that instinct that brought four men together at a forum to discuss the problem of immortality. One, a spiritualist, affirmed that survival after death had been scientifically demonstrated. A second speaker was certain of immortality because of the resurrection of Jesus. A third, classed as a modernist, asserted that immortality is an adventure of faith. The fourth, a noted scientist, pointed out certain scientific trends of thought which give belief in immortality a strong position as a scientific possibility.

The important thing concerning that meeting was not the arguments advanced in support of immortality, but the impulse to consider the old question propounded by Job, "If a man die shall he live again?" It was a commentary on the words of James Martineau, "We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we are forever trying to prove it because we believe it."

### Immortality Not a Question of Logic

Immortality is not a question of logic. It cannot be settled by argument. The deepest realities of life cannot be demonstrated. You cannot prove love, but you can experience it. Immortality is something more than a great hope. Without it life has no meaning, and we are simply earth creatures mocked by illusions. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick thinks that

"death is not merely an individual problem; it is a racial problem. Without immortality all our fathers are finally dead, and we shall be finally dead, and our children will be finally dead, until at last upon this planet that was once uninhabited and will be uninhabited again, every human being will be dead—nothing left to answer the spiritual gains of all this sacrifice upon the earth. I cannot believe that. I cannot believe that this ascending struggle of human kind is doomed to end upon a hopeless cinder heap."

If the cinder heap is the end, then the greatest and finest characters in all history have given their lives for delusions. Against this hopeless materialistic creed our souls cry out in protest. We cannot prove that the cinder heap is not the end, but all the finest instincts of our souls cry out against extinction of both the individual and the race.

## Impacts, The Momentum of Small

The late Doctor Jowett related this incident:

"I remember hearing in my college days Professor Tait, the master lecturer on physics, lecturing on the power or momentum that dwells in small impacts on a great body. That morning when we went into the lecture chamber there was an iron beam hanging from the ceiling; it was perfectly motionless and I remember Professor Tait taking a number of paper pellets, throwing one at the beam and then another. It seemed an idle proceeding to the students. The early throwings, the early impacts did not even make the beam to thrill or shiver. It remained perfectly unmoved, but he continued to throw the trifles until you could see the beam begin to shiver and then to tremble, and even to move a little and then more violently until at length the beam began to swing and a certain movement and destiny was created."

It is an illustration of the fact that the little deeds, the little words, the apparent flimsy actions of the soul, even the unexpressed wishes of life, create a momentum that powerfully influences the lives of men. Said Paul, "No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself." Every man creates an atmosphere, unlooses forces, is a center of energy which affects either for good or for evil generations that may yet be unborn.

## Incarnation, The Second

God in Christ—that is the miracle of Christianity. But is that all? If that is all, then Christ is simply to be classed with the great heroes of history who passed a few brief years on the stage of human life and left behind only memories and influences. We are a skeptical, sophisticated crowd of people who live in this thirty-ninth year of the twentieth century, and the story of a babe who was an incarnation of the Divine would long since have lost its appeal if Christianity stopped with the story of a divine human Child who some people said was Immanuel, God with us. That is where Christianity begins. But it doesn't end there.

God in Christ! Christ in you the hope of glory. The secret of vital religion is this second incarnation. The world will never be won to Christ by programs, by creeds, by rituals, by eloquent preaching, or by fine music. Life creates life and Christ in the heart will kindle life in the hearts of others. It is also the secret of assurance. There is the Jesus of history and there is the Christ of experience. For knowledge of the historic Jesus I am dependent upon documentary evidence. It involves a study of manuscripts, of dates, of exegesis, of the credibility of the men who wrote the

gospels. To find the historic Jesus I must go back to Palestine, to the first century, and that is so far away and so long ago that I seem to find no firm ground upon which to place my feet. There is the Christ of experience, a second incarnation, and there I find the secret of vital religion and of religious certitude.

### Indifference, Religious

Some time ago, when the churches were making a survey of our community, one of our workers pressed an electric button in a certain apartment house. A voice came floating down from the third story. Our friend, directing her voice into that perforated matting that acts as a sort of broadcasting station, said, "I am a representative of the First Baptist Church, and with the other churches of the community we are making a religious survey." Before she could complete her statement, the voice from the upper regions answered, "I am not at all interested." There was nothing more to be said. The only thing to do was to press another of the forty or fifty buttons in that apartment house.

"I am not at all interested." It rather correctly expresses the attitude of, perhaps, the majority of people in a city community toward the Gospel. They are not hostile to Christianity or to the Church any more than they are hostile to the art institute or the Elks' club. They neither like nor dislike. They are just indifferent, and indifference is more difficult to break down than hostility. The enemy of Christ and His Gospel of today may tomorrow be the friend and champion, but to break through the thick walls of indifference and get at the soul is a task that often plunges religious leaders into despair.

### Individual, The Worth of the

In a great city the things which men make often seem more important than the men who make them. Jesus taught that a human life is more valuable than a world of material things. A baby was born last night in a humble home back of the yards. Who cares? Perhaps even the parents regard the arrival of that baby as an economic disability, for now the mother, for a few months at least, can no longer supplement the small wages of the husband by her earning capacity as a scrub woman or laundress. But, according to Jesus, the soul of that baby is worth more than all the bonds and securities locked up in the safety deposit vaults of the First National Bank. Such a view of man would not only fire us with a new

enthusiasm for the salvation of the individual, but would also break down the artificial barriers of rank and wealth, color and race. So long as we use the derisive terms, "Wop," "Nigger," "Dago," "Chink," so long shall we keep alive that old pagan spirit revealed in the pagan saying, "Man is a wolf to a man he doesn't know." In the city, with its mixture of bloods, where races clash and squabble, we need the Christian spirit which calls no man common or unclean.

### Inequality, The Ethics of

It may seem unfair that a few should be born geniuses while so many are doomed to common mediocrity. Why should one man be able to stir thousands by his eloquence and another man be stricken with stage fright at the mere thought of putting two dozen sentences together in a public address? Why should one man be able to sing like a seraph while another man would empty a house in a few minutes if he attempted to lift up his voice in song? Why should one man write poetry that will live down through the centuries and another man of equally good character compose doggerel that not even a community paper would print without adding, "Published by request"? Why should one man have such an intuition for business that everything that he touches adds to his bank account while another man of equally good intentions seems able only to accumulate debts and creditors?

It is easier to ask these questions than it is to answer them. There is always, however, this compensation, that no man possesses all the talents. If he can sing like a seraph, he probably will not be able to make money like a Rockefeller. If he be a preacher and a prophet (which is more than a preacher), a man who sees visions and dreams dreams, he will probably not be the last word in efficiency. If he has a talent for language and is the greatest living authority on Greek moods and tenses, he will probably not possess sufficient practical knowledge to keep himself from undernourishment in a house full of food if he were thrown entirely on his own resources.

In many cases, the exceptional man who has been able to reach some pinnacle of success owes his position to the fact that he has developed to the very highest degree the talents bestowed on him. I once talked with the president of an Eastern university concerning a man who is regarded as, perhaps, the most brilliant speaker in the American pulpit, and whose books on religious subjects are



read by hundreds of thousands. The college president informed me that this man, while a student at the university, was regarded not only as the most brilliant, but also as the hardest worker. Life is decided by margins. The margin between success and failure is often small. It is not so much a matter of superior ability as of what has been done to develop ability.

### Infancy and Old Age

The two most beautiful ages of man are infancy and old age. These are the two ages that make the strongest appeal to our affections. There is something radically wrong with the individual who finds it difficult to love babies and old people. There is no truer test of the humanity of a community, of a nation than its attitude toward the young and the old.

### Influence, The Power of Unconscious

One of the best illustrations of unconscious influence is in Brown-ing's drama, "Pippa Passes." It is the story of one day in the life of a humble little Italian girl named Pippa, who is employed in a silk mill. It happens that on that holiday she is brought into contact with people far above her obscure station in life. She begins the day with a little hymn:

"The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn,  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's at the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!"

And she closes with her evening prayer:

"All service is the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we: there is no last nor first."

Pippa passes. She is absolutely unconscious of the influence of her sweet hymns, but in that one day she had transformed the lives of many people and set in operation forces that would outlast them.

It is a thought that makes for sober reflection, that all unconsciously we are touching and influencing, either for good or for evil, the lives of people whom, perhaps, we have never seen and do not

know. The greatest assets of any city are not the factories that give employment, not the money invested in savings banks and utility companies, but strong rich personalities which keep the soul of society alive and elevate the whole standard of political and commercial morality. Good people are like the leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. Leaven works silently, powerfully, unconsciously. The world will be transformed by the subtle, unconscious influence of men and women whose lives have been touched by the eternal.

### **Instinct, The Acquisitive**

Man, bird, and beast are never satisfied to have food merely sufficient for the day. They look to the future and provide for the hunger of tomorrow. Up in the Adirondacks, buried under several feet of snow, some chipmunks today probably are cracking nuts provided for them by the bounty of a family that lived near them several months last summer. Some deeply-rooted instinct causes dogs to open up a sort of savings account by burying bones for future needs. The acquisitive instinct is strong in all human beings. It is a great moment in the life of a small boy when he is provided with pants having pockets, for in those pockets he can accumulate a great variety of articles. The contents of the pockets of a small boy would make interesting material for an essay on the psychology of early adolescence, as well as provide an illustration of the driving force of the acquisitive instinct.

### **Intuitions: Can We Trust Them?**

We trust our intellectual powers and they do not play us false. The great world of knowledge has been created through the reasoning powers of man. There is no bag of tricks in the intellectual world to fool us in our thinking about life. Reason, when properly directed and informed, is a safe guide in all the affairs of our daily life. Are we equally safe in following the dictates of our moral natures, our aspirations after God, our impulse to worship and pray, and our yearnings after life everlasting? Certainly we can, if the universe is honest. If I can trust my intellectual powers, my bodily senses, but not my religious intuitions, then I have been deceived by whatever power is responsible for my individual life and the lives of my fellow men. Not only that, but the highest, the noblest, and the best in man would have been proven false. The divinity that compels me to fight continually against selfishness, lust, and cruelty;

that inspires me with a love for ideals that are contrary to a life of material ease and comfort, that causes me to bow down in reverence, and assures me that when the curtain drops on my earthly life I shall not be thrown upon a cinder heap but be lifted to a life free from earthly cares and sorrows—this divinity would then appear to be but a false and mocking God.

### Jeremiah and the Old Paths

Jeremiah was no reactionary. Like all the prophets, he was a forward-looking man. He did not hesitate to break out new paths if the old paths led nowhere. He was a reformer, a herald of progress in an age when men worshipped the past and set their faces like flint against the impact of new ideas. New truth in every age is often unsettling, but, for weal or woe, the true man must accept it. Sylvester Horne has reminded us that we are the heirs of Protestant Christendom. What is our greatest endowment and heritage? Sylvester Horne answers:

"The heritage of the open mind, the right of private judgment in religion. 'Thou shalt think,' is the law of Christ to every young man and woman. There was a time when Catholic Europe said to the Protestant, 'Thou shalt not think. If you think you shall die.' And the Protestant made answer, 'It is better not to live than not to think.'"

Jeremiah, like all the prophets, was a preacher of righteousness. During his prophetic career, seven kings, of whom Josiah was the only one who could be called righteous, ruled over Judah. It has been said that "in the age in which he lived, Jeremiah might have been compared to a Puritan living in the age of the Stuarts, or a Huguenot living in the age of the Medici, or a Savonarola living in the age of Pope Alexander VI." Idol worship, which was under the sacred name of religion, offered opportunities for the fullest gratification of the sensual appetites, and was practiced by the mass of the people. It was against idolatry, with its licentiousness, its cruelty, its beastliness, that Jeremiah thundered. The old paths were not the paths of ritual and dogma, but the paths of righteousness. Jeremiah called the nation from the worship of Baal and Molock to the worship of the true and living God. They had to get back to the old paths of justice, purity, reverence, and simplicity of life. The only hope for the individual and for the nation was a return to the old familiar roads on which Abraham and Moses and David had walked. On the old paths, and only on the old paths would they be able to find rest for their souls.

## Jerusalem: Its Antiquity and Romance

Three great religions—the Jewish, the Mohammedan, and the Christian—look to Jerusalem as a Holy City, and that fact alone gives it a sacred preëminence among the cities of the world. The origin of the city is buried in the depths of antiquity. Before history was written, the tides of human life rose and fell within its narrow limits. Before Moses led the children of Israel in search of a promised land flowing with milk and honey, its streets were throbbing with an eager, loving, hating, passionate life. When wild beasts were prowling around the seven hills of Rome, and our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were offering human sacrifices to pagan gods, and the great nations of today were but savage tribes, Jerusalem was the center of a great religion. There the voices of prophets and sages were teaching sublime truths that still hold us in their imperial sway.

Perhaps no city in the world has suffered so severely as Jerusalem. Seven times in its stormy history of more than three thousand years it has been besieged and captured by its enemies. Again and again its streets have run with human blood. What Chinese cities are now suffering, Jerusalem has suffered not once but many times in its bloody history. It has been the prey of Assyrians and Babylonians, of Egyptians and Philistines, of Greeks and Romans, of Persians and Turks. Its inhabitants have been tortured and mutilated, killed and enslaved. Not once but many times its women have been given over to the merciless lust of brutal soldiers. It has been pillaged and burned, reduced to a mere heap of smoking ruins, converted into a wilderness, made a hunting ground for beasts of prey. But always it has risen from its ashes, for Jerusalem is not only a place, but an idea, and that idea has persisted in expressing itself in material forms.

## Jesus, The Caste System and

Jesus was born in an age when the caste system was in full operation, when to the Jew all Gentiles were dogs, and to the Gentiles all strangers were enemies; when it was the religious duty of the Jew to have no dealings with the Samaritans, and when the spirit of exclusiveness and intolerance was carried to such extreme lengths by the religious teachers that the Pharisees would no more think of associating with that class known as publicans and sinners than a Southern gentleman of the old school would think of

inviting a Negro to dine with him. In that age of violent race antipathies and bitter religious exclusiveness and bigotry Jesus began to teach that all men are brothers, that in the kingdom of God—the kingdom He came to establish—there would be neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, publican nor sinner, and that this new religious and social order would be limited by neither racial, geographical, nor religious boundaries.

### Jesus, The Common People and

It was Jesus who discovered the common man, and that discovery has changed the civilization of the race. The history of Christianity is the story of the common man gradually coming into his own, until today, in most countries of the world, he occupies a position of political equality with the rich and the cultured.

The common people of His day heard Jesus gladly because He Himself sprang from the ranks of the common people. He was born in a stable, His mother a peasant woman of the hill country of Galilee, and His father a carpenter. His enemies cried out against Him, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" But the common people, who are of the same stuff in every age, were thrilled by the fact that this man, whose words set their pulses beating mysteriously, who opened in their souls a window through which they could see the eternal, was of their own kind, a man of the people, like that legendary figure, David the shepherd boy who became a king. I think that the greatest appeal, perhaps, that Jesus makes to the toiling, struggling masses of the world today, to organized labor and to class-conscious workingmen, is the fact that the hands which healed the sick, which lifted up the fallen woman of the streets, which were stretched out on the cross, and which were lifted up in benediction on the disciples, were hands that bore the marks of daily toil.

### Jesus, if He Came Again

H. G. Wells' *The Wonderful Visit*, a satire on what we sometimes call our Christian civilization, is a story of an angel that came down to earth and of a Church of England rector. While out shooting one day, the rector shot the angel, thinking it was a new kind of bird. The angel could not soar back into the blue, and became a pilgrim on earth, and, alas, an unwelcome one in what we call society. The angel is interested only in people who have souls, and he finds a servant maid who knows more about God and things that are eternal than the people who are held in high esteem as being great and

worthy. To the horror of the clergyman and those who want to take him into society, the angel prefers to talk to the maid. They try to explain to him our social distinctions, our ideas of caste. They try to get him to understand that what we call Christian civilization does not recognize a brotherhood of the spirit at all, but simply some silly, shoddy distinction that we have chosen to make, so that we may divide man from man and neighbor from neighbor.

There could be only one end to such a story, at any rate under present conditions. At last the people rise up in wrath against the angel to cast him out, and he perishes in an attempt to rescue someone from a fire. Mr. Wells' last words in the story are: "This is no world for angels."

If Jesus came to earth and men did not know that He was Jesus, and the only authority that He had was the authority of His personality, how would He be treated by the world of the twentieth century? I do not think we would crucify Him, not in the United States at least. But I believe that a great many people would be very inhospitable to Him. I do not think that He would be very popular in circles of high finance. I do not think that He would be welcomed by radical leaders in the labor world. If He should adopt the Christian ministry as His profession, I have grave doubts that He would ever become a bishop or even one of the elect denominational leaders. Certainly He would have a following, but I am not sure that the following would be such as would commend Him to safe, sane, key men of the communions. From what I know of the Christ of the gospels, and from what I know of the temper of modern life, I can, at least, conceive the possibility of Jesus being branded as an unsafe and dangerous leader and of His being banished from high place in the religious and social world.

### **Jesus of History and the Christ of Experience: Relation Between**

The relationship between the Jesus of history and the Christ of experience is intimate and vital. Certain scholars urge that Christianity is independent of the historical and the objective. To put it in a popular way, the historic Jesus is a sort of ladder on which men have climbed into a religious experience. Now that they have arrived at that experience, it matters little what was the character of the original ladder. In fact, the ladder itself may have had no objective existence. It may have been nothing more than an intellectual creation of a primitive idealistic imagination.

If it could be proven that Jesus was a myth, or even a figure purely human, it would inevitably have the effect of pauperizing Christian experience and impairing Christian faith. The stream would be dried up at its source. Christianity is a historical religion as well as an ideal religion, and Jesus is not only its founder and head, but His person is inseparably connected with it. Destroy confidence in the historical Jesus, remove the crown of glory from the head of our Lord by representing Him as a sinful son of Adam like the rest of us, and you cut the roots of our religion and make impossible the beautiful flower of Christian experience.

### Jesus More Than an Ideal

It is the testimony of unbelievers as well as of believers that in Jesus we have the highest moral ideals to be embodied in a living personality. An ideal may be so high that it may plunge us into despair. It is recorded of Simon Peter that on one occasion he cried out to Jesus, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am an unclean man." If Jesus is an ideal and nothing more than an ideal, then I must go away sorrowful, for I have no power in myself to climb up into a high and holy place.

But Jesus is something more than an ideal. He is also the Saviour. The thing that Jesus did for the men and women who came under His influence during His brief ministry was to transform their lives. The author of the fourth Gospel was stating a commonplace of New Testament Christian experience when he wrote, "As many as received him to them he gave power to become the sons of God." Jesus changed men, and in changing men he changed the world. There is a world before Christ and there is a world after Christ, and the world after Christ is a different world and a better world because Christ came in and changed it.

### Jesus, A Manifestation of God

Jesus is something more than a revelation of God. He is a manifestation of God. Said John, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." There are questions concerning the relationship of Jesus to God that I cannot answer. The formulas used in the historic creeds are meaningless to me. The issues over which the fathers fought at Nicea are today dead issues. We do not speak their language. We live in the world of Einstein and Eddington, and not the world of Augustine and Athanasius. But Jesus is timeless. He is our contemporary.

And when in my hours of stress and trial I pray to the Father, somehow I look into the face of Jesus. My God is like Jesus, and since He is like Jesus, it is well with me and well with humanity. We believe that God is in Jesus, that we worship not a historical Jesus but a living Christ who is out in His world manifesting God to man—God in Christ, the Reconciler, the Conscience of mankind, a Light in the darkness, a Balm for souls that are sick and sore and ready to die.

### Jesus, Master of Men

Homer and Plato, Aristotle and Shakespeare were men of great intellectual power and literary genius. Like great mountain peaks, they tower over the heads of the common herd. I am in debt to these men. They have enriched my life. But, with all their genius, I am not willing to call any one of them Lord and Master.

But when I come into the presence of Jesus I feel that I am on holy ground. To me He is the one white flower of the human race. I am enthralled by the beauty of His character. All my highest ideals are realized in Him. He is such a person as I would expect God to be if He became incarnate. His life of purity, the compassionate heart that made Him a friend of the poor and the outcast, the heroism that enabled Him to meet slander and hatred and persecution, the love that leaped the barriers of race and social position, the sacrificial spirit that sent Him staggering up the hill of Calvary with a cross on His back, the richness of His grace revealed in His prayer for them who were murdering Him, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,"—all command the allegiance of my heart. Such a character is worthy not only of my homage, but of my worship. He and He only is my Master and Lord.

### Jesus, a Problem

When we say that Jesus was a man we have not said the last word. There was some fine quality of mind, some mystery of the spirit in Jesus that I do not find in other men. Jesus was a problem to the early Church. He has been a problem ever since. Always I have been fascinated by the personality of Jesus, and in my rather long ministry I have read many, if not most, of the books that have been written about Him. Years ago I read, and I still refer to, Edersheim's monumental *Life of Christ*, and I was enthralled by Renan's portrait of Jesus, and I put into my library Farrar's *Life of Christ* and the unfinished life of Jesus by Henry Ward Beecher.



Some years ago I took with me as a part of my reading for the summer vacation about twelve new biographies of Jesus. I wanted to discover for myself what modern men were saying about the Son of man. Among the biographies were Bourck White's book, *They Call Me Carpenter*; Bruce Barton's book, *The Man Nobody Knows*; *Jesus, A Biography*, by my friend, Dr. Shirley Case, and *The Son of Man*, by Emil Ludwig.

Not one of them satisfied me. It was a smart American business man that Bruce Barton depicted in his pages, a glorified Rotarian who was a master in the art of salesmanship. Ludwig's portrait of Jesus, notwithstanding all its beauty and pathos, was not the Jesus I discover in the gospels. It was a dim, shadowy figure that Case described in his scholarly pages, and Jesus the socialist, robust and exuberant, dying in a first-century capitalistic war, depicted by White in his *They Call Me Carpenter*, was not the Jesus revealed in the parables and the Sermon on the Mount.

The personality of Jesus defies analysis. I cannot bring Him within the scope of my little yardstick. The interpretation of Jesus in terms of Greek philosophy does not satisfy a mind that was made in a modern scientific age, and the Unitarian position violates some of my deepest feelings concerning Jesus. I look at Him, and I am content to say with Peter, "Thou art the Son of the living God," to say with John, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and to cry out with the apostle, "He is God manifest in the flesh."

### Jesus, a Root Out of a Dry Ground

You do not expect to find roots growing in dry ground. Roots grow where there is moisture, where conditions are favorable. The prophet wrote, "He shall grow up before thee as a root out of a dry ground," which means, I think, that you cannot explain Jesus by any law of heredity, preceding influence, or chain of circumstances. We say of great men that they are the products of their age. The great revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries finds voice in a Dante, a Shakespeare, an Erasmus. The protests against the abuses that had crept into the Church of Rome find expression in a Wycliffe, a Huss, a Luther. The long struggle between democratic and despotic principles of government gave birth to a Napoleon and a Garibaldi. The economic and political forces unloosed by the Great War fashioned such men as Hitler and Lenin. They were roots out of fertile and well-watered ground.

But you cannot account for Jesus in that way. He is neither the natural product of His age nor "the proceed of forces long held in solution." He is everything that you would not expect Him to be, when judged either by heredity or environment—"a root out of a dry ground."

### Jesus, the Teacher

A young Japanese, educated in this country, once inquired of a prominent clergyman in New York how he might find peace of soul. He was told of Jesus Christ. "But," he said, "that is so long ago and so far away. Can't you tell me of some modern man who will direct me on the right road?" The young Japanese may be taken as a type of many people in their thought of Jesus. The Galilean environment and the environment of today are so different. We may be sure that Jesus never had to hurry to catch a street-car, to dodge an automobile, or to make out an income tax return. He lived in a land where the sky was never darkened by the smoke of factories, where prices for the necessities of life were never juggled by manipulators on stock exchanges, where people lived in homes and not in three-room apartments, kindled their own fires, cooked their own food, and did not depend upon janitors and bakeshops; a land where the home industries—cooking, weaving, spinning, and preserving—flourished, and the idea of millions of girls and women working in mills, shops, and offices would have seemed not only blasphemous, but a sure evidence that the virtue of women was gone forever.

Let it be granted that it is easier to contrast than to compare the social order of the first century with that of today. But while the environment is different, the people are essentially the same. The girl whose nimble fingers tap a typewriter, who politely inquires, "Number, please?" when you take the telephone receiver down, or who runs a stitching machine in a shoe factory, is fired by the same dreams, hopes, fears, doubts, and ambitions, as the Syrian maiden who slipped out of the back of the tent to meet her lover under the stars. Life is forever the same. Fireless cookers and electric washing machines have not changed the constitution of human nature. The young man who went away into the far country and wasted his substance in riotous living has a thousand imitators in every city. The heartbroken cry of the widow of Nain who had lost her only son is heard every day. The great problems are not new problems. Joy and sorrow, love and hate, life and death, sin and redemption, labor and suffering, are the same in all ages.

It is the greatness of Jesus that His message is not parochial but universal, not temporary but timeless. He belongs not only to the first century but to all centuries; to New York and Chicago as much as to Jerusalem and Nazareth. The words of Jesus are not limited to apostles, popes, pastors, deacons, Sunday-school superintendents and people who are regular at communion services, prayer meetings and the annual roll call of the church. They are universal in their scope. They are intended for policemen, undertakers, ward committeemen, ash collectors and plumbers, for kings, queens, and Pullman car porters, for Masons and Knights of Columbus, for bridge and football players, for labor unions and associations of manufacturers, for physicians and Christian Scientists, for reformers and saloon keepers, for manicurists and ministers; in short, for all sorts and conditions of people.

### Jesus, the Way

Christianity is Christ. He is the Alpha and the Omega. He is the beginning of the Christian life and He is the Goal at the end of the journey. To every individual facing life with its problems, its temptations, its sorrows, He says, "I am the way." There are many other ways, and many men choose other ways because they are attractive and appeal to the weaknesses of the flesh. There is the way of self-indulgence; there is the way of worldly ambition; there is the way of mastery; there is the way of selfishness.

Over against all these roads stands the way we call Jesus. I do not say that it is an easy road. It is not easy to conquer the carnal appetites and keep your soul white in an evil world. It is not easy to crush that pagan instinct for lordship, and serve men instead of having men serve you. It is not easy for a minister in an age that loves the limelight to cultivate the lowly grace of self-abnegation, to be content with a back seat in the synagogue, when, with the proper kind of advertising, he might become a bishop, or an executive secretary, and receive greetings in the market place, and make keynote addresses at banquets and conventions. It is not easy to think of the world as a field for unselfish love rather than as a city to be looted. To display the ethics of a Good Samaritan rather than the pig ethics of a crew of buccaneers will require a considerable degree of courage and self-sacrifice. The way of Jesus is a narrow road, which leads over the hills, with thorns and sharp stones that bruise the faltering feet; but in the end there will be the bright and shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

## Jesus Christ, Who Is He?

Is He Jesus or the Christ? The Son of God, or only one among many sons of God? Is He our Saviour, who breaks the power of sin and sets the prisoner free, or only our ideal? Is He our living Lord, who sits down with us and communes with us at every sacramental supper, or "does He lie far hence in a lorn Syrian town and on His grave with shining eyes the Syrian stars look down"? Is He an object of faith, or simply one who shares His faith with others? These are questions that strike at the very root of vital Christianity. If Jesus be reduced to the ranks of the common crowd, then we can no longer hold to the finality of the Christian religion.

## Jews and Jesus

Very recently I attended a meeting in the great Jewish temple facing our church building. There were perhaps five hundred women at that service. There were three speakers, all women, and I felt somewhat conspicuous sitting on the platform and having a small part in a service at which the attendance was over ninety percent feminine. The addresses were made by representatives of the Roman Catholic, the Jewish, and Protestant faiths. Then I heard something which I never expected to hear in a Jewish temple. I heard my friend Lucille Long, the famous radio and concert artist, who for many years was a soloist in our church, sing "Holy Night, Silent Night." You may recall that the last line of three of the verses closes with the words, "Jesus the Saviour is here." What a song to be sung in a Jewish temple, and what an evidence that the old animosity between Jews and Gentiles, in our own country at least, is disappearing! I think that all our souls, Jewish, as well as Catholic, and Protestant, were thrilled with the thought that Jesus the Saviour was there. Certainly His spirit was there, else we would never have got together in such a union service.

## Job, The Book of

Who wrote the book of Job we do not know. Where and when it was written we cannot tell. All we can say is that it was of Eastern origin and was written some centuries before Christ. Is it history, drama, or epic? Perhaps all three, but the greatest of all is drama. It is an old book, but it is essentially a modern book. It is so modern that it might have been written by Ibsen. Carlyle called it an "All men's book," meaning, I think, that it is timeless, good for the cen-

turies before Christ, good for the centuries after Christ, good for the people of the Greek world, and good for the people of this machine age in which we live. It is a timeless book, because it deals with problems that are just as baffling, just as agonizing in a world of automobiles, radios, and airplanes as in a world of camels, she asses, and Chaldeans. Job had his troubles. So do we all have our troubles. "You know Johnny Jones's neck?" said a small boy to his mother. "Well, he fell into the river up to it." Up to our necks in trouble, just barely able to keep our heads above water—it is an apt description of the condition of multitudes of people.

Job had a philosophy of life in the dark tragic days when troubles multiplied. Search through the biographies of the noble spirits of the centuries, who in hours of doubt and darkness reached out into the unknown for help and light, and where can you find any finer words and sublimer philosophy than the words of this struggling, suffering soul, who, sitting on an ash heap, tortured in body and mind by undeserved afflictions, could say, "But as for me I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at last he will stand up upon the earth. And after my skin, even this body, is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God; whom I, even I, shall see, on my side, and mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger." Two realities Job affirms in this passage, the reality of God and the reality of the human soul. And nothing has happened in the twenty-five hundred years that have passed since these words were spoken to destroy the fact of these two realities.

### Job, The Problem of God and

The problem that agonized the soul of Job was not the problem of the existence of God. He was as sure of God as he was of the ash heap upon which he had thrown himself. It was the mystery of God that baffled him. God was as real to him as the boils on his body, but with this difference: he could locate the boils, but he could not locate God. Everywhere he saw the footprints of God, but he was never able to catch up with the One who made the footprints. Hunting God was like chasing shadows. Said Job, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him."

Job is a very familiar figure in the life of today. There are few thoughtful minds that deny the existence of an ultimate reality, but we are baffled in our attempts to prove the existence of such an ulti-

mate reality. What we lack is not so much assurance as scientific certitude. God is elusive. He does not lend Himself to definitions. The telescope and the microscope show no signs of His presence. He has never been photographed. He has never been surveyed. The more you try to visualize Him, to locate Him, to bring Him within the limits of our two great categories, space and time, the more one's sense of bewilderment grows.

### Jonah, The Gospel of

Jonah is the most widely quoted and least understood of all the characters found in the Scriptures. He has been the subject of innumerable witticisms, and has afforded no little hilarity to infidels and skeptics, who have demonstrated to their own satisfaction at least two propositions: first, that there is no fish that swims the sea with a gullet sufficiently large to swallow a man whole; second, that even if there were such a fish, no man could live in its stomach three days and three nights and escape suffocation.

Christian apologists have been hard put to reply to these two propositions, and they have ransacked the annals of marine history and have brought forth some rather fishy stories, I must confess, of men who actually have been swallowed by sea monsters, and, surviving their piscatory adventures, thus have been able to substantiate the credibility of the tale of the great fish that swallowed Jonah.

The story has been used as a test of orthodoxy. Not infrequently at ordination councils the candidate meets the acid question, "Do you believe that the great fish swallowed Jonah?" If he is able to answer that question in the affirmative there can be no doubt of the pure and undefiled soundness of his doctrine. If his answer is in the negative—well, it is like the buzzing of bees when the nest has been disturbed.

In some respects this Book of Jonah marks the high tide of Old Testament teaching. It was so far ahead of public sentiment that the unknown writer had to put it into allegorical form, and, as someone has said, "The tragedy of the book is this, that the author made the allegory so interesting, and wrapped up his message so securely in symbolism, that for over two thousand years hardly anyone guessed that it was an allegory, and few realized what the message was."

It is a book of wide horizons, full of moral passion and spiritual power. Read the book thoughtfully and you will find in it four important elements of the gospel that was afterwards preached by Jesus, namely, the gospel of a universal God, the gospel of a com-

passionate God, the gospel of foreign missions and the gospel of a second chance.

### Judas, Jesus and

The impression that Jesus made on Judas was that he was impractical, a visionary. I tried to work out that idea in a drama that I once wrote, "Judas, A Tragedy." It was, of course, an imaginative picture, but I think it is true to the Judas of the gospels.

Judas is telling his friend Shaphan of how he met Jesus of Nazareth, of the crowds that followed Him and of the rare power that Jesus possessed as a healer. He said:

"Shaphan, there is money to be made out of this healer. The country is crowded with sick folk, and a man will give his last coin to get back his health. This healer seems to have no idea of the value of money. Instead of seeking the patronage of the rich and powerful He associates with the poor and the friendless. He needs a man like me, trained in business methods, to put the whole thing on a business basis. Through my friendship with the sons of Zebedee I believe I can get close to Him. I am convinced that far more money can be made out of Jesus the healer than from my present business of buying fish in Galilee and selling them in Jerusalem."

Toward the close of the drama, Judas again talks to Shaphan. He has come to the point where he is ready to betray Jesus into the hands of His enemies. He cries out, "What a fool, what a fool is that Man of Nazareth! He might have been a king, and, instead, He will die upon a Roman cross." When Shaphan inquires, "But what has He done to thee that thou shouldest cry out against Him?" Judas answers, "He has done nothing to me but to stand in the way of my ambition. For over a year I have been compelled to seem to be what I am not, and to pretend to believe the things I believe not. Sometimes He looks at me—a look that seems to penetrate into my very soul. I fear Him even as I hate Him. I have had to fight to resist Him. If I had not fought He would have conquered me, as He has conquered so many. He loves the things I hate and I hate the things He loves."

To Judas Jesus was a fool and He was a fool to better men than Judas. You remember that scene in which Jesus told the disciples that He must needs go to Jerusalem and that death awaited Him in that city, and how Peter began to rebuke Him and to say, "Spare thyself. Be it far from thee that thou shouldest suffer and die"? It was as if he had said, "Don't be a fool. Don't throw your life

away. Keep away from Jerusalem. Your life is precious. Don't be a fool."

But Jesus went to Jerusalem. The highest prizes of life—wealth, position, power—He renounced for the sake of certain spiritual values which have to be accepted on faith. I suppose that the children of this world whose standards are the standards of the market place would have no hesitation even today in calling Him a fool.

## Jungle Ethics

There was a time when I had no shadow of doubt that, day by day in every way, the world was growing better. I still think so, but I am not so dogmatic as I used to be. It is a more comfortable world, but a more comfortable world doesn't necessarily mean a better world. In fact, the catlike craving for comfort is often the enemy of righteousness and the special temptation of middle-aged Christians.

We talk about our modern civilization, but what do we mean by civilization? We generally mean things—airplanes, beauty parlors, motion pictures, cross-word puzzles, permanents, manicure sets, in-a-door beds, coöperative apartments, radios, automobiles, country clubs, golf, dancing, ice cream, safety razors, tooth brushes, and paved roads. Such are the things that rattle in our minds when we talk about our present-day civilization.

Albert Edward Wiggam thinks that at one time man had scarcely more brains than his anthropoid cousins, the apes. But by kicking, fighting, outmaneuvering, and outwitting his enemies, and because of the fact that the animals which had not sense and strength enough to do this were killed off, man's brain became enormous, and he waxed in both wisdom and agility, if not in size and morals. "Most of our morals," he writes in his book, *The New Decalogue of Science*, "are jungle products. We are still in the Stone Age of ethics."

I think that is rather extravagant language, but there is no shadow of doubt that our moral progress has not kept pace with our achievements in the realm of things. We have nearly conquered the earth, the sky, and the sea; but we have not yet conquered ourselves. We have harnessed the forces of nature and made them obedient to our will; but our passions and appetites are still untamed. We have divided the atom, measured the stars, and brought London within speaking distance of New York; but war, poverty, vice, and intemperance still afflict and torment humanity. Comfort, then, must not be identified with progress. Luxury is not civilization. The multiplication of things is no evidence that we are passing from death unto



life. That we live in steam-heated apartments, and can travel six times as fast as the Pilgrim Fathers, does not mean that we have a superior understanding of the art of living. We may be better off without being better.

### Jungle Spirit, The White Christ and the

Let us not conclude too hastily that if we had stood on the Hill of Golgotha that we would have taken our stand with the small group whose love and sympathy went out to the Man on the central cross. In Mary Borden's *Jehovah's Day*, a rather remarkable book published a few years ago, a wise man discusses the problem of life with a reconstructed mud puppy of prehistoric days, in the British Museum. The conversation turns to Jesus, and the following dialogue takes place:

"Who is He?" asked the mud puppy. "Some say that He is the only begotten Son of God. Others that He is simply a perfect man. I don't know. Perhaps the two are synonymous." "What did He do?" inquired the mud puppy. "He died. We crucified Him." "Why?" "Because He was so different from the rest of us that we couldn't bear to let Him live. If a pack of you on a dark night came on a single white figure in the black jungle, what would you do?" Said the mud puppy, "Go for it." "That's what we did."

That is what the world did. That is what many people are still doing. The White Christ is still walking the streets of our dark world. He is not an unknown figure in our city halls, or at Washington, or in other capitals of the world. But as it was at Golgotha, so it is today. The selfish, nationalistic, and turbulent passions of men find vent in that cry against the White Christ, "We will not have this man to rule over us." They prefer Mars and Venus, Bacchus and Ceres to the Christ of the rugged cross.

### Juniper Tree Experiences, Physical Reasons Sometimes Responsible for

It was physical causes, in part, that explain the despondency of Elijah. He had been under a tremendous strain. As someone has said, "The distance from a valley to a mountain top is exactly the same as the distance from the mountain top to the valley." Elijah had come from the valley to the mountain top. There he had the mountain-top experience. He stood as one man for Jehovah against a multitude for Baal. It was a glorious moment. It meant the triumph of the monotheistic ideal, the triumph of the ten command-

ments against their opposite. But every action has its reaction. From the mountain top he travelled to the valley and his despondency was equal to his triumph. Man is not pure spirit. He is a curious compound of flesh and blood, mind and spirit. Ignore the body, treat it as if it were an illusion, and it will take revenge. Even the most radical of all the New Thought advocates know enough to come in when it rains, and to eat when they are hungry. Browning had the right idea when he said:

"Let us not always say,  
Spite of the flesh today,  
'I strove, made head, gained ground,  
Upon the whole.'  
As the bird wings and sings,  
Let us cry, 'All good things  
Are ours, and soul helps flesh  
More now than flesh helps soul.'"

You cannot be an optimist, or even live a deeply spiritual life if you are out of sorts physically. Carlyle's health became impaired while he was writing an essay on the "Life of Cromwell," and Maurice remarked, "Carlyle believed in God down to the time of Oliver Cromwell." When I find a man who thinks that the world is out of joint, with calamity just around the corner, it is a fair assumption that he is in need of competent medical advice. Correct that man's gastric juices, give him a higher blood pressure, and he will be ready to confess that God's in His heaven, and that things are not as desperate as he once thought they were.

### Justice, the Foundation Stone of Our Social Order

Justice is based on the idea that every man has an equal right with other men to the full development of himself. If justice is to have the right of way in the industrial world three factors must be considered—the employer, the employee, and the general public. I have noticed that when a strike is on and each side begins throwing bricks, it is usually the innocent bystander, the general public, that gets hit the hardest. Capital and labor have all the fun of fighting, but when the excitement is over we of the third party have to put our hands down in our pockets to pay for the damages.

Justice is a great Bible word. It thunders out from the Ten Commandments. It is the burning message of the Hebrew prophets. It is the rock foundation of the Sermon on the Mount. Never in the whole history of the world was the cry for justice so loud and in-

sistent as it is at this present moment. Our problem is to apply the principle of justice to our individual and social life, to commerce and industry, to wage schedules and hours of labor, to working women and little children, to all our national and international life. Justice, not charity; justice, not paternalism; justice, not sentiment, must be the foundation of our new social order.

### Kindness, a Quiet Virtue

Kindness is not one of the showy virtues. There is nothing spectacular about it. It is not self-advertising. It is like a gentle, balmy breeze that on some March day blows in from the south and is a harbinger of the coming summer. Kindness is based on insight, understanding, the ability to put one's self in the place of another. One of the greatest foes of kindness is prejudice, and prejudice arises from lack of understanding. I have read somewhere an incident taken from a book by Carl Ewald, entitled, *My Little Son*. The little son had come home boasting of his part in hounding a Jewish boy who had ventured into the circle of their play. The father began to explain the treasures and traditions of Jewish life. He told the little lad of Abraham and of Moses and of David and of Jesus. Then they started out together to search the dark streets of the Jewish quarter for the persecuted lad, hoping that they might find him and tell him how sorry they were. They returned baffled, but the lesson of that night burned itself on the soul of the small boy. Later that evening, as the father and mother stood over the sleeping lad, the mother said, "He is wakeful and restless. I fear our boy is ill." But the father replied, "Do not worry, mother. I know what is ailing him. I have just inoculated him against the meanest disease in the universe."

### Kingdom, The Divine Mission of the Church to Bring in the

The church is the one organization that has for its avowed purpose the establishment and extension of the kingdom of God on earth. It is easy to criticize the church, but there is scarcely a political or a social reform that cannot be directly traced to its influence. Without the humanitarian standards of the church, without its vision, which is larger than the vision of the market place; without its emphasis upon the homely virtues, there would be a sudden relapse to the old law of tooth and nail, and the dark night of paganism would soon settle upon us.

Dr. Joseph Fort Newton once said that at a time when it seemed that revolution was inevitable he asked a labor leader in Wales what tie was holding things together. The reply was very significant, "All that holds now is the fact that these men went to Sunday school in the churches and chapels of Wales years ago. Nothing else restrains them."

The church has a social mission, and there are times when it must fearlessly denounce evil and champion the cause of the weak against the strong. But it can best discharge its social mission by developing in men and women the spirit of Jesus. The new world must begin with new men, and the paramount mission of the church is to develop new men in Christ Jesus. What our present social order needs is not scrapping, but transformation, and that transformation must be brought about by men who themselves have been transformed by the gospel of the grace of God. Man's soul is the arena, where the battle must first be fought with the evil spirits of hate and greed, violence and lust. Prior to any real and lasting reform in our present social and international relations is the revolution that first begins in the souls of men.

### Kingdom of God in the Thought of Jesus, The

The term "kingdom" is one of the key words of the gospels. It is a word that was continually on the lips of our Lord. He began His public ministry with the proclamation: "The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel." He declared that the poor are blessed, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. He warned a certain man not to look back, lest he should not be fit for the kingdom of God. In the parables of the hidden treasure and the pearl of great price He illustrated the priceless value of membership in the kingdom. He encouraged a certain man with the statement that he was not far from the kingdom of heaven. At the Last Supper He informed His disciples that He will not again drink of the fruit of the vine until that day when He should drink it new with them in the Father's kingdom. And when a certain disciple said, "Lord, teach us to pray," He answered, "When ye pray, say, Father, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come." In short, there are over one hundred passages in the gospels which contain references to the kingdom.

While Jesus nowhere formally defines the kingdom it seems to be clear that He thought of it as the reign of God in human lives. But the kingdom is not an abstraction. It has being. It is a society of

renewed men and women who have accepted God as their Father, who live as brothers with all men, and are seeking to put into practical operation in all the relationships of life the great principles of the kingdom. If we have only a confused or narrow conception of the kingdom, we shall miss the breadth of vision, the moral and spiritual grandeur of that petition He taught the disciples so long ago, "Thy kingdom come."

### Kingdom of God, What Its Triumph Involves, The

Jesus came to establish a kingdom, a righteous and brotherly society on earth. The triumph of that kingdom involved a complete change in the social order. It was not without its revolutionary aspects, and the civil rulers of Rome were right in their instinctive fear that a kingdom that made no distinction between Jew and Gentile, that had as its platform the deliverance of captives and good tidings for the poor, that announced the equal rights of men and the universal fatherhood of God would break up an empire founded on inequality, that deified force, and exploited the weak without mercy.

In his *Outline of History*, H. G. Wells discusses the great evils of the Roman world and shows that the spirit of Jesus became the great antagonist in the later Roman state of its cruel shows and of slavery, and that as Christianity spread, these two evil things dwindled and disappeared. He writes:

"The doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven is certainly one of the most revolutionary doctrines that ever stirred and changed human thought. It was no less than a bold and uncompromising demand for a complete change and cleansing of the life of our struggling race, an utter cleansing without and within. To the gospels one must go for all that is preserved of His tremendous teaching."

But while the kingdom of God contemplates the renewal of every department of human activity—marriage, the family, the state, commerce, and industry—it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it begins first with the individual. The revolution must start in a man's soul. The evil beasts must be expelled from the hearts of men before they can be cast out of society. There cannot be a better order without better men. There cannot be a regenerated society without regenerated individuals. "Ye must be born again," is the primary message of Jesus to the individual. Jesus was not indifferent to all the human misery that festered in a corrupt social order. He refused to lead an insurrectionary movement because the kingdom was not to come by force but through the triumph of spiritual ideals. The

downtrodden children of earth will come into their own as men come under the influence of the ideals of the kingdom. When the kingdom is fully come there will be no poverty, no social misery, no need to worry over what to eat or what to drink or wherewithal to be clothed. Meanwhile, men are to seek first the kingdom of God and all these things will be added to them.

### **Lazarus, Dives and**

In every age, Dives and Lazarus, the rich man and the poor man, have lived side by side. Dives cannot live his full life without the assistance of Lazarus, and we have been taught by many eloquent advocates that if Lazarus is to eke out his miserable existence from the crumbs that fall from a rich man's table, there must be a rich man's table for the crumbs to fall from. No rich man, no crumbs; therefore, multiply rich men in order that there may be more crumbs for Lazarus and his hungry brood.

I hope it will not jar the sensibilities of any millionaire to say rather dogmatically that such a doctrine has been exploded along with the doctrine of the divine rights of kings, with the tradition of the superman, and with that old-time theory that the proper place for a woman is in the home. The poor man is no longer seeking crumbs. He is out after the whole loaf. Today Lazarus and Dives are in a death grapple, each seeking for a strangle hold, and some of us are fearful that when the fight is over there will be nothing but crumbs left for any of us.

### **Leaders, Religious, A Prayer for**

There have been great religious leaders whose names are honored, but never one like Jesus'. Recently I have been reading the biography of William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, written by his son. It is the story of a consecrated soul that has stirred my heart and created a mood in which I could appreciate the following story told by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick: William Booth was converted in a Wesleyan chapel in Nottingham, England. In that chapel is a tablet which keeps fresh in memory the fact that here this notable friend of the friendless received his baptism of spiritual power. Naturally, the chapel has become a shrine of pilgrimage for Salvation Army leaders from around the world. One day an old colored man in the uniform of the Army was found by the minister of the chapel standing with uplifted eyes before the tablet. "Can a man say his prayers here?" he asked. "Of course," was the minister's answer,

"a man can say his prayers here." And the old Salvation Army officer went down on his knees and, lifting his hands before the tablet, prayed, "O God, do it again, do it again."

### Leisure, The Threat of

Dr. George Cutten, president of Colgate University, in his book, *The Threat of Leisure*, raised the very interesting question, Can we use leisure to advantage? Somewhere in his book he tells the story of a Chinaman who was visiting the United States. While being shown the wonders of New York City, he was taken to the subway. He boarded a local train with his guide and at Fourteenth Street was hurried off to take an express. "Why did we do that?" inquired the Chinaman. "To save five minutes," was the answer. "And what shall we do with the five minutes?" That is the question of the present age. If our working hours are to be cut down to about thirty hours a week, the problem of occupying the extra hours of leisure is most important. Leisure may be a blessing to the individual. It may also be a curse.

### Life as an Ascent

Blue Mountain in the Adirondacks is thirty-eight hundred feet above sea level—just a high hill as compared with some of the mountains of America. From the tower on the summit of that mountain I once counted twenty-two lakes. They lay like plates of burnished silver in a bed of green. Some of you may remember that part way up the trail is this sign: "Let none that falter enter here. Back there is the soda fountain. The way is steep and full of rocks, but it leads to the top of the mountain."

The human race may be divided into two classes, those who spend their time around the soda fountain, and those who cannot escape the witchery of the mountains; those who live on the lower levels, and those who are continually climbing toward the towering peaks of the majestic mountains. There are valley men, and there are mountaineers; men who love the easy roads and the safe paths, and men whose eyes are fixed on the high places, who toil and struggle and suffer that they may reach their goal. Real success in life is never attained by men who find their chief attraction in the soda fountain, if I may use that as a symbol of a life of ease and pleasure. The jaunty self-satisfied youth with the flabby will who follows the line of least resistance will never breathe the pure and invigorating air of the mountain tops.

## Life Begins at Forty

Walter B. Pitkin's book, *Life Begins at Forty*, is based largely on the assumption that life begins at forty because at that age we begin to accumulate money and to acquire power and possession. That is what the Englishman, Samuel Smiles, meant by success. The good apprentice comes up to London with half a crown in his pocket. By unremitting attention to his humble duties he wins the confidence of his employer, becomes a partner, marries his employer's daughter, and dies a peer and a millionaire. That is success tangible and incontrovertible.

I have noticed that one of the most perilous times in the lives of individuals is that at which they are beginning to achieve success. Their heads are turned by the sudden change in their fortunes. They identify success with material things. A rapid deterioration of character often sets in at this time. They slow up on their old-time church-going habits. The possession of money opens up many new avenues of pleasure. Bridge, golf, dancing, night clubs, week-end trips crowd out of their lives not only the church, but often the ideals for which the church stands. The flame flickers, the divine fire burns low. The Psalmist may have been thinking of sunstroke when he referred to the destruction which wasteth at noonday, but it is a very apt description of the thing which frequently happens to men about forty.

## Life, Is It Worth Living?

Is life worth living? I have found it well worth living. Clouds and sunshine, friendship and love, tears and laughter, moonlight and roses, thorns and thistles—that's life! If it were all moonlight and roses, the glamor would soon depart. God's first experiment of putting Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden ended in failure. He was so good that He made it too easy for them. He ought to have started them in the wilderness and allowed them gradually and painfully to work up to the Garden. That was His second thought, for the human race and evolution tell the story of how man is struggling toward the Garden.

I am glad that I live in a world that is still in the making, and not in a world that is a finished and perfect product. Life is worth while, because in a very humble way I may have a part in contributing toward that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.



## Light Makers

The story of man on this planet that we call the earth, so far as it can be reconstructed from parchments, inscriptions on monuments, fossil remains, is a story of man ever groping toward the light. The history of the human race has been pictured as the inspiring record of a long rebellion that began with the obstinate, pushing amœba.

It has been said that man has always refused to accept his fate, that when he was a tiny bit of protoplasm floating on a slimy sea he had in him the spark of evolution as the endowment of nature, that he struggled through countless æons against his natural enemies of earth, sea and sky, until one day he dropped from his arboreal refuge and began to walk upright and to experiment with flint and fire. He knew not who he was or why. He was alone and afraid. But the spirit of obstinacy persisted and grew, and he began the quest of the how and the when and the why. There must be some reason for his being, there must be some cause behind the mystery that surrounded him. He called with supplicating arms, but there was no answer to his cry save the murmur of the wind in the leaves above him. Life was short and hunger was always sharp. But still he sought and hoped, and he set down the results of his experiences for those who should come after to learn and profit by.

Sometimes he thought he saw a light that was not from sun nor stars, and out of his fancy he fashioned a philosophy on which his children could build. There was a cause. Somewhere there was an Eternal Light which would guide him to a destiny beyond his understanding. Toward that Light he would grope.

It is a long leap from primitive man squatting in his cave and pondering over the problem of the universe, to Socrates, to Jesus, to Kant, to Darwin, to Einstein. But in that long leap you have the heroic story of Light Makers and the history of a growing light. We do well to honor Edison who has helped to banish the shadows from our cities, but even more should we honor the men who have dispersed the shadows from our minds, delivered us from the thralldom of fear and helped us to know ourselves and the universe in which we live.

## Light, The Morality of

Children and primitive people are usually afraid of the dark. To an imaginative mind there is something uncanny in darkness. Men

have been driven temporarily insane by confinement in a cell from which every ray of light has been excluded.

Darkness and crime are very closely connected. There is such a thing as a morality of light. Banish the lights of the city, and though you double the police force, it would do less to prevent outrage and robbery than the steady, searching glow of street lights. Light is a policeman that never takes a bribe, never gets drunk, never goes to sleep on duty, and never takes a vacation. It is the deadly enemy of ghosts, goblins, germs, burglars, and racketeers. A Light Maker is a saviour. That primitive man who discovered the use of a torch put into operation forces that make for righteousness. He was on his way to the Ten Commandments. The genius who invented the tallow candle struck a deadly blow at a host of vices that fatten in the darkness. The man who first struck oil and discovered how to use it not only made possible the Standard Oil Company, but incidentally gave a few fundamental laws of honesty and purity a fighting chance among the nations. The Light Makers! Surely they are philanthropists, apostles of morality, evangelists of righteousness.

### Limitations, a Parable

Two little goldfish swam in a glass bowl in my home. When the sun shone on the water they were like streaks of flashing gold darting hither and thither. I used to watch them with the most intense interest, for, strange as it may appear, there is nothing that has life in it that makes such an appeal to my interest as the thing that swims and lives under water. But the goldfish lived in a very tiny world. A few movements of their fins and they struck the glass of their prison house. It is true that there were no enemies in their little world, and food was given to them at the proper time and in the proper quantities, but I think the goldfish, if they had been provided with vocal organs, would have expressed their longing for some shining piece of water, even with enemies, where they could enjoy freedom of movement, where they would not be cribbed and confined by their glass prison.

One morning when I came down to breakfast I found my little daughter in tears. The last goldfish had given up the ghost and floated, a hopeless derelict, on the surface of the water. Why the goldfish died I do not know. We called in no specialist on diseases of goldfish, and no inquest was held. But I think the goldfish died because its bed was shorter than it could stretch itself upon.

And this is all a parable of human life. The world is a glass bowl, and you and I are goldfish. We enjoy a certain amount of liberty. We have a finer intelligence than any goldfish that swims, or any animal that breathes the common air. Through our abilities as tool-making animals we have invented machines which will convey us over the land and through the air and under the sea. We have made the glass bowl a rather attractive place to live in.

But with all our inventions and discoveries we are still confined in the glass bowl. We are continually bumping our heads against the prison house. We are cramped by the limitations of life. We have wings on our souls, but our bodies chain us to the glass bowl. Like the goldfish, we dart hither and thither, and like them we always come up straight against the obstruction. One of my goldfish one night achieved liberty by leaping out of the bowl into an environment not intended for goldfish and his freedom cost him his life. Some men, made desperate by the limitations of life, occasionally escape from the glass bowl in exactly the same way and at the same cost. The glass bowl fails to satisfy us.

### Lincoln and the Bible

The Bible was a mighty force in the intellectual and moral development of Abraham Lincoln. The roots of his being go down into the soil of Old and New Testament Scripture. In his addresses he quoted frequently the very words of the Bible. In an antislavery speech he alluded to the words of Jesus about a house divided against itself. He wrote to his dying father about the Heavenly Father who notes the fall of a sparrow. He closed one inaugural address with the words: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." He told his law partner, Herndon, "that reading the Bible made one a better man," and, he said, "Read the Bible every day; accept what you can by reason and the rest by faith." He wrote to a judge, "I have been reading on my knees the story of how the Son of God was in Gethsemane. I have been in Gethsemane and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing." Colonel W. H. Cook, President Lincoln's bodyguard in 1865 at the White House, in his published recollections in a magazine, wrote, "At 8 o'clock in the morning, immediately upon dressing, the President would go into the library, where he would sit in his favorite chair in the middle of the room and read a chapter or two in the Bible."

Mrs. Morrow, in her book on Lincoln, tells a story that made quite an impression on my mind as I read it. I quote it because I have

reason to believe it is true. "A delegation of colored people called at the White House to see Mr. Lincoln. The chairman, a very dark man, placed a large red plush Bible in his hands. 'Mr. Lincoln, sir,' he said, 'we couldn't think of any other present good enough for you,' and he launched into a little speech of praise and gratitude."

Lincoln laid the book on the cabinet table and, keeping one hand on it, took a small paper knife from his pocket and ran it through his hair. Thanks of colored people always moved and embarrassed him more than any other. It was hard when human beings had to thank other human beings for the right to draw a free breath. He was glad when the halting little address was ended.

"This occasion is fitting for a lengthy response to you, my friends [said Lincoln], but I am not prepared to make one. In regard to this great book I have but to say it is the best gift God has given to man. All that the good Saviour gave to the world was communicated through this book. All things most desirable for man's welfare here and hereafter are to be found portrayed in it. To you I return my most sincere thanks for this very elegant copy of the great book of God which you present."

## Lincoln, The Creed of

Dr. William E. Barton, in his book, *The Soul of Abraham Lincoln*, has worked out a creed in the very words of Lincoln, taken from various speeches and writings. It reads thus:

"I believe in God, the Almighty Ruler of Nations, our great and good and merciful Maker, our Father in Heaven, who notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our head.

"I recognize the supreme truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blest whose God is the Lord.

"I believe that the will of God prevails. Without Him all human reliance is vain. Without the assistance of that Divine Being I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

"I have a solemn oath registered in heaven to finish the work I am in, in full view of my responsibility to my God, with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives me to see the right. Commending those who love me to His care, as I hope in their prayers they will commend me, I look through the help of God to a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before."

## Lincoln, a Man of Faith

In any estimate of the character of Lincoln one must not overlook the fact that he was a man of deep, religious feeling and strong faith in God. There were times when he was assailed by doubts, and spiritual darkness descended upon him, but that was also true of the

prophets and great religious leaders down through the centuries. Abraham Lincoln was brought up in a Christian home. His father was a religious man, a member of a Baptist church and loyal to the doctrines of that church. It is true that Lincoln never united with a church, although a lifelong and regular attendant upon its services. He was very frank in stating his reasons for remaining outside. He said that he could not with a good conscience subscribe to the long-drawn-out and conflicting statements of Christian doctrine. He continued, "When any church will inscribe over its altar as the sole qualification for membership the sane, if condensed, statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength and mind and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and soul."

We live in the twilight of the creeds, and there are few ministers today who would not gladly receive a man on such a confession of faith as was made by Lincoln.

We are all familiar with the farewell words he addressed to his neighbors at Springfield before his departure for Washington. "I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return. With a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington, without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail."

### Lincoln, Abraham, The Test of Time and

There is perhaps no character in modern times that has been the subject of such popular interest as Abraham Lincoln. So much has been said and written concerning him and the main facts are so universally known that it is hardly possible to add anything new.

It is only a few great characters who are able to stand the acid test of time. Great reputations have a habit of collapsing with the passing of the years. The popular idols of today are passed by with indifference by the man of tomorrow.

"Colonel," said Richard Watson Gilder to the lamented John Hay, who was Mr. Lincoln's private secretary and also the most careful and thorough student of his life, "as you continue your study of Lincoln and your writing about him, does he seem to grow larger or lesser?" "As I go on with my work," came the reply, "to me Lincoln grows larger and larger." I think there are few men who would be disposed to take issue with that statement. Abraham Lincoln is assured of a place among the immortals.

A few days after the assassination of Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher, in an impassioned memorial address, said: "Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror, not thine any more, but the nation's, not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!" I have no doubt that many who heard or read that address discounted that statement as a bit of rhetorical extravagance, uttered by a great orator at a time of intense emotional upheaval. But Henry Ward Beecher was right. Time, that great revealer, which tries every man's work of what sort it is, has shown that Lincoln belongs not only to Illinois and the Republic, but to the world. A thousand years from now his name will be mentioned with affection and pride as one of the noblest products of our Republic.

### **Liquor Evil, The Minister and the**

There is no man in a community, with the possible exception of a physician or the magistrate, who can speak from better first-hand information as to the evils of the liquor traffic than a minister. Mothers tell him of the blight that has fallen upon their sons for whom they have prayed, and for whom they have dreamed such glowing dreams in the days when they used to tuck them into their little beds. He knows of homes where the husbands drink and poverty and misery reign. Sometimes men come to him crazed by alcohol, and cry out, as a man did in my study not long since, "My God, can you help me?" He can tell you of homes that have been broken up, of wives who have left their husbands, unable any longer to bear the intolerable burden of suffering and disgrace which have come as the result of this cursed traffic.

A minister who can come in contact with this heavy load of human misery and keep his peace has never learned in the school of Him who cried out to the unscrupulous exploiters of the widow and orphan, "O generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" and who, with a whip of cords, drove from the temple those who were using that sacred place for their own profit, saying, "My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

### **Literature, The Debunking School of**

The debunking school of literature, which is only another name for the former muckraking school, goes merrily on its way, showing up the weaknesses and frailties of the great men in our national

history. If George Washington had some fault of character, the modern biographer turns his search-light on the fault, and about the only thing one remembers of the finished portrait is the supposed fault. We are rapidly becoming a nation without a hero, and the popular reaction to this debunking school in literature is disillusionment and the feeling that there is none great—no not one.

H. G. Wells once wrote a story of a man shivering with terror in the room of a reputedly haunted house. The room was lighted by a number of tallow candles. The man's blood began to curdle in his veins as the candles, one by one, began to blink and go out, until he was left in total darkness.

Something like that has happened to a large class of people. The candles which gave light and warmth and color to their lives in youth have been going out one by one, and the resulting mood is of disillusionment, pessimism, and even despair.

### Living, The Art of

I would suggest the following rules and principles as a basis for the art of living:

1. Happiness is not to be found in the pursuit and enjoyment of things.
2. It is more important that one should cultivate friendly and fraternal relations with people than to accumulate a bank account.
3. Spiritual values are infinitely higher than material values.
4. A good conscience is a fine old-age pension, and a good name is a splendid legacy to leave to your children.
5. Remember that the real achievement of the soul is righteousness, and not happiness.
6. Happiness is a by-product, and one of the surest ways of becoming miserable is to strive to be happy.
7. Avoid that worldly temper which never sees a burning bush, never hears a mystic voice, and never prostrates the soul in reverence before the mystery of the Eternal.
8. Remember that getting along in the world may be fatal to the getting on of the soul.

### Living for Others

In that very vivid picture Jesus gives of the final judgment, the acid test of a religious life is not dogma, nor ritual, but a life of

service. Service to our needy brother is regarded as service for Christ. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." A piety that does not run through some channel of blessing to others is of no value.

Mark Twain's story, *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, is more than a humorous tale. You remember how this Yankee dealt with a certain anchorite. This religious zealot had condemned himself to the treadmill practice of bending and unbending his body, bowing and rising, all day long, day after day and year after year. That was his religion, his whole religion as he conceived it, and by its practice he had won for himself a reputation for transcendent piety. But to the hard-headed, practical Yankee this looked like a waste of energy, and he began to study how to utilize it and turn it to some good purpose. Accordingly, he arranged a device by which the old ascetic was hitched to a sewing machine and as he continued to practice his religion he was made to turn the machine, and thus his piety was turned to some account.

In one of Moody's conferences a man said that he had been living for five years on the Mount of Transfiguration in the very sunlight of God. "That is all very well," said Mr. Moody, "but how many people have you led to Christ in that time?" The man replied that he had so enjoyed his religion that he had lost interest in the world and its concerns, and that he had not even tried to lead any soul to Christ. And Moody said, "Man, sit down. You are wasting the time of this meeting. A man who enjoys his religion so much that he has no interest in saving souls has a poor kind of religion."

The man who is content to say, "I have been saved by the finished work of Christ on the cross; I believe that my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life," and then goes on to live his narrow life, wrapt in the complacency of his own salvation, is false to the spirit of Christ.

## Lordship, A Philosophy That Does Not Work

If you read the book of human life you will discover that the philosophy of selfishness and lordship always ends in disaster. It is the philosophy of lordship and egoism applied to commercial and industrial life that has arrayed class against class, that has been responsible for a thousand ruinous strikes, that has involved whole communities in suffering, and that has driven nations into bloodshed and anarchy.

We have discovered that the philosophy of lordship will not work



in the modern world. We cannot build a stable society on the ethics of selfishness. We cannot live in a world that is half slave and half free. We cannot put the buttons of servitude upon our fellow men without incurring the revenge of neglected and exploited things. We have tried the half gods of hate and greed, pomp and power, and they have plunged us into the abyss. Idealism is forced upon us, and with chastened spirits we return to the test of greatness as given by Jesus.

### Lord's Prayer, a Social Prayer, The

The Lord's Prayer is a great social prayer. There is hardly a phase of the social problem that cannot be related in some way to that wonderful prayer. It teaches the Fatherhood of God, and by implication the brotherhood of man. It petitions for the coming of the kingdom of God—the ideal social and religious order. It encourages every fainting heart with the superb social ideal, that the will of God shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven. It does not overlook the material necessities of life, but bids us pray for daily bread. Our social responsibility toward the disinherited children of earth, who are exposed to a thousand temptations as a result of the sordid conditions under which they live, is made plain in the petition, "Lead us not into temptation." The prayer closes with the great hope of a world delivered from evil, for the kingdom, and the power, and the glory belong to God.

That the prayer is social, and not individualistic, is plain from the pronouns used. It is not "I" and "me," but "ours" and "us." Here is no individualistic and parochial petition, but a prayer that takes in the whole world. It is: "*Our* Father, which art in heaven. Give *us* this day *our* daily bread. And forgive *us our* debts, as we forgive *our* debtors. And lead *us* not into temptation, but deliver *us* from evil." It reads, as someone has said, "as if some divine co-operative commonwealth was on its knees." It is the prayer of the brotherhood of the kingdom.

The man who repeats the Lord's Prayer identifies himself with all humanity, and when he asks for bread and all that bread symbolizes, for the forgiveness of debts and freedom from temptation, he asks for all. If his neighbor be hungry, or in danger of losing his soul through the stress of economic necessity, and he is well fed and nourished, and sheltered from the evil things of life, how can he pray, "Give us this day our daily bread, and lead us not into temptation," without seeking to relieve the necessities of his neighbor, and

to make the crooked paths of environment straight and smooth for his neighbor's feet?

### **Lost, The Church and the**

The world today is in need of saviours, in need of men and women who in the very sacrificial spirit of the Son of Man will go out to seek and to save that which was lost. It is well to bear in mind that the lost are not likely to find themselves, for very many of them do not even know that they are lost. The fundamental mission of the church is to seek and to save that which was lost. It is not to gather a congenial group of well-dressed, well-educated people into a beautiful church building to take part in a certain ritual which we call the worship of God. It is not primarily to engage in certain moral and social reform movements that will give us a more righteous social order. It is true that there is nothing human that is foreign to Christianity, but, after all, the paramount work of the church is the proclamation of glad tidings and the winning of men and women, one by one, for Christ and His church.

### **Lost, Seeking the**

The shepherd seeks the lost sheep. He leaves the ninety and nine and goes after the one lost sheep that has strayed away in the wilderness. This is a parable of salvation. In it Jesus sets forth His mission in the world. It was not to establish a world-conquering Jewish state. It was not to drive the hated Romans back to the Tiber and have Himself crowned King of the Jews. It was not to found a new ecclesiastical organization that would capture the kingdoms of the world and command the allegiance of the great ones of the earth. His mission was practical. We have it set forth in His own words: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." It was His sympathy with people whom the conventional teachers of religion regarded as beyond the pale of redemption that stirred up the scribes and Pharisees against Him.

It is said that when Mrs. Booth, who even more than her husband was the life of the Salvation Army, was a little girl she was running along the road one day with hoop and stick, when she saw a prisoner being dragged away by a constable to the lockup. A mob was hooting at the unfortunate culprit and his utter loneliness appealed at once to her heart, and it seemed to her that he had not a friend in the world. Quick as thought, she sprang to his side and marched down the street with him, determined that he should know that

there was one soul that felt for him, whether he suffered through his own fault or that of another.

Even so, Jesus came not simply as a teacher of truth, or as a revelation of God, but as a sympathetic Saviour, touched with sympathy for our infirmities—the Good Shepherd who not only sought the lost sheep, but who deliberately laid down His life for the lost sheep.

## Love Breaks Down Barriers

There is nothing that wins the heart and breaks down the stubborn will like the ministering life. Gandhi's power over the people of India is not the power of eloquence, or of statesmanship. It is the power of a ministering life. It was that power that broke down the opposition from the firebrands within his own rank. When one reads the words that Gandhi spoke to a delegation of men who were furiously opposed to his doctrine of nonresistance, it is not hard to understand the power that Jesus wielded over the people of His day.

"I shall not complain if you beat me [said Gandhi]. I have no bodyguard. God alone keeps vigil over me. Some think me crazy, some a fool, because of my love for my enemies, but it is the very foundation of my whole life's work and creed. I have nothing left to sacrifice. I have no worldly possessions. I am a beggar. I have no weapon against you except love."

"Before Gandhi had finished," commented the Associated Press, "his antagonists were sobbing. All left in a humble, penitent mood." Gandhi may not be a Christian in the theological sense of that word, but surely these are the words of a man whose life reveals the very spirit of Him who said, "Love your enemies, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

## Love, The Conquering Power of

Paul was constrained by that love because he knew that what it had done for him it would do for the whole world.

In an age when to the Jew a Gentile was a dog; a stranger, an enemy; a woman, a toy or a chattel; a slave, a piece of property without any human rights, Paul had caught a vision of a divine love that yearned for the salvation of the highest and the lowest, for the Gentile as well as for the Jew. He put it thus strongly in the words, "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that one died for all, and he died for all, that they that live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died

and rose again." As an ambassador for Christ he was intrusted with a gospel of reconciliation for all men. No race, nationality, or individual was outside the pale of redemption. It was sufficient for the salvation of the Roman centurion, the Philippian jailor, the barbarians on the island of Melita, and the slaves of Cæsar's household. The love of Christ had been shed abroad in Paul's heart, and, knowing the redemptive power of that love, he travelled from province to province, from city to city, telling the wonderful story of the grace of God that had brought salvation to all men. It was the love of Christ that constrained him. Love is the universal language of the heart.

When, in the great story of Victor Hugo, Jean Valjean steals the silver of the bishop who had trusted him, the bishop asks, "Why did you not take the silver candlesticks? These also I have given you." Before this final proof of good will the convict is overwhelmed. Through long dark years of wavering struggle toward the light he still hears the voice, still sees the face of the one who had trusted and loved him. The bishop had given two candlesticks; he had reclaimed a human soul.

Love is a great conqueror, and when life is dominated by the principle of love it becomes an irresistible force making for righteousness.

### **Love, a Revolutionary Force**

We usually think of love as one of the quiet, almost effeminate virtues, but there is no sternness like the sternness of love. Love is one of the most aggressive revolutionary elements which can possibly be introduced into society. Love destroyed the ancient civilization; it broke down the barriers which separated Jew from Gentile, the bond from the free. It is only when men love that they become dangerous. Paul was a man who had mobs after him, who turned cities upside down, and who left the impress of his life upon Christian thought and institutions; and the secret of it all is found in his own words, "The love of Christ constraineth me." If that love had been less intense, he would not have been hounded by Jewish fanatics and Roman officials as a disturber of the established order of things. When men really love they are ready to fight. A love that can fold its arms in the presence of social wrong and falsehood is worthless. When Christian people take this great principle of the kingdom seriously, there will begin such a battle with organized selfishness as has never been witnessed in the world before. The law of the family will not become the law of society without a struggle. To Christianize the

present social order involves such a reconstruction of industry and commerce that it might be regarded almost as a rebirth of society. That new birth will not take place without suffering. Love will have to reckon on ruthless hostility from the exploiters of the weak and from all members of the privileged classes who are unwilling to sacrifice for the common good. But love is of God, and as it has triumphed in the family, so will it ultimately conquer all the kingdoms of this world.

### Love, the Only Solution of Our Problems

The church today is facing the problems of the new age. These problems are serious and complex. They will never be solved by any policy of watchful waiting. Something more than intellectual formulas, new laws, and a League of Nations to preserve peace and to guarantee justice and liberty are necessary. You may scrap the old machinery and substitute new, but no machinery, however modern, can save a society that is permeated with class hatred and selfish ambitions. Russia swept away the old aristocracy that had brought such miseries upon the people, and substituted a reign of the proletariat, but it simply changed the men without changing the system. It was not the machinery that plunged the world into the bloodiest war in all history, but the men who were running the machinery. What is needed today is not new machinery, but new men; not a new social antidote, but a new spirit.

Here is the opportunity of the church. What is wrong with the world is selfishness, and the only cure is the love of Christ. The gospel of the love of Christ must be applied to our international and social and economic order. It must be applied by men in whose hearts is burning the divine passion. We must develop in our churches a body of men and women who will love as Christ loved, who will be ready for love's adventure, and will not shrink from love's sacrifice.

In every nation there are men of good will who have caught the superb vision of the kingdom of God on earth. The day of the coming of the kingdom in all its fulness will not be far distant if we can forget our petty squabbles over dogmas and rituals that are ripe for burial, and devote our energies to the practical applications of this ruling principle of the kingdom of God.

### Machinery, Discontent and

Machinery has played a large part in the modern social problem.

It has enormously increased the productive forces of society. It has made it possible for one man to do the work of ten. It has thus not only added to the material prosperity of the world, but also has afforded facilities to ameliorate hard conditions of life.

But machinery has not been an unmixed blessing. It has brought two new factors into industry, woman and child labor, and, because of the conditions under which they toil, it exposes them to grave moral and social dangers. Emerson once remarked that "manhood has been shrunk and belittled by machinery." I suppose he meant that a man who does one thing with a machine, day after day, year after year, a thing which requires no initiative, no thought, is in danger of becoming a mere creature of the machine. We can all agree as to the terrible monotony of machine labor. Machinery largely has done away with the free independent life of the individual worker. Machines are costly and can be obtained only by the few. The practical result is that the great majority of the actual producers of wealth can scarcely hope to get free from a mere existence wage. Even the small manufacturers find it difficult to compete with great combinations of capital, and many either have been absorbed or driven into bankruptcy by the trusts.

### **Main Street, The Bewilderment of**

The mental attitude of Main Street on religion, on economics, on ethics is an attitude of bewilderment. Professor Hurley of the Yale Divinity School tells of a student who came into his room one day. "You know," said the student, "I don't know where I am. This man says that the economic order is the cause of our trouble; another says it is the backwash of the war. This teacher holds that God is a process of integration, and that teacher says that man is the sole custodian of his ideals. The authorities cancel and the general result is zero."

Bewilderment! Is not that the attitude of Main Street in general? It is true in the realm of religion. It is just as true in the realm of finance. Today the world is in a labyrinth of financial and political difficulties. The specialists differ as to how we happened to get in, and they differ even more widely as to how we shall get out.

### **Main Street Incurably Religious**

Main Street is not indifferent to religion. It may not be noted for its churchgoing habits, but it is tremendously interested in the problem of God and human destiny. And that explains the eagerness

with which the man of the street follows the investigations of astronomers, of physicists, of biologists. He is ever hoping that what he has not been able to discover with his unaided organs of sight and hearing may be revealed by the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope, and the test tube of scientists.

When Professor Arthur Compton, winner of the Nobel prize in physics, declared that recent discoveries of cosmic rays, the most penetrating and least known form of radiant energy, are entering the earth's atmosphere from vast interstellar spaces, and that these seem to give a glimpse of a new golden age of humanity, a future in which man may become the master of his own destiny, the newspapers came out in a great headline on the front page: "Science Finds Cosmic Clue to Human Destiny. Flaws Detected in Materialistic Formula." Main Street read that article; in many cases cut it out for further reading, for Main Street is incurably religious, and the Main Street-er's soul cries out for the living God and for an assurance that when the curtain drops on the stage of his human life, he will find love and friendship and adventure on some other stage in this vast universe.

### Malnutrition, Spiritual

A book dealing with religion published some years ago had a chapter headed, "How Much Will Jones Swallow?" But the problem before Christian leaders today is rather, "How are we going to get Jones to open his mouth?" Jones is slowly dying of spiritual malnutrition. He has made up his mind that he can get along without any belief in God, without any hope of immortality. He thinks that the ugly fact of sin has been banished into the land of Nowhere by the teaching of science. Because science, instead of hissing out the old name, "sin," has christened it with rose water and called it by some psychological term, Jones believes that the old foe had masqueraded under an alias and now has disappeared. Poor Jones! Some day he may have a rude awakening and discover in remorse that psychology cannot conceal the fact of sin by giving it another name.

### Man with the Hoe, The Cynical Attitude toward the

Edwin Markham, in his poem, "The Man with the Hoe," has given us an appalling picture of the sodden misery of multitudes of our fellow creatures. There is an egoistic attitude toward these hopeless, disinherited children of earth who have been drained of the life-giving forces.

This attitude is like that of the man, pictured in that quaint little parable of Jesus, who was awakened out of a sound slumber by the persistent pounding on the door by a neighbor who came at midnight with a request for three loaves of bread. And the man, wrathful at the interruption of his pleasant repose at such an unseemly hour, called sharply to his needy neighbor, "Trouble me not. The door is now shut. And my children are with me in bed. I cannot rise and give thee."

So it is with many affluent members of our social order. They have found life to be most comfortable. Their refrigerators and pantries are lavishly stocked with all the good things of life. Their children are warm and well nourished. Why should they be disturbed when the beggar Lazarus and his brood come knocking and seeking alms? Their answer is to turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to everything that would disturb their enjoyment of material things. They ignore the man with the hoe.

### Man, The Importance of the Average

We are prone to hero worship. The man of genius who creates masterpieces of art or of literature, or who carries on vast commercial enterprises and has his finger continually on the financial pulse of the world, sets us agog. We pride ourselves on our democratic qualities, and yet our press devotes considerable space to the doings of people who owe their prominence, not to any gifts of intellect or character, but to the fact that their names are on the "Social Register."

A dear old lady, an aristocrat of the bluest blood, member of a church I was serving in a Canadian town, once said to me, "I have just one thing against you, and I hope you will pardon me if I speak of it." With some trepidation of spirit I told her to proceed. She said, "When you pray on Sunday in the church, I have noticed that you never pray for the royal family." She was as solemn as if I had been guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost. I confess that I was not as conscience-stricken over my sin of omission as, perhaps, I ought to have been, for I have never been able to work up any pitch of enthusiasm for royalty. But I had to make the best of what was to her a very serious situation. I said, "There are thousands of preachers all over the country, many of them more righteous and learned than I, who are praying for the royal family every Sunday. But there are very few to pray for John Smith, who works in our rolling mill, or for Mary Jones, who runs a machine in the woolen



mill. Don't you think I had better concentrate on John Smith and Mary Jones and allow the other preachers to take care of the royal family? For among the multitudes of prayers my little prayer will never be missed."

I think that God is as much interested in common people, in average people, as He is in royal families, millionaires, society buds, and men of genius. Wasn't it Lincoln who said, "God Almighty must love the common people, because He made so many of them"?

The average man is the real test of a nation. Its prosperity is determined, not by the number of millionaires it possesses, but by the standard of living of the average man. What laws are to be put on the statute books and the degree to which these laws are to be enforced depends upon the average man. What ethical and religious standards shall prevail in any community is decided in the stand taken by the average man.

### Man, The Measure of a Full-Grown

To develop physical manhood there must be adequate nourishment of the body, development of the muscles through exercise, and constant vigilance against the enemies that threaten our physical well-being. The same care is demanded if we are to attain to the stature of the perfect man. There is no short cut to a righteous life. There is no magic carpet that will transport us there in a moment.

Suppose that the first day boys and girls went to high school the principal should call them together, and present each of them with a copy of Cæsar's *Commentaries*, Cicero's *Orations Against Cataline*, a book on intermediate algebra, and two books the memory of which still haunts me occasionally as a sort of nightmare—the books which deal with angles and triangles and things we all know, such as that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side, but which make us hot under the collar when we try to prove them. Now suppose that the principal should say to the pupils, "I want you to take these books home and come back tomorrow prepared to pass an examination on their contents." I can imagine how the pupils' hair would stand on end and some of the things they would be likely to say. Ah, it is a long thorny road one has to travel from that first day that he jauntily enters the front door of the high school and enrolls as a freshman to the day when he triumphantly passes out with a roll of paper tied with blue ribbon.

Neither can one become a Christian in an hour's time. To attain to the stature of a full-grown Christian, unto the stature of the full-

ness of Christ, will take a lifetime. One will never get there in his sleep. One will never get there by any flower-carpeted path. It is a long road, and there are lions in the way, and there are sloughs of despond, and there are giants that must be slain and one must watch and fight and pray.

### Man, Modern Science and

It is doubtless true that modern science, especially astronomy, in revealing the vastness of the universe, has brought to man a crushing sense of his insignificance. But it is well to bear in mind that while man may be but a reed shaken in the wind, he is a reed that thinks. It is man, the astronomer, that has discovered and laid bare the laws working in the physical universe. Small as he is, he is bigger than the universe that he surveys. It was a great astronomer, Sir Arthur Eddington, who raised the question, "What is the truth about ourselves?" and answered his own question in these words:

"We may incline to various answers. We are but a bit of star dust gone wrong; we are a complicated physical machinery, puppets that strut and walk and laugh and die. But let us remember that there is one elementary, inescapable answer. We are that which asks the question."

Man is but a frail creature of the dust, but he has something within him that cannot be measured by material standards, something that makes him the peer of angels. Dr. Dewitt Jones has expressed it in this striking way:

"I believe that all God's chillun got wings. Oh, I confess that some of the wings have not sprouted, that some are soiled, that some are broken, and many of God's chillun have wings that have never flown, and they have never flown because they never had a chance to fly. Their wings have been clipped by circumstances over which they have no control. I know something of the depths that humanity can sink to, but I also know the heights to which human beings can climb. I believe that Jesus my Lord and Saviour can give wings to the most degraded man, wings that will enable him to soar."

### Marriage, The Romance of

What a romance marriage is. A man and a woman, born perhaps a thousand miles apart, grow up wholly ignorant of one another. Some unforeseen circumstance brings them together. A magic flame leaps from the one to the other. From that time on they are never happy unless they are together. They leave friends and kindred, all the old familiar surroundings, and establish a home of their own. So the race is perpetuated, for "God setteth the solitary in families."

## Married Life, The Ten Commandments of

First: Let the man or woman whom you select as your companion in life be one whose ideals are not in conflict with your own.

Second: Begin your married life with the assumption that the relationship into which you enter will be one that shall continue until death do you part.

Third: Live within your income.

Fourth: Let your married life be characterized by mutual trust, forbearance, and sympathetic cooperation.

Fifth: Welcome children as the gift of God.

Sixth: Be careful in the selection of your friends.

Seventh: Start your married life right, by finding a church home.

Eighth: Cultivate the habit of church attendance.

Ninth: Remember that the religious and moral training of your children is as important as their education.

Tenth: Do not permit your sympathies to be limited by your own immediate family circle.

## Mary, the Mother of Jesus

Mary, the mother of Jesus, is worshipped by one-half of the Christian world. It is probable that as many prayers are offered to her in the Roman Catholic Church as to Christ Himself. In Roman Catholic belief she is the queen of heaven, the mediator between Christ and toiling, sinning, suffering, sorrowful womanhood. Mary represents the feminine in religion, the mother of God, and when a child is hurt he turns, in nine cases out of ten, to his mother for comfort. In a cathedral in Montreal I saw a woman standing before an image of the Virgin Mary. I shall never forget the look on that woman's face. Tragedy and heartache were written upon it. She was absolutely indifferent to the glances of the curious people who passed by. I do not know her story, but in her trouble she was seeking comfort from the mother of our Lord.

Protestantism, in its revolt from Mary worship, has gone to the other extreme. It is hardly regarded as good Protestant form to say much concerning the Blessed Mother. We are continually talking of Peter and John and Paul, but the name of Mary is rarely upon our lips. We seem to regard her as the private property of the Roman Catholic Church, and we politely ignore her existence. I cannot help but feel that in adopting this attitude we have suffered a distinct loss. Because she has been the object of perhaps idola-

trous worship, certainly of superstition, is no reason why we should not recognize as one of the highest types of womanhood the mother of our Lord according to the flesh and the blessed among women according to the Scriptures.

### **Mary, The Worship of the Virgin**

I have read of an old woman who had worked out for herself a system of theology, one of the cardinal doctrines of which was that there were four persons in the Godhead, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost and God the Mother. For, she said, "We must have the mother in God." It is easy to criticize her theology, but her religious instinct is above criticism.

It was that same need that brought into the church at a very early period the worship of the Virgin Mary. Let no one suppose that it was a concoction of priests, a pious fraud to deceive the people. Like many social and religious ideas it had its birth among the people. They had been used to the feminine in religion. They had worshipped Venus, Diana, and Isis. The doctrine of a triune God did not make a sufficient appeal to a people bred in polytheism. They wanted more color in their religion, and in Mary the mother of Jesus they found an object of adoration, and they transferred to her some of the qualities which in their pagan days they had found in some of their goddesses. Professor Glover has said, "The Madonna in southern Italy is really Isis renamed. Isis, like the Madonna, was painted and sculptured with a child in her arms."

### **Materialism, The Menace of**

Materialism may be defined as the philosophical theory that everything that exists is ultimately material in nature. The consistent and uncompromising materialist denies the reality of any finite or infinite spirit. All life may be explained in terms of matter, force, and motion. The science of biology has told us that life is "a struggle for existence," in which the fittest survive and the weak perish. It is clear that materialism pulls man down from the pedestal upon which Jesus placed him, and makes him a mere omnivorous animal, not generically different from the brute. It reduces life to a mere struggle for mastery in which the weak perish that the strong may survive. Thus Renan takes the position that to such an extent do the many contribute to the progress of the few that forty millions of people may be regarded as dung if they but supply the fertility which will produce one truly great man. It is clear that materialism

dethrones God from the universe, disinherits man of his hope of a future life, and converts him into a mere fighting animal, without love, pity, or sympathy for others.

### **Materialist, The Creed of a**

Zola, the famous French novelist, describes in one of his books a train pulled by an engine whose driver had been killed, dashing at headlong speed into the night. Said Zola, "The train is the world; we are the freight; fate is the track; death is the end of the road; God is the engineer who is dead." It is the view, that man is simply the product of material forces, that "no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling can preserve an individual life beyond the grave, that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins."

If this conception of man and the universe be true, then life has no immortal significance, man is but a higher animal, religion is but a fairy story, and when our brief life of eating and drinking and loving is over, it is over forever.

### **Meekness, The Reward of**

Jesus once said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." It sounds like a paradox. The meek may find rest for their souls; they may be numbered among the saints; they may have a glorious inheritance among the redeemed in glory, but certainly they do not inherit the earth.

It needs a long look to grasp the truth of these words. In the animal kingdom we have learned that the meek survive. The lion, the tiger, the poisonous serpent are becoming extinct. The dog, the cow, the ox, the horse are inheriting the earth. There is no place in the universe for the violent, the predatory, the bloodthirsty, the unbridled self-assertive. These are qualities that make for disintegration. Give them time and they will fall of their own weight. The pushing, egoistic, bombastic, exploiting individual or nation finds the whole universe combined against him or it.

### **Meekness, The Strength of**

The low valuation which many people put on meekness is due probably to a wrong conception of what meekness is. Aristotle, in

his *Ethics*, viewed the meek man as one who would curb the passion of anger and resentment, and who, because of that self-mastery, knew the meaning of inward serenity.

Real strength never needs to advertise itself. The domineering, aggressive personality may suggest strength, but it is in reality weakness. There are men in public life who may dazzle the eyes of the credulous because of their ability to put all their goods intellectual and otherwise in their front windows, but it is not long before their poverty of mind and soul is revealed. Kipling once said that "all the great fighters he had known were men of almost preternatural stillness of manner. One who did not know this fact could have been grossly imposed upon by their apparent docility." A professor has said this of meekness: "It is a mode of life that favors intrinsic survival values. In terms of physical science, meekness is a form of the conservation of energy. In terms of personality as a whole, it is a healthy, strong, well-ordered life, expressing itself without undue noise, or self-assertion, or waste of energy, or offense to other lives."

### Messiah, The Temptation to be a Bread-and-Butter

Some see in the first temptation that came to Jesus in the wilderness more than a temptation to convert stones into bread to feed a hungry man. The incident is to be interpreted from the standpoint of His Messianic work. It is a poetical description of the temptation that came to Him to be a bread-and-butter Messiah, to devote His time and energies to the unemployed rather than to the unconverted, to found a materialistic kingdom of milk and honey in which there would be bread enough and to spare, where Lazarus would sit in the seats of the mighty clothed in purple and fine linen, while Dives would be cast into the outer darkness. It was the temptation to lead a Soviet movement among the riffraff of Palestine and to establish a social order in which the common man would direct the machinery of government.

Much can be said in favor of this interpretation. Jesus was a man of strong social sympathies. The heavy burdens carried by the poor oppressed His soul. Unlike the teachers of His day, He had very little to say concerning that section of the underworld known as hell, and in the only parable in which He describes that abode of lost and incorrigible spirits He pictures a certain rich man, who, apparently, is tormented only because in his earthly life he had ignored the presence of a poor beggar who sat at his palace gate. Jesus deliberately sought the companionship of the poor and the distressed.

He based His claim to be the Messiah partly on the ground that He preached good news to the poor. He is exceedingly pessimistic concerning the future of rich men. They may squeeze into the kingdom, but it will be like a camel going through the eye of a needle.

Was the temptation in the wilderness a temptation to provide bread not only for Himself but for the hungry multitudes as well? I am inclined to answer that question in the affirmative. We know that the same temptation came to Him later in His ministry. "Command that these stones be made bread," said the Tempter. It was the temptation to build the kingdom of God, the new social order, upon a materialistic basis. It was the temptation to substitute for the salvation of the sinful the redemption of the poor and the down-trodden. It was the temptation to be a social reformer rather than a saviour.

### Messianic Program, Materialism and the

Jesus saw clearly what some modern reformers have failed to see, that a stable order cannot be built on a bread foundation. Many of the great evils of modern life fatten on economic soil, but society, like an individual, may be prosperous in body and estate and at the same time rotten to the core. Jesus refused to lead an insurrectionary movement because He knew that even if it were crowned with success, the fundamental need of the people was not bread but God, not salvation from poverty but salvation from sin.

A writer in the *Hibbert Journal*, reminding us of the statement of Carlyle that the common pursuit of wealth is not a human bond, contends that its final working is to disintegrate the community. He says:

"Seekers after buried treasures invariably quarrel among themselves for reasons which are manifest to a child. They may arrange the most equitable scheme for the division of the spoils, and seal their mutual loyalty with fearful oaths, but before the voyage is over the captain will be dangling at the yardarm, and the deck will be slippery with the blood of half the crew."

The refusal of Jesus to endorse a materialistic program was one of the factors in bringing about His death on the cross. The vote of the Jerusalem rabble for Barabbas, a political bandit, is an evidence that they placed the material above the spiritual, the welfare of the body above the welfare of the soul.

## Middle Age, The Moral Peril of

Youth is the season of high adventure, but in middle age we have learned that sacrifice is the price of ideals. Youth sees the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but is blind to the obstacles standing in the way. The man in middle life also sees the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but life has taught him the bitter lesson that the way of the reformer is hard, that to achieve his ideals of truth and righteousness he must travel over rough roads and win his soul through conflict and suffering. In an evil world he has learned the high cost of righteousness, and there is the constant temptation to become more comfortable by pitching his standards a little lower.

Youth is untrammelled by impediments of any kind, but the man in middle life has given hostages to fortune. He has won a certain position in society. He has a wife and children. He is loath to follow any ideal that may imperil that position, or that may bring hardship on those who are dear to him and for whose care he is responsible.

In middle age there is the peril of self-complacency, of accepting the world as it is, and not as it ought to be. Middle age takes no chances on new men or new ideas. It plays a safe game; it wants to be on the winning side.

There is the peril of trying to escape the monotony of life by a surrender to the clamoring appetites within. It is a real peril, as a study of the newspapers clearly proves. The man in middle life feels his youth slipping away from him. He realizes that old age is slowly creeping upon him. Romance, with rosy finger, beckons him to try some forbidden path of pleasure. The siren voice sounds in his ears with an almost irresistible appeal. Many men in middle life, in an attempt to revive the glamor of youth, yield to temptation. It is often the age of illicit associations, which very frequently are aired in the divorce courts.

## Minister, Money and the

The unwritten law of the Christian ministry is that the minister must not make money. Price Collier states in one of his books that the minister must not turn his attention to private gain. "Any minister who makes a fortune out of his profession is damned by that fact alone."

As a matter of fact, I have never met a minister who made a fortune out of his profession. I have known a few rich ministers,



but, in most cases, either they have been sons of rich men, or they have arrived at affluence by way of matrimony.

The white robes which custom compels the preacher to wear must not be defiled by the mud of the market place. His salary may be but a pittance, but he must not attempt to supplement that salary by so-called secular work. It is his business to trust God, even if his children are undernourished and his wife is forced to depend on the casual charity of relatives and friends to replenish her wardrobe. The young man who chooses the ministry as a life work can face these facts. He can say to himself, "If I am one man in a hundred, I may finally secure a pulpit that may pay me five thousand dollars a year. If I am an average man, I must put up with a salary of not more than fifteen hundred dollars a year and face the probabilities of the scrap heap when I am fifty years old. The combination of gifts which would ensure me a salary of five thousand dollars in the ministry would probably mean a comfortable fortune in other professions. If I choose the ministry it will probably mean for me and mine a life of constant self-denial." Many young men have faced these facts and yet have been given grace to say, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

### Minister, The Moral Peril of the

There is a popular idea that the minister, because of his special calling, is exempt from many of the temptations that assail other men. I venture to say that there is no profession or occupation that is assailed by so many subtle and grievous temptations as the Christian ministry.

The late Dr. J. H. Jowett was not addicted to extravagant language, and Doctor Jowett, in my judgment, was well within the limits of moderate speech when he said, "Of all perilous callings the minister's is most exposed to the dangers of perdition. The career of a business man is, in this matter of temptation, not to be named with the career of a minister. There are no perils so insidious, no temptations so subtle, as those which beset us in the very midst of our work." And he relates that on one occasion, while walking with the late Hugh Price Hughes, the latter gripped his arm, and said, "Jowett, the evangelical preacher is always on the brink of the abyss. He is frequently a nervously exhausted man and that often is a place of great peril."

Paul was the greatest of the apostles; he wrote letters which, in the providence of God, were to outlast the centuries. And yet this

man had such a knowledge of the weakness of the human heart, such a knowledge of the hidden pitfalls that beset life, such knowledge of the tremendous force of evil, that he cried, "I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected."

### Minister, The Old

One fear that haunts many of my ministerial friends is that old age will find them without money or means of livelihood, and that they will become a burden to their family and friends.

Some years ago I received a letter from a committee that was looking for a pastor. I was asked to pass judgment upon a certain minister. Like most churches on a quest for a pastor, their ideal of what they wanted was very high. He was to be an orator, a thinker, a practical business man, a good mixer, with all the graces of the professional politician; an efficient pastor, capable of charming children; full of tact, a saint and a scholar, and his wife, as I judged by the questions asked concerning her, was to be only a little lower than the angels, willing to serve without pay as an assistant pastor. I have never met all these requirements wrapped up in human flesh, but that is not what gave me the shock.

The letter went on to say, "We understand that the man we are writing you about is about forty-four years old. That is a handicap, for we need a younger man; but if he has the other gifts it will not be regarded as an insurmountable objection." I confess that when I read that age limit it seemed to me that I could feel a dead hand from the living preacher's graveyard reaching out in my direction.

It is not easy to grow old gracefully when one is wondering if, when he is sixty years old, he will occupy a position that will enable him to live under decent, self-respecting conditions.

### Missions, Love the Constraining Motive of

Ask the men and women who are laboring amid the squalor and disease of the slums of our great cities, the men and women who have sacrificed the comforts and refinements of our modern civilization to toil, suffer, and die in the jungles of Africa, or in the remote villages of China, India, and Japan, the secret of their self-sacrificing lives, and they will answer in the words of Paul, "For the love of Christ constraineth me."

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a letter concerning Father Damien, the Belgian priest who ministered to the lepers in one of the South

Sea Islands and finally died of that most horrible of all diseases. That letter runs, in part:

"Crowded with abominable defections of our common humanity, a population such as surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare, every fourth face a blot upon the land, the butt ends of human beings lying there almost unrecognizable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering. . . . Damien went there and shut too, with his own hand, the door of his own sepulchre, and made his great renunciation, and slept that first night under a tree with his rotting brethren, alone with pestilence, and looking forward with courage (with what pitiful shrinkings of dread God only knows) to a lifetime of dressing sores and stumps."

In the presence of this most loathsome of all diseases human love stood aghast. It was a rare occurrence for the wife to accompany her husband, or a mother her child to that hopeless abode of decaying bodies. But there is a love that is stronger than any family love, that rises to nobler heights than any human passion, that never counts the cost, and that is the love of Christ. When that divine passion burns in the soul, it considers the world well lost for Christ and His gospel.

### Money, The Magic of

It took the human race many centuries to arrive at the miracle of money. In my early life I had some experience in primitive communities, where money was almost unknown. The farmer brought his cow, his pig, or his load of potatoes to the village trader and store-keeper, and exchanged them for shoes, clothing, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. It was an exchange of tangible values and out of the system of barter grew the saying, "A fair exchange is no robbery."

Today I can put a roll of bills in my hip pocket and hire an airplane to fly me to New York. With it I can engage the services of a great ocean steamer to carry me across the Atlantic. I can visit the great cities of Europe, live in luxury at the best hotels, and so long as that magic money which I carry in my hip pocket lasts, I can command the eager services of an army of men and women.

### Money, The Prestige Conferred by

Money talks. Sometimes it only babbles. Nevertheless, people listen when a millionaire speaks. Whenever the late John D. Rockefeller gave a dozen new dimes to a dozen boys, it was published in a hundred newspapers. I could give away probably a hundred new dimes to a hundred boys and it wouldn't have sufficient news value

to justify a paragraph in the community paper. The glitter of gold exercises a peculiar fascination on the minds of men. Possession of it sets a man apart from the common crowd. It makes him as interesting as a celluloid star of Hollywood. It arouses admiration and envy. Many men are attracted by the lure of money because of the prestige it confers upon the possessor.

### Money, a Symbol

Money is a symbol of toil, sweat, blood. It is an expression of human life, and is sacred as human life is sacred. To illustrate, a thousand-dollar automobile was built, in part, by a man whose wages are, say, forty dollars a week. That means that the purchaser has owned that man or a man like him for a certain period of his life. We will say that this man has accumulated five thousand dollars and that it represents the savings of a lifetime. It is the only provision by which he may have a decent and self-respecting old age. To lay aside that five thousand dollars he has denied himself many luxuries. It bears the marks of self-denial, hard labor, sweat, and blood. How absurd to call that five thousand dollars filthy lucre. It represents life blood, and is sacred.

### Moody, Dwight L.

Somehow, when I think of Mr. Moody, there usually rises in my mind a certain picture. It is the picture of a young man, barely nineteen years of age, who had been appointed as a sort of home missionary to preach among a group of Baptists scattered in, perhaps, ten communities. This young man had never been to college. He had moved in a very narrow circle. He had read very few books. I can see him boarding a train on his way to his new charge. A carpetbag held all his possessions, including his library, which consisted of three books, a Bible, a volume of outlines of sermons, and a book of stories and illustrations from the sermons and addresses of Dwight L. Moody.

During the year this young man spent on that field there were few of Moody's stories and illustrations that he did not tell. That young man would not have lasted long as a preacher in most communities, but his work was among very primitive and simple folk and God honored his work. Hundreds of people were converted that year, and the cause of evangelical Christianity on that field took on new life.

I want you to get that picture, because I was the young man, and

it was Moody's stories and illustrations that helped to give life and power to the sermons, if they could be called sermons, that I preached to the people of those fishing villages along the shores of the Bay of Fundy. It is an illustration of the fact that the life of Mr. Moody directly touched and influenced men who had never seen or heard him, and through them indirectly influenced thousands of others.

### **Moody, a Great Religious Leader**

It may be fairly said that Mr. Moody was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, religious leader of the nineteenth century. There are some who go so far as to say of his work that it was the greatest of its kind since the gospel began to be preached. It is probably true that he preached the gospel to more people and converted more people than any other man in the whole history of Christianity. He did not leave behind him a great church, as did Luther and Wesley. He belonged not to any one denomination, but to all denominations. He put new life, new blood into the body of the Church of Christ throughout the world.

Someone has said, "There comes to us out of the life of this man a kind of bugle note, tireless for Jesus Christ." I would that we might all hear that note. I would that we might all of us catch at least a little of its inspiration. He was always about his Master's business. We should follow in his footsteps.

### **Mother, The Idealization of**

It is probably true that we idealize our mothers, and there is a danger that we may develop what the psychologists call a mother complex. In my judgment this complex has been greatly overdone in modern fiction. There are some wives who all their lives are in bondage to the deep conviction of the man of the house that there were never such pies, such bread as mother used to bake. You may call that a mother complex if you so desire, but I think the explanation is physiological rather than psychological. If by some process of rejuvenation we could get back the keen appetites of youth, we would probably discover that the cakes and pies cooked by our wives are just as appetizing as the cakes and pies that we devoured with so much relish in the days of our youth. What seems like angel food in retrospect was probably the same kind of food that no longer tickles our jaded appetites. If I may paraphrase Shakespeare, the fault is not in the food but in ourselves—in our appetites.

It is a gracious thing that we see our mothers and especially the

mothers who are no longer with us through the eyes of love. In a recent book, *Prophets and Poets*, by André Maurois, there is a fine chapter on D. H. Lawrence, an author who never appealed to me. According to this French writer, Lawrence had a mother complex. When he was twenty-seven years old his mother died. Both in *Sons and Lovers* and in his poems he wrote about her death, and it is deeply moving. We can see so clearly the poor old, white-headed woman being treated by her son as both mother and a little girl. He was full of compassion for her, and had a deep understanding of a soul which had remained virginal.

"My love looks like a girl tonight,  
But she is old.  
The plaits that lie along her pillow  
Are not gold,  
But threaded with filigree silver  
And uncanny cold."

There may be certain evils in connection with the idealization of mothers as illustrated in the case of Lawrence, but for the great mass of mankind memories of mother are the most inspiring and enriching of all the memories of life.

### Mother's Day Service, An Antidote for the Sentimentalism of

There are people who deliberately stay away from church on Mother's Day, because, as they say, they do not care for sloppy sentimentalism. I read somewhere of a Mother's Day service in a certain church, in which the congregation wept, the choir wept, the minister wept, and some who had a part on the program broke down and cried. The minister reported a great service, with not a dry eye in the congregation.

It occurs to me that, as an antidote for the sentimentality of Mother's Day, it might be advisable to give fathers a place on the program. Father is rarely a subject for tears. Nobody ever sends him a box of candy, or a bunch of roses. The only poets who compose poems on father are those who have a sense of humor. It may be admitted that father is not a romantic figure, and that a Father's Day service would never attract any very large number of people, although probably a lot of fathers would attend from a sense of curiosity, and perhaps with a dim hope that they might hear something of interest about themselves.

## Mothers, Old-Fashioned

The old-fashioned wife and mother, like the stage coach, and the spinning wheel, have passed. A new model came in with the new century. The department store, the chain grocery, the beauty parlor, and a thousand and one labor-saving inventions have made the old-fashioned mothers as out of date as tandem bicycles and hoop skirts. Freed from the old domestic drudgery, they have the opportunity to develop their talents in all sorts of new ways. The women of half a century ago were old women at forty. They dressed like old women, and on their faces, if the photographs tell the story correctly, you can see that settled, resigned, half melancholy expression that we associate with old age. Today women of sixty, if they are modern women, are younger looking than the old-fashioned woman of forty. What Shakespeare said of Cleopatra is true, in a measure at least, of modern women. "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." Somehow, modern women have grasped the secret of keeping young and looking beautiful. A soul that is young and radiant and expectant will transform any sort of a body into a thing of beauty. In my judgment the new model of womanhood is an improvement over the old, and we ought to be grateful for mothers who refuse to settle down into the decrepitude of old age, and who, by some miracle of spirit or art, look youthful, dress youthfully, and, in all their behavior, keep their faces toward the rising sun.

## Mothers, The Tears of

In Kipling's immortal poem, "Mother O' Mine," occurs the line, "I know whose tears would come down to me." Mothers weep. Sometimes they have reason to weep. Some of the saddest memories that come to us in after years are recollections that by our waywardness and disobedience we caused our mothers' tears to flow. And sometimes mothers weep because circumstances make it impossible for them to give to their sons and daughters advantages which other mothers, because they have that magic thing we call money, are able to give their children. Once a mother said to me, "The thing that hurts me most is the fact that I am not able to give my sons a college education and my daughter the pretty dresses that other mothers find it so easy to give."

But, after all, money is not the important thing, and probably more young people are spoiled by too much money than by too little. If young people are sometimes inclined to rebel because their lot

has not been cast in some more opulent place, they may be sure that the one who feels it most keenly is their mother. When the currents of life run hard against us, and sorrow and even shame are our portion, and the world turns against us, I know whose tears would come down to us—the tears of our mothers.

### **Mountains, a Sanitarium for Sick Souls**

One of the priceless possessions of the people of New York State are the Adirondack Mountains. Good roads, automobiles, and railroads have made them accessible to millions of people. They are the great natural playground for the people of that state. Indeed, they are something more than a playground. The mountains are God's sanitarium for souls that are run down and dying. People go there with frayed nerves, depressed in mind and spirit, often with lungs that are shot through with that dread disease that takes its terrible toll from so many millions, and the mountains begin their gentle and unobtrusive ministry of healing. The tired nerves relax, the jangling, irritating voices of the city are no longer heard in the quiet of the hills.

It has seemed to me, on not a few occasions, that after leaving the city, with its hundred voices, its hundred demands upon mind and spirit, that the peace of the mountains is like the peace of God, which passeth understanding. The invigorating mountain air, fresh from the embrace of pines and balsams, rejuvenates mind, body, and soul, so that youth is renewed and one's spirits soar like the eagles. From my boat in the middle of a lake I have often watched the sun go down, until at last only the highest hills were crowned with light. Then the stars began to blaze out in the heavens, and the hush of night descended, and as I rowed homeward in the path of the arrow of light that still quivered upon the waters, I lifted up my eyes unto the mountains and felt like crying with the patriarch in the Genesis story, "Surely this is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven."

### **Mountains, and a Sense of the Presence of God, The**

It was not an accident that in the great crises of life Moses and Elijah and Jesus went up into a mountain to hold fellowship with God. The Highland Scotch are the world's mystics. The mountains teach them the mystery of life and reverence for the great Unseen Reality.

I can readily understand how a man, amid the greed, the passions, and the hurly-burly of the street, can even deny the existence of



God. The roar of the trains, the rustling of bank notes, the strident sounds of cars and radios deafen his ears to the divine voices. The newspapers, with their daily record of bloodshed and crime, of domestic infelicities, of automobile accidents, of wars and rumors of war, of bomb explosions, of people who are getting married and of people who are trying to get unmarried, of the high cost of living and the rising cost of high living—all this does not even suggest the idea of God.

We can all sympathize with the poet who wrote:

" I found Him in the shining of the stars;  
I marked Him in the flowering of the fields;  
But in His ways with men I found Him not—  
I waged His wars and now I pass and die."

But the mountains seem to say to us, " Be still and know that God is here." A man who can look at some mountain peak and say, " There is no God," is a man whose soul has committed suicide, and I am persuaded, that with all our materialism, there are few such men in the world.

### Mountain-Top Experiences, The Value of

The world is too much with us. The din of the multitude is continually sounding in our ears. The skyscrapers, and the smoke of a thousand mills and factories obstruct our vision of the Eternal. Even as we meet in the sanctuary we cannot, or do not, shut out the clamoring voices of the mart and the boulevard. Our souls are cumbered with many things. Meditation is becoming one of the lost arts. We find it almost impossible to be still and to remember that God is God. Our ways are feverish, and we miss the glow that shines upon the face of the man who has entered the secret place of the Most High and who abides under the shadow of the Almighty. There is no better way to escape the corrupting power of evil than to climb up to some spiritual elevation where we may enjoy fellowship with God.

I have read a story that came originally from an aviator, and aviation is still a new thing, and we still look up when we hear the sound of an engine in the sky. Handley Page tells us that when he was making his eastern flight, he and his companion descended at Kobar in Arabia. There a large rat, attracted doubtless by the smell of food, managed to get into the airplane. When they were in mid-air they discovered its presence by the sickening sound of gnawing behind them. They thought with horror of the damage that those

pitiless teeth might effect. What could they do to escape possible death? Mr. Page suddenly remembered that a rat is not made for high altitudes. So he determined to soar. He rose and rose until he himself found breathing difficult. He listened and to his delight the gnawing ceased. And when they got to earth they found the rat dead.

There are rats that undermine the foundations of character. These pests of the soul cannot survive in the high altitudes. If our lives are to become strong and victorious we must rise above the plains. We must ascend into the high mountains, where the spiritual atmosphere is clear and invigorating. God will meet us in the high places, and in the afterglow of that experience sin will not have dominion and power over us.

### Music, a Revelation of God

In speaking of his composition of the "Hallelujah Chorus," Handel said, "I saw all heaven open before me and the great God Himself." Hayden said, "When I was occupied with the 'Creation,' always before I sat down to the piano I prayed God with earnestness that He would enable me to praise Him worthily."

Music that has merely entertainment for its purpose should have no place in religious worship. A singer who has no higher motive than to charm the ears of those who listen has a wrong conception of the place of music in the Christian church. The song of the musicians should be consecrated to the service of God and humanity just as much as the sermon of the preacher. The soul expresses itself in song, and the soul that is filled with the presence of God can lift other souls into His presence.

"Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer."

### Name? What's in a

Among the notable men gathered at the funeral of Longfellow was Ralph Waldo Emerson. His memory was gone, but his mind was still clear enough for him to continue writing. He stood for a while looking down into the quiet dead face. His friends were wondering whether any real memories came as he stood there. At last he turned away, and those nearest him heard him say, "The gentleman we

have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I forget his name."

But, indeed, what's in a name? It is the sweet and beautiful soul that counts. Such a man never dies. Shakespeare is counted dead, but all modern literature is in debt to him. Huss, Wycliffe, and Luther have joined the immortal band, but history today is different because they lived. Roger Williams has long since passed to his eternal reward, but his ideals of liberty are a part of the Constitution of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was shot down in the hour that he was most sorely needed, but his gentle spirit moves on in our Republic. Wesley slumbers beside the City Road Chapel, but, as has been said, "His dead hand rings ten thousand Methodist church bells around the globe." William Booth has entered heaven, but his soul goes marching on in the work of the Salvation Army.

### Nation, Its Need of Religion, The

We are facing today an organized and venomous attack upon the very fundamentals of religion. Russia, like France in the Revolution, has embarked on a warfare against Christianity. In Germany the political rulers are demanding that the church either submit to the State, or close its doors. In the United States propaganda is being conducted against religion by the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism. The definite objective of this association is to destroy organized Christianity. It affirms that Christianity is the greatest obstacle to progress, that it is a refuge for weak souls which must be wiped out. Believing that what the colleges think today the man on the street will think tomorrow, the association is making a mighty effort to capture the faculties and students of colleges and universities. In its literature the association appeals to the desire of youth to be free from restraint. It teaches that the ideal of sexual purity is born of superstition, and that sexual desire should be gratified.

What would happen if this propaganda succeeded in America? We know what would happen. The Christian home, which for nearly two thousand years has taught lessons of love, self-sacrifice, and co-operation, would topple over, as it has toppled over in Russia. Flaming youth would make the flaming youth of today look like a sputtering candle. Men and women would argue that there is no God, no future life, no higher law than the law of appetite, and that they should live only for the tingling of the nerves, for life is short and tomorrow we die.

The nation needs religion, and the church is the one institution that is combating that atheistic propaganda and preserving for mankind the priceless gift of spiritual values. It proclaims the good news of God's love, that the universe is friendly, that while man in his body may be kin to the amœba and the jellyfish, he is the crown of creation, that he bears the imprint of the divine, and is not simply a curious by-product of a material evolutionary process. The only thing that can save our nation and the world from despair, anarchy and catastrophe, is the gospel that bears the name of Jesus Christ and of which the church is the custodian.

### Negro, Our Blood Brother, The

A story is told of a former member of the church of which I am the minister. He was a very prominent citizen of Chicago, once a mayor of the city, and in the 1850's and 1860's a champion of slavery. He delivered a series of lectures on the subject, "Slavery Approved by the Word of God." I found the record some years ago, while writing a history of Chicago and the Baptists, but no account of his speech. I can easily imagine, however, the line of argument. Probably he made some reference to Ham, the son of Noah upon whom God pronounced a curse, and to the descendants of Ham, the Negroes of today. Possibly he used the argument advanced by another champion of slavery, "Man is made in the image of God, and since God, as everyone knows, is not a Negro, it follows that a Negro is not a man."

Was Paul uttering a mere sentimentality, or expressing a biological truth when he said, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth"? According to our scientists, Paul was right when he declared that the unity of humanity is an indisputable fact. We may prove it chemically. It is easy for the chemist to distinguish the blood of men from the blood of beasts. But he cannot distinguish the blood of one race from that of another. White, black, and yellow men may differ as one star differeth from another star in glory, but, biologically, they are the same. We are all blood brothers.

### Negro, Education and the

The old South was an aristocracy, and it had small patience with the idea of education for either slaves or poor whites. Education was for gentlemen, and not for common folks. Even a little educa-

tion was considered a dangerous thing for the oppressed classes. It threatened the security of the dominant social group.

But there was no way to keep the light entirely out. It filtered in from various sources. The average slave owner was not the type represented in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That book was grossly unfair to the people of the South. It was propaganda, not unlike the propaganda that became so familiar during the Great War. Sympathetic preachers and kindly masters and mistresses passed on the rudiments of knowledge to a few favored slaves. With the end of the Civil War and the realization that freedom had come, the whole race started to school. The Bible was the great textbook. Freedom, education, and religion formed a new trinity.

The decline of illiteracy among the Negroes is not short of the phenomenal. Between 1865 and 1910 the rate dropped from ninety-five percent to thirty percent, and it has continued to decline to the present. In 1930 the rate had dropped to sixteen percent. Negroes today are found in our proudest universities, are taking degrees in medicine, law, and theology, and Negro names have become famous in athletic circles.

### Negro, and Social Equality, The

We may as well face the fact that the Negro has set before him the goal of social equality. If we put ourselves in his place we can hardly blame him for that. He has travelled a long distance in seventy-five years, but in my judgment the goal is still distant. Many of the finest Negro leaders recognize that fact, and are devoting their energies to preparing their people to reach that goal. Meanwhile, they counsel patience and moderation. In a book on the Negro which I recently read the author closes his discussion of racial antipathies with these noble words:

"In the situation in which we are thrown, let each of us, let the whole race, be constantly on guard against the loss of spiritual integrity. So long as we maintain that integrity we cannot be beaten down, not in a thousand years. For instance, we suffer the humiliation of Jim Crows, but we are not vitally injured so long as we are not Jim Crowed in soul. The pledge to myself which I have endeavored to keep through the greater part of my life is, 'I will not allow one prejudiced person or one million to blight my life. I will not allow prejudice, or any of its attendant humiliations and injustices, bear me down to spiritual defeat. My inner life is mine, and I shall defend and maintain its integrity against all the powers of hell.' " \*

\* *Negro Americans, What Now?* James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press.

As Christian men and women it is our duty to do everything in our power to make the lot of the Negro easier, happier, and more self-respecting. Our hands are not clean. We have exploited the Negro. We have not treated him as a brother. Perhaps we have allowed ourselves to become victims of mob hysteria. Let us remember that the important thing about a man is not the color of his skin but the quality of his life, and that in Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free, neither black nor white, neither Jew nor Gentile, but all one in Christ Jesus.

### **New Testament, The Mind of Christ and the**

To discover the mind of Christ we must employ the same methods that we employ to discover the mind of any great character in history. We discover the mind of Shakespeare by a study of the dramas and poems that bear his name. The mind of Lincoln is made plain to us by his speeches, the many biographies that have been written, and by a more subtle and intangible thing—the spirit that he left working in the life of our Republic.

It is true that Jesus, unlike Shakespeare and Lincoln, left no writings behind Him. Like Socrates, He wrote not upon parchments, but upon the minds of His disciples, and we are dependent upon the men who knew Him and followed Him and wrote their recollections of His life and teachings. In the New Testament we have a record of His life and a verbatim report of many of His most important sayings. In comparatively recent times the scientific method has been applied to these original sources of our knowledge of the life of our Lord. It was feared by some scholars that the historical method, which had played havoc with so many characters in history, would destroy the value of the New Testament record of Jesus. It is safe to say that no person in all history has been the subject of such exhaustive, unbiased, and brilliant criticism as the person of Jesus. Scholars representing every school of religious and philosophic thought have taken part in the work of criticism. Today the verdict is in, and it is the consensus that in the New Testament we have a trustworthy account of the life and teachings of Jesus, and of the early history of the religious movement that is identified with His name. As an original source it has stood the rigid test of the scientific method.

### **Optimism, Ostrich**

There is an ostrich optimism that consists in closing one's eyes to the ugly, seamy facts of human life. Emerson, the sage and phi-

osopher, with all his wisdom and vision, was a man who refused to look the sordid facts of life in the face. In one of his poems he writes:

"Let me go where'er I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still."

It is well to listen to the sky-born music, but the man who refuses to hear the discordant voices of sin and suffering is living in a fool's paradise.

The following story told of Emerson throws a most interesting side light on his character. He had been visiting Carlyle, that most dyspeptic of philosophers, and Carlyle had been terribly bored by the persistent optimism of Emerson.

"I thought [said Carlyle] that I would try to cure him, so I took him to the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him, saying, 'And noo, man, do you believe in the deevil noo?' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily.' Then I took him down to the House of Commons, where they put us under the gallery. Then I showed him one mon getting up after anither and leeing and leeing. Then I turned to him, and said, 'And noo, mon, do ye believe in the deevil noo?' He made the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair."

Ostrich optimism is simply a form of escape for a man who lacks the courage to face the hard, stubborn, ugly facts of human life. Like the bluebirds which the children in the fairy story caught in the Palace of Night, but which died as soon as they faced the sun, it is an optimism that will not survive the daylight.

### Optimism, the Secret of Victory

Pessimism never won a battle. Pessimism saps a man's stamina. Pessimism says, "What's the use?" and does nothing. Optimism is a working force. It gives us wings. In the darkest night it sees more clearly the shining stars. It keeps before us the vision splendid. Pessimism weeps in a corner. It carves lines on the face and puts a droop in the shoulder. Optimism fills the heart with joy. It is serene, buoyant, sunny. All the world loves an optimist. He is a rock in a weary land, a breath from the hills, a breeze from the sea. He leaves behind him a trail of smiling faces.

### Ordination Councils, the Strange Ways of

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" asked Jesus. And Peter said, "Yes." And Jesus said, "Feed my lambs." Jesus said the

second time, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" "Yes," said Peter. Then said our Lord, "Feed my sheep." Then said Jesus the third time, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" And Peter was grieved because the Lord said the third time, "Lovest thou me?" And he said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Said Jesus, "Feed my sheep."

Now all this sounds very unorthodox in the ears of people who have been in bondage to creeds and confessions. To make devotion to Christ and service to our fellow men the one condition of spiritual leadership certainly would not be accepted at any ordination council that I have ever attended.

Let us suppose that Simon Peter is appearing before a council of ministers called to examine him concerning his fitness to be numbered among the goodly company of ordained ministers. Someone, usually a doctor of divinity, is appointed to question the candidate. "First," says the questioner, "we will listen to our brother Simon Peter as he tells of his conversion and call to the ministry." I am of the opinion that Peter would probably pass this first examination, although there would be several brethren who would want to know the day and hour that Peter had experienced his change of heart, and would be rather insistent on some supernatural details concerning his call to the ministry. He would probably get into some hot water over his intellectual equipment. If he were not a graduate of some approved theological seminary, some strong opposition would develop. But his undoubted gift for public speaking, coupled with the fact that he was a married man, would be regarded as an extenuating circumstance and would swing the vote in his favor.

Having disposed of these two preliminary affairs, the council now turns to Peter's view of Christian doctrine, and here is where trouble awaits him at every question in the doctrinal quiz. After he has presented his statement of what he believes concerning God, Christ, sin, salvation, and eschatology, every member of the council is at liberty to hurl questions at him. And the men who can put catch questions to a nervous candidate which many of them are not able to answer themselves could not be counted on the fingers of both hands at any council I have ever attended. Some earnest brother wants information as to whether Jesus is coming before or after the millennium. Whatever answer he may give will be embarrassing for Simon Peter. A champion of the faith once delivered to the saints wishes to be enlightened on the doctrine of the Trinity, the substitutionary theory of the Atonement, the Virgin Birth, and evolution. So Simon Peter



does not escape such questions as, "Do you believe the Bible from cover to cover?" and "Do you stand foursquare in a belief in a personal devil and in the eternal torment of the damned?" Poor Simon Peter, I am sorry for you, for I, too, bear some ancient theological scars. The hope for Simon Peter is that the brethren may get into a theological battle among themselves and forget all about the candidate. That frequently happens, and when it does the candidate stands a good chance of slipping through the theological net cast to catch him.

### Paganism, Children and

We are told that when Greece was mistress of the world and Athens the center of all the world's activities, it was the custom of the sister republic, Sparta, to expose upon Mount Olympus any newborn baby that was likely to become a public charge.

There, on that mountain top, these unfortunate children were left until the elements and the vultures had killed them. But Sparta was not the only offender against the sanctity of childhood. There has come down to us a fragment of a letter that was written on June 17, one year before Christ, by Hilarion to his wife, Alis, concerning his own child, and concerning a baby about to be born to his daughter. He wrote:

"Many Greetings: Be not distressed if at the general coming in, I remain at Alexandria. I pray thee and beseech thee, take care of the little child, and as soon as we receive wages I will send them to thee. If it be a male child let it live. If it be a female expose it."

It was in that hard, pagan world, in which human life was at its lowest value that the Child was born. From that time civilization has marched slowly forward.

### Paganism in the Modern World

Jesus lived in the days of Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar. These emperors were absolute masters of men, having risen to their high positions by ruthlessly eliminating from their paths all possible rivals. It was an age of despotism, when the sign of greatness was the power to hold men in subjection and to master their souls.

The modern world has not outgrown the old pagan idea of lordship, with its exploitation of the weak, its exaltation of pride and magnificence, and its unbridled self-assertion. Men have superficially interpreted the facts of the physical order of the world and have de-

clared that the rule of life is a pitiless and ruthless struggle that knows no quarter.

Nietzsche was, perhaps, the frankest of all modern teachers in elaborating this new morality, which was based, as they claimed, on the law of nature. Christianity, as viewed by Nietzsche, had its

"origin in the successful uprising of the weak, the timid, the sinful, the despairing, the poor in heart, the ignorant, against the proud, the well-constituted, the learned, the beautiful, the noble. The lower types gained the ascendancy. Slave morality took the place of master morality. Christianity, by arresting the development of the stronger types, and fostering sympathy with, and encouraging the development of, the weaker types, interposed an obstacle to evolution and set back the tide of progress."

The great man, according to Nietzsche, is the man who has the abundant life, who has the will to power and a lofty contempt of the tame crowd, the weak and the inefficient, who treats woman as a chattel or a toy, and whose golden rule is summed up in the words, "What I do not wish that you would do to me I will do to you, if the opportunity serves." No one can study the times in which we live without finding a hundred illustrations of this modern paganism. The war which early paganism waged against Christianity is being waged by modern paganism against that same religion in Russia and in Germany today.

### Palm-Sunday Religion

Let us note the composition of a Palm-Sunday multitude and the quality of what I have called Palm-Sunday religion.

It was a mixed crowd. Galilean farmers were there with their wives and children. The Passover feast was the occasion of their annual visit to the big city. It combined religion, sight-seeing and shopping. In its purely material aspects it was somewhat like our annual fairs. When they got back to their little villages the people would have some rare stories to tell of the things they had seen in Jerusalem. Not so different from the stories that our visitors to Chicago tell when they get back to some little town in Missouri, or Minnesota, or Kansas. It is astonishing how much information can be picked up concerning the seamy side of a city by the casual visitor.

It was a holiday crowd, full of enthusiasm, and, quite by chance, they saw the popular idol of Galilee, Jesus of Nazareth, the healer, the prophet, and, according to some, the long-looked-for Messiah. At any rate, He was the favorite son, who could be used to impress the rather sophisticated citizens of metropolitan Jerusalem, who were

rather inclined to belittle Galileans as a lot of ignorant farmers and fishermen with a crude Galilean dialect that grated upon their fastidious ears. It was a light-hearted, good-natured crowd, keen for adventure, with all the Oriental love of display, noise, and the spectacular. Their religion was of the camp-meeting type, which expressed itself in singing and shouting. There was no serious purpose behind the noise, except on the part of certain revolutionists, members of what might be called the Soviet party of Palestine, who were ready to use any instrument by which they might bring down the mighty from their seats and exalt men of low degree. What that crowd needed was a saviour, but what they were satisfied with was a procession.

So they came to the city. It was really a rather impressive parade, this crowd of Galileans, with their shouting and singing and waving of palm branches. It made an impression upon Jerusalem. Matthew tells us, "All the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee." And the priests and the Pharisees said, "We will attend to your prophet a little later." And they did. Five days later were heard the shouts of a multitude, "Crucify him, crucify him. His blood be on us, and on our children." It has been said a thousand times that the crowd which one day shouted, "Hosanna!" to Jesus a few days later shouted, "Crucify him, crucify him." That is incorrect. It was a Galilean crowd that shouted, "Hosanna!" but a Jerusalem crowd that shouted, "Crucify him." They were a fickle folk, those Galileans; but not quite so fickle as that. They forsook Jesus in His hour of trial because they had a Palm-Sunday religion that balked at sacrifice. They could wave palm branches and shout, "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," but when things got a little thick, as they did on Good Friday, they dropped the palm branches and found imperative reasons why they should get back to the quiet and safety of the Galilean hills.

## Parents, Children and

The birth of a baby is more important to parents than the election of a president, the discovery of a new star or the winning of a pennant by the favorite baseball team. What delight to watch that newborn infant gurgling and dimpling in his basket, staring solemnly at a light; to see the first dawn of intelligence in his bright eyes; to view with anxious eyes his first little step, to listen to the patter of little feet all over the house. What a delight is the first word and

then, later, the questions, that, with all your wisdom you are not able to answer, the clever sayings, so clever that mothers and fathers, and especially grandmothers, are tempted to repeat them even to casual acquaintances. The bright sayings of little children sometimes seem almost as miraculous as some of the things you read in the Bible. And then the child grows up and starts to school, and sometimes the mothers cry because they feel that their baby is gone and that a new personage has arrived in his place. But what an event for the child. How proudly he struts off to school, with his shining face, clean for the time being. And, like Ulysses the Greek wanderer, what tales he has to tell on his return. What a joy to the parents as they watch him going on from strength to strength, through grammar school, high school, and, perhaps, college. And then a job and marriage, and the children scatter like last year's robins, to establish nests of their own.

Ah, you fathers and mothers, sitting in empty rooms that once resounded with the patter of little feet, merry laughter, and happy, and sometimes noisy voices, which disturbed your peace of mind, now in retrospect you realize that the happiest days of your lives were when your children were around you.

### Partnership, The Divine-Human

We are partners with God in the world of nature. God has written His thoughts in the universe and on the human soul, and when the scientist discovers and announces these thoughts, he is simply reading out what was already written. Kepler, the astronomer, after long and weary labor worked out a certain theory as to the movements of the planets. That theory was just the product of his own reasoning. Then he turned to the telescope to see whether the planets actually moved in the times and orbits that he had determined for them. And when he realized that the trigonometry of his own brain was also the trigonometry of the sky, he took his eyes from the glass and shouted out into the silence of the night, "Oh, God, I am reading thy thoughts after thee."

God, as it were, has turned man loose on the planet with the promise, "all things are yours, from the starlit dome to the crudest atom." He seems to say to man, "We are partners in converting the tangled wilderness into a garden, the desert into an Eden, the waste lands into thriving cities." Man drops a seed and goes his way and in some mysterious manner God touches the seed and causes it to germinate. He comes in the dew and rain and sunlight, and, lo,

as a result of man's labor, reinforced by God's mighty power, the barren field becomes rich with waving grain.

### Patience, The Difficulty in Learning the Lesson of

No lesson is so hard to learn as the lesson of patience. The kingdom of God does not come through a big crowd, a big noise, a big enthusiasm. It is rather like the mustard seed, which, by a process of unobtrusive growth, becomes a great tree, or like the leaven, which works silently, powerfully, until the whole mass is leavened. There are some preachers who have such erroneous ideas concerning the work of the church that unless they can have a sort of continuous Fourth of July celebration they think that true religion is dying out among the people. The triumph of spiritual ideas will never come through circus methods. God is never in a hurry and the reformer who expects to give the knockout blow to the particular evil he is fighting is preparing for himself some sore disappointment. Everything in life that is worth while takes time and patience and hard work.

### Peace, Not Stagnation

An English writer has given us a description of two pictures. He writes:

"I saw a picture in which the artist had tried to depict rest and it was nothing but quiet—a calm lake, a calm sky, calm fields, dead calm. There was a sort of graveyard rest in that, a sort of cemetery repose, but not a very attractive kind.

"I saw another picture in an art gallery in Florence, and the background of that picture was a storm at sea, as black a cloud as ink could make, and on that cloud forked flashing lightning, and I could almost hear the ring and peal of the thunder that came out of the cloud. And the waves of the sea were as high as though to reach even up toward the cloud—a picture of tempest and confusion. And there, in the foreground, was a cleft in the rock and in that cleft a dove on her nest, and that dove looked as if she had never heard a storm in her life; that dove looked as if she did not care for lightning or for wind, or for thunder, or for ocean wave."

That is a picture of real peace, rest in the midst of unrest; that is quiet in the midst of noise and turmoil. And that is the kind of rest that comes to the man whose mind is stayed on God. It is peace in the midst of the battle; it is peace in the midst of confusion. It is peace when everything about us seems to be going to wreck. It is peace in the midst of the earthquake. Elizabeth Browning knew of that peace when she exclaimed in the hour when death had bereft her:

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,  
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness His rest."

### Peace, The Secret of

The secret of peace is set forth by the prophet Isaiah in these words: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." The emphatic word is that word *stayed*. It means making God the center of our thinking and interpreting the problems of life in terms of God. Is it not true that a great deal of our unrest is due to the fact that we have no principle of life, no central force or person upon whom we are stayed? Life is continually taking us by surprise. It is like the fabled sphinx which hurls questions at us that we are not able to answer. Our minds and hearts are stayed on nothing. We have no clue to life, hence we stumble and flounder and are baffled and beaten by every new and hard experience.

Now the man whose mind is stayed on God escapes all that mental and moral dissipation. He has a solution of life's problems and experiences. He brings to bear upon all these questions the thought of God, with all that God means to him—God as power, God as Father, God as love, God as faithfulness. Such a man has discovered the secret of peace, the peace of God which passeth understanding.

### Pentecost, The Baptism of the Spirit of God and

The great need of the Christian Church is a new baptism of the Spirit of God. John Wesley once said that the movement called Methodism would last in power for a century or a century and a half on its original impulse from God. But, he added:

"Unless it then received a new vision from God, undertook a new and greater adventure with God and felt its life filled with new power from God, it would cease to be a primary and resistless force for redemption, becoming a conventional body, doing many useful and necessary things, but no longer hearing the sound of a mighty rushing wind, or seeing cloven tongues like fire setting upon the heads of its servants."

I am speaking one of the deepest convictions of my soul when I say that the greatest need of the Christian world today is a baptism of the Spirit of God. Many of us have lost the radiance of our religion. We give of our time, our energy, our talents, our money to the service of God almost grudgingly. Our deepest need is what John Wesley called an impulse from God, if we are to meet and solve the difficult problems of our day and generation. Oh, that we

might hear the sound of a mighty rushing wind and see cloven tongues as of fire, a Pentecostal baptism of enthusiasm and faith, of consecration and sacrificial giving. Oh, that we might have a new vision and a new impulse from God to inspire us with a new spirit of power, of adventure; to lead us not only to expect but to attempt great things for God.

### Pentecost, The Power of

Explain Pentecost. I cannot explain it. Even Luke, who had talked with men who had shared the experience of Pentecost, could not explain it. He finds it necessary to resort to similes. It was like a mighty rushing wind. It was like cloven tongues of fire. He finds no difficulty in describing the effects of Pentecost, just as the scientist, who, though baffled when you ask him what life is, what gravitation is, what germination is, finds no difficulty in depicting the effects of these natural forces. Pentecost transformed the church, converted cowards into heroes, filled men and women with joy unspeakable and stirred Jerusalem to the depths.

I think that at Pentecost God became real to men. Human life was flooded with the spirit of the Living God. Formerly they had thought of God as a far-off deity who, occasionally and for pedagogical purposes, revealed Himself to prophets and sages and holy men in dreams, in visions, and by the spoken word. But at Pentecost God came into the lives of common folks and came to abide there forever. This is the heart of Christianity. Not only God in Christ but God in the lives of the followers of Christ. This new religion must of necessity express itself in intellectual formulas, but in essence religion is fellowship and communion with God.

### Personality, The Mystery of

I am myself, and there is no other person exactly like me. That is not a boast, for I often wish that I were someone other than I am. Spurgeon, in illustrating individual responsibility, once said in his homely phrase, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," and there are no two tubs that are built after the same pattern. Urban life has done much to standardize human beings, but, even so, no two persons, not even twins, are exactly alike. Two children born of the same mother, playing in the same nursery, reading the same books, eating the same food, develop gifts of intellect and character that are exactly opposite. The poet has said:

" You may grind them in the self-same mill,  
You may bind them heart and brow;  
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,  
And the other will follow the plow."

Personality is still a mystery, and the efforts of biologists and psychologists to explain only add to that mystery. For example, Einstein is reported to have said to a correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post* that his own career "was undoubtedly determined not by his own will, but by various factors over which he had no control, primarily those mysterious glands in which nature prepares the very essence of life, our internal secretions." To say that internal secretions are responsible for the poetic genius of a Shakespeare, the scientific skill of a Darwin, the loving heart of a Florence Nightingale is only adding another mystery to a thing that is sufficiently mysterious in itself. The worst feature of it all is that it does away with any real sense of moral responsibility. The bandit, the thug, and the murderer, according to that explanation of personality, are to be pitied, not blamed. They were just unfortunate in the quality of their internal secretions. Given a different kind of secretion and they might have been numbered among the saints of the earth.

### Personality, The Things of the World and

The important things about a man are not the perishable, passing things he has accumulated, but the use he has made of things to minister to the development of his own personality and the welfare of other lives. Jesus once said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" In this luxurious, enervating, hothouse world in which we live the soul may easily be smothered. You have got to fight today to keep your soul. You have got to climb the high mountain, where the air is fresh and invigorating. The people on the plain prefer the golden calf. Only those who are sincere and passionate, who have the will to clamber up the high hill will find their souls.

### Peter, The Shadow of

The greatness of a man may be determined by the length and quality of his shadow. One of the oldest of the sayings that have come down to us is the saying, "May your shadow never grow less." There are some men whose personalities have been so unusual and their achievements so extraordinary that their shadows have extended throughout the whole world. There are shadows baleful and there



are shadows beneficent. A malignant man may cast a shadow as long as the shadow of a saint. Judas flings a shadow as well as John.

There was no man in Jerusalem in the first century whose shadow was so impressive as that of the Apostle Peter. The rise of Peter from a fisherman's hut on the shore of the Sea of Galilee to a place of leadership in the Christian Church and finally three hundred years later as the Keeper of the Keys and the head of a great ecclesiastical organization is the story of a lengthening shadow.

### Pew-Holding, The Religion of

One heresy that has prevailed in every age of the church has been the divorcement of the mountain-top religion from the throbbing life of the valley. The pious church official who figures prominently at all religious functions, who can quote Scripture as glibly, and pray as fervently as any preacher, but who is known among his business associates as a man with the commercial ethics of a pirate and by his employees as a man who grinds them down to the last dollar and who will throw them out on the scrap heap when they are no longer able to render the most efficient service, has been a very familiar figure in every period of the Christian Church. He has what Emerson called a religion of pew-holding. The deity he serves is a God of sacred places, of sacred seasons, a God of the hills but not a God of the valleys. In my judgment such a religion is a false religion, such a piety is a sham piety, and such a man does more to injure the cause of real religion than the greatest drunkard who reels through the streets, or the most blasphemous atheist who fills the air with curses against all sacred things.

God is the God of the hills, but He is also the God of the valleys. His rule extends over Monday as well as over Sunday, over your business as well as over your creed, over your pleasures as well as over your prayers, over the wages you pay to your clerks as well as over your subscriptions to home and foreign missions, over the way you talk to your wife as well as over the way you talk to your God, over the vote you cast for mayor of the city as well as over the man you call to be your minister, over what you think concerning the legalized liquor traffic as well as over what you think concerning the doctrine of the Trinity.

### Pharisee, The Modern

The Pharisees as a religious sect have long since ceased to exist,

but the spirit of Pharisaism still flourishes. It protrudes its unlovely head in many congregations, and clamors for greetings in the market places and from the chief seats in the synagogues. I have met the Pharisee in ministerial associations and have had more than a bowing acquaintance with him on the official boards of church organization. It needs no Sherlock Holmes to detect the presence of a Pharisee. He may disguise himself as a preacher of the gospel, a deacon, a trustee, or a leading man of the congregation; but the signs are manifest. "He trusts in himself that he is righteous and despises others." He is likely to have a poor opinion of the piety of his pastor and of the intelligence of his congregation. He complains of the low spiritual ideals of those who are connected with him in Christian work. He is dictatorial, overbearing, harsh in his judgment, and akin to those who stood up in the temple and prayed, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." He puts the emphasis on the mere externals of religion, church-going, tithe-giving, and adherence to orthodox beliefs, but omits the weightier matters of love, mercy, kindness, and the humility of spirit which causes him to esteem others better than himself and to forget that charity covereth a multitude of sins.

The spirit of Pharisaism is not confined within the limits of church organizations. It is to be found among all sorts and conditions of men. The man, who with an air of lofty self-complacency tells you, "I do not feel the need of anything the church may offer," is a Pharisee. The man who says, "The church has outlived its usefulness, its creed is shopworn, its members are hypocrites or worse," is a Pharisee of the first water. All snobs are Pharisees. Aristocracy is a form of Pharisaism. National self-conceit is Pharisaism. Wherever you find the spirit that expresses itself in the prayer, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," there you have a revelation of the spirit of Pharisaism.

### Philosophy of Life, The Value of a

"It is more important," said William James, "to know your lodger's philosophy of life than to know his bank account." Happiness does not depend upon circumstances. It depends upon ourselves. Blake, the painter poet, lived in two rooms in perfect contentment, and said to the world, "Leave me alone. Leave me to my visions and peace." And Paul, in a dungeon, facing continually the axe of the executioner, cried out, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be content." There is a little episode in H. G. Wells's book, *The*

*Food of the Gods*, that has an application. The children of the Flood have become giants, eight times the stature of mankind, and with a corresponding intellectual and spiritual development. One of them wanders into London, where, astonished at the mass of busy, crawling humanity, he asks, "What are you here for, you little people? What are you here for, anyway?"

A great many people are unhappy and discontented because they have no answer to the question, "What are you here for?" Their lives are futile and they rush from pillar to post and from post to pillar, without knowing what it's all about. That is especially true of what is sometimes called the leisure class, and also of a large group of people who, having lost the faith of their childhood, have found no adequate philosophy of life to take its place.

### Pilate's Wife, The Dream of

In a drama I once wrote, entitled "*Redemption*," is an imaginary dialogue between Pilate and Claudia, his wife, as follows:

Pilate: This is no world for such a dreamer as the gentle Nazarene. I tried to save Him, but He would not save Himself. I must put Him out of my mind, for His face and His words trouble me.

Claudia: You will never be able to put Him out of your mind. The thing you have done today has unloosed strange forces that will continue to operate when this proud Roman world is but a memory. The Galilean is greater than you, greater than Cæsar, greater than all the might and power of Rome. I know, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream concerning Him, and there have been revealed to me visions of what shall be.

Pilate: Dreams are but morbid creatures of the night, signifying nothing. But tell me, what hast thou dreamed?

Claudia: In my dream I seemed to be in a strange country, among a strange people. In some way I knew that the Nazarene had been foully put to death. You were no longer governor of Judea. You had been recalled to Rome, degraded, stripped of your honors, and exiled to the country of the Barbarians. You talked continually of the Nazarene and kept washing your hands, crying out, "I am innocent of His blood." Then—O Pilate, how shall I tell thee? The horror of it overwhelms me. In my dream I saw thee huddled, a dismal heap, on the floor—dead—killed by thine own hand. I started from my sleep, crying out in my agony of soul.

But once more deep sleep fell upon me and once again I dreamed. I seemed to be standing with a group of men and women in the great amphitheater in Rome. Thousands upon thousands of people looked down upon us and shouted, "To the lions! To the lions!" Some fine ecstasy thrilled my soul. I knew that the Nazarene who was dead was alive for evermore. I knew that He was the Son of God and that in some mysterious way He had become my Saviour. I knew that I had already labored and suffered for Him and that my name had been inscribed in one of the sacred books written by the great apostle. I was not

afraid. This was the hour of my triumph and of those that were with me. I saw the hungry lions leaping toward us, but high above the shouts of the multitude and the roaring of the lions rose our hymn of adoration and thanksgiving to the Nazarene who had washed us of our sins with His own precious blood. I felt the hot breath of the lion as he pounced for his prey, but when he struck me I awakened out of my dream.

It was then that I wrote you and sent the letter, saying, Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered this day many things in a dream concerning Him.

Pilate: It was but a dream—a mad dream, begotten of thy superstitious fears. And yet it troubles me. Blood, blood,—redemption by blood! Thy blood, and my blood, and the blood of the man who is now stretched upon the cross in the place of the skull!

### Pilgrim Spirit, The

The Pilgrim spirit was a spirit of faith in the unseen and the eternal. The world of the spirit was more real to the Pilgrims than the world of material values. They were courageous men, who sailed out into the infinite. God and the soul, the soul and its God—these are the things, and, in the last analysis, the only things that give value and dignity and beauty to human life. The Pilgrims came, not like later adventurers to dig gold from the hills, but to find a place where, free from outside interference, they might develop in their own lives and in their descendants' lives the heavenly treasure which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. As was said by President Angell of Yale in an article published in the *Outlook* some years ago, "The heroic venture of the Pilgrims into the unknown wilderness, across a wintry sea, will always stand as one of the immortal landmarks in the onward march of the human soul, an enduring proof of the unconquerable power of complete moral and religious devotion."

### Pilgrim Spirit Worth Preserving, The

The Pilgrim spirit is an intangible thing that cannot be computed in material terms, but surely it is one of our most precious possessions. It is said of John Wesley that when he died, though during his life he had handled thousands of pounds, he left nothing except two old spoons in London, two old spoons in Bristol, a battered silver teapot, and the Methodist Church. Well, you will agree with me that the Methodist Church was a rather valuable asset to leave behind. It has been a going concern ever since. The Pilgrims, like John Wesley, left few things of material value, but they bequeathed to their posterity a spirit that was to leave its imprint upon our religious, so-

cial, and political institutions. The Pilgrims believed in the sanctity of human life and in the majesty of law, divine and human. They never put rights above duties. Conscience was the voice of God in their souls, and for the sake of conscience they were prepared to sacrifice even life itself. They never confused moral and economic values. They sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Character was first and material things second. They were an austere folk, and their domestic life may have had in it the chill of October winds, but at least it was pure and secure. They were lacking in a sense of the beautiful in art and literature, but to them virtue was altogether lovely, and they prostrated their souls in worship of the Lord in the beauty of holiness. The Pilgrim spirit is worth preserving.

### Poverty, Causes of

The causes of poverty are so many and complex that it is difficult even for the specialist to state dogmatically what causes lead to certain evil results. I have learned that you cannot always rely on the evidence of statistics. I have heard of a clergyman who once undertook to prove to a friend that the world is fast being delivered from evil. In support of his contention he quoted statistics furnished by church authorities, to the effect that church membership is increasing every year. On being shown by his friend that, according to criminologists, prison inmates are increasing even more rapidly—at a rate twice that of the population—the good man feelingly exclaimed, “Good heavens, if this thing keeps up for another decade or two everybody will be a church member and everybody will be in prison.”

We learn from statistics that unemployment is responsible for a great deal of poverty. But unemployment may be due, in part, to drinking habits or to inefficiency. Without wasting any time in considering a certain type of pious people who dismiss the whole problem with the sanctimonious reminder of the passage from Scripture, “The poor ye have always with you,” and the pompous ass who waves you aside by telling you that it is dirt, drink, and the devil that cause all the evils of the poor, it can be stated that the twenty or more principal causes of poverty usually given can really be summed up under two heads, defective character and wrong social conditions.

### Poverty, Children and

One of the most awful effects of poverty is that its burden presses

most heavily upon the little children in the homes of the poor. We can face the fact of hungry men and women, but the wail of a hungry child is the most pathetic cry that comes up to the throne of God. I need not say that there is a very close connection between poverty and a high death rate. Do you know that it has been established from surveys that babies whose fathers earned less than ten dollars per week died during the first year at the appalling rate of two hundred and fifty-six per thousand? On the other hand, those whose fathers earned twenty-five dollars per week died at the rate of only eighty-four per thousand. The babies of the poor died at three times the rate of those who were in fairly comfortable circumstances.

In my first pastorate I discovered that death took a terrible toll of the children of the tenements. One of the first things that made me rebel against our present social order was the slaughter of the babies. I, as a minister, was expected to tell heartbroken fathers and mothers that God had taken their children, that they were better off, that they must be submissive to the Divine will, while down in my heart I knew that it was not the will of God that any of these little ones should perish, that it was insufficient food, bad housing conditions, ignorance of the laws of health and sanitation that had killed their frail bodies and rushed them to an untimely grave.

### Poverty, The Ideals of Christianity and

The ideals of Christianity compel the church to stand, as did the ancient Hebrew prophets, as the champions of the poor and the oppressed. No one can read the gospels without being convinced that Jesus was interested not only in the spiritual but also the material welfare of the people He had come to save. So highly did He exalt service as the test of a religious life that in His vivid picture of the judgment day He arrays as blessed those who performed their social duties and as accursed those who neglected their social duties. It is not dogma nor ritual nor ecclesiasticism that counts at the great assize, but loving service for the poor, the diseased, the outcast.

The first thing for the Christian to see is that there is a wrong to be righted. Do you know what it was that caused Lord Shaftesbury of imperishable memory to make a resolution to devote his life to the amelioration of conditions among the poor in England? The circumstance was the carrying of a coffin down a hill by four drunken men who spilt their pathetic burden at his feet. He dreamed his dream, and the result was some golden clauses in the statute books of England. If Lord Shaftesbury was started on his great reform

work through an incident connected with a pauper funeral service, surely the fact that in New York, the richest city in the world, one out of every twelve people who die is buried at the expense of the city in the potter's field or turned over to a hospital for dissection ought to stir our souls with a passion to right a wrong. If we can view unmoved that sad procession of humanity to nameless graves, and say without compunction:

"Rattle his bones over the stones,  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns,"

it is a clear evidence that we have never caught the spirit of Jesus.

### Poverty? Is There Any Need for

There are some who dismiss all sense of responsibility for the hungry masses on the ground that there is not enough bread to feed all the people sitting at the world's dining table. Poverty is, therefore, a shrewd device of Mother Nature to limit the human family and to cut down the physically and morally unfit. All remedial measures are foredoomed to be failures, and we may as well accept the inevitable, The poor we shall always have with us.

There is just one objection to this heartless and hopeless philosophy. It is not true. There is bread enough and to spare. The world produces more than is sufficient to satisfy the material needs of all the members of the human family. In hard times, when millions of people are living on short rations, there are food enough and clothing enough and fuel enough to provide for all. Indeed, it is overproduction that is often the occasion of what is called hard times. The mills close down because the market is glutted with goods, and, as a consequence, thousands are thrown out of employment and become unable to buy the very things whose abundance has made it impossible for them to continue as wage earners. The real problem of society today is not production, but distribution. It is the problem of equalizing opportunity, of securing a more equitable distribution of the goods produced by society, of making it impossible for a small group of men to hold the choice things of the earth and live in luxury while millions are without the necessities. In short, it is the problem of social justice.

### Poverty, The Fact of Solidarity and

Christianity, in facing the problem of poverty, must put new emphasis on that great principle which the apostle expressed in the

words, "We are members one of another," and "If one member suffer all suffer." Science has coined a word to define this New Testament teaching. It is the word *solidarity*. We have discovered that society is a unit, that a plague spot on any part of the social body must affect every member of that body. You live in the fine residential section of the city. Your children are strong, well-nourished, and happy. You say, "Yes, there is a dreadful section of the city given over to vice and poverty. I have never been there, and I never permit my family to go there." It is not necessary that you should go there. The slums will come to you and wreak upon you the vengeance of neglected people. Do you not know that ten thousand feet are continually passing back and forth between the city of life and the city of death? Do you not know that flies can carry a disease originating in the slums to the people of the boulevards? Do you not know that the poison of legalized vice will be diffused throughout every part of the social body? In the modern world you cannot have a people half slave and half free. You cannot keep thirty-five percent of the people of the United States down in the pit without remaining in the pit with them. Thank God, the soul of the universe is just, and no class in society can be exploited without the other class sharing in the suffering.

### Power, Money Means

Things are rarely an end in themselves, but a means for the gratification of the urge for experience, sensation, and the perpetuation and enlargement of life. Money is a sort of symbol of our present-day civilization, because money means life and power. In "Society," an English drama by Tom Robertson, Mr. Chodd, a young man of great wealth, is conversing with Sidney, a young man of fine ideals but little wealth. Both are in love with Maud, the heroine of the drama. Mr. Chodd, who is extremely well-satisfied with himself and his position as a man of wealth, says to Sidney: "My friend, capital commands the world. The capitalist commands the capital." Sidney, who has ideals, but little money, answers, "But you don't quite command the world, do you?" "Yes," answered Chodd, "practically, I do. I wish for the highest honors—I bring out my check book. I wish to go into the House of Commons—check book. I want the best legal opinion in the House of Lords—check book; the best house—check book; the best turnout—check book; the best friends, the best wife, the best trained children—check book, check book, check book!"



### Prayer, Erroneous Ideas of

The popular conception of prayer is that we should expect an immediate and favorable answer, failing which we have the right to complain. Reference has recently been made to a book in which the author exposes what he calls "the pathetic fallacy of Christianity." One of his points is that he prayed for years and nothing happened. Hence the conclusion that there is nothing in prayer. It is my conviction that if a man prays earnestly, unselfishly, sincerely, that things are bound to happen. Prayer works, but it works in the realm of the spirit rather than in the realm of the physical. When Jesus prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered. Outward circumstance remained the same, but the soul of Jesus was transformed and the shining face was the index of what fellowship with God can do for man.

### Prayer, The Reign of Law and

I have listened with sympathy, and sometimes with a certain degree of skepticism, to people who have related astonishing stories of answers to prayer in the physical realm. I have a book, written many years ago, entitled, *Touching Answers to Prayer*. It is a book of marvels written by a clergyman. He relates stories of how the physical laws of the universe were suspended or broken in order that God might answer some prayer of faith. The evidence offered for the truth of some of these stories does not seem to me to be very conclusive. I do not say that such astounding answers to prayer have never happened. God forbid that I should put any limitation upon the power of Almighty God.

But I do know that we live in a universe of law and order; that everything that happens has some cause, that the law which operates in the atom is the same law that operates in the star that can be seen only by the powerful telescope of the astronomer. I know that magic which played such a large part in ancient science and ancient religions has disappeared. On the whole, it is a universe that promotes human progress and human initiative. If prayer could change or suspend physical laws, it would introduce confusion and disorder into the universe. A germ that settles in the throat of a faith healer multiplies as rapidly as a germ that settles in the throat of a Presbyterian. Germs are no respecters of persons. I may cherish some optimistic beliefs concerning the illusion of matter, but if I fall from a skyscraper, or am in an automobile collision, something happens to my bones and vital organs.

Prayer does not change the operation of the law of gravitation, of heat, of electricity. As a reasonable being, I must accept the universe. I must accept the laws of the universe. I must not demand that God shall change His laws and the circumstances that surround me to promote my own personal welfare.

### Prayer, The Transforming Power of

Prayer transforms human life. The men who have been able to achieve great things have been men of prayer. Doubt and worry and discouragement confuse the soul and paralyze its efforts. Prayer nerves the soul for the conflicts of life. I think of General Gordon. It is said that when he was travelling among dangerous African tribes and was in constant peril of having his small force annihilated it was his custom to begin each day with a period of prayer in his tent. He would ask God's guidance for the day's affairs. He said afterwards, "I prayed my boats up the Nile." His prayers did not change the temper of the savage tribes, did not destroy the poison of venomous serpents, did not act as an antidote to the fevers and diseases that afflicted both him and his company. But prayer gave him a serenity of soul, a clarity of vision, an indomitable spirit that enabled him to conquer the evil circumstances that beset him. Prayer will do that for all of us, and only prayer will do it.

### Prayers, Unanswered

It might seem from a superficial reading of the Scriptures that to get anything we need only to ask God for it. There is much loose thinking on the subject of prayer, and the results have not always been happy. The practical experiences in connection with prayer are often very disconcerting. Robertson of Brighton, the great English preacher, makes this interesting confession, "I remember, when a very young boy, going out shooting with my father and praying, as often as the dogs came to a point, that he might kill the bird. As he did not always do this, and as sometimes there would occur false points, my heart got bewildered. I believe I began to doubt the efficacy of prayer." Frederick Douglass said that in the days of his slavery he used often to pray for freedom, but that his prayer was not answered until it got down in his own heels and he ran away.

Not only is there this practical experience, but the Bible itself is full of unanswered prayers. Read the Psalms and you will find how men wrestled with this problem of unanswered prayers. We can all sympathize with one of the psalmists when he cried, "O my God, I

cry in the daytime, but thou answerest not; and in the night season, and am not silent." Moses prayed to enter the Promised Land but he died in bitterness of soul on Mount Nebo. Paul prayed that the thorn in his flesh, a messenger of Satan, might be removed, but it remained with him. Jesus prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane that the cup might pass, but He drank it to the bitter dregs. Job, on the ash heap, baffled and heartsick over the puzzle of sorrow, exclaimed, "I cry unto thee and thou dost not answer me: I stand up, and thou gazest at me." It calls up a picture that is painfully familiar to many of us. In some great crisis of life we besiege the throne of grace with our petitions, but the heavens are as brass and not a ray of light breaks through the darkness that has overwhelmed us.

### Prayer? What Is

There is a great difference between praying and saying prayers. Little Anne of *Green Gables* belonged to a very large class of people when she took credit to herself for thinking out a prayer as long as a minister's, and as poetical, but she was true to the highest conception of prayer when she said to her guardian, "If I really wanted to pray, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd go out into a great field all alone, or into the deep, deep woods and I'd look up into the sky—up, up, up into that lovely blue sky that looks as if there is no end to the blueness. And then I'd just feel a prayer."

Prayer is the unstripping, the baring of a soul to God. It is the communion of the finite with the infinite, the child with the father. It is man, baffled by the strange contradictions and mysteries of life, seeking to discover a key to the problems. It is man, soiled by the mire of earth, seeking cleansing in the fountain of God's purity. It is man, groping in a dark cavern, seeking illumination from God. It is man, shut up in the prison of material things, lifting his eyes to heaven for deliverance. It is man, broken on the wheel of life, crying to God for strength and courage to renew the struggle.

### Prejudice, Breaking Down

The great city, with its clash of races, nationalities, creeds and colors, presents a difficult problem in comity. Somehow, we have got to learn to live together as Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, whites and blacks, in peace and harmony.

A professional visitor found a young married woman, a Russian Jewess, living in a quarter largely inhabited by Gentiles. The girl was desperately lonely and about to become a mother. The visitor

advised her in case of sudden need to get one of her neighbors to telephone for help. "There isn't anyone to call," she answered. "All the people who live around here are Christians."

I do not like to think that that story is typical. I prefer the story told by Doctor Holt of the Chicago Theological Seminary. He said that one of the passengers on the ship on which he was returning from Germany after the World War was an old Jew who had just been rescued by his son from the turmoil in southern Russia. The old man had been living in a community where they had herded the Jews together in their synagogues and then set fire to them. He had endured the terrible privations of the revolutionary period. He became an object of great interest to all who were on board the ship, and many kind deeds were performed on his behalf by people of every faith. "One day," said Doctor Holt, "some of us saw the old fellow sitting on a bench on the ship's deck with the tears streaming down his cheeks. We called his son, because the old man could not understand our language, and asked him what was the trouble. After talking with his father for a moment, the son said, 'This is the first time that father has ever seen a Christian do a good turn to a Jew. He is weeping for joy because he is going to America.'"

It is that spirit of tolerance, of sympathetic understanding, that will break down the cruel walls that divide men of different classes, religions, and nationalities.

### Prejudice Against the Jew

I never had to contend against any Jewish prejudices, perhaps because my youth and early manhood were spent in a city in which there were not more than fifty or sixty Jews out of a population of fifty thousand people. I have no prejudice today. No Jew ever cheated me, insulted me, or has been overbearing with me. I wish I could say the same of all Gentiles I have known. There is a Jewish synagogue across the street from where I live, and another half a block away. I have learned the faces of many of the congregation and am on speaking terms with not a few. They often talk to me about the weather, the New Deal, and why it is hard to grow grass in my neighborhood. I often hear them singing the Psalms of David as I water my lawn in the early morning. For ten years I have seen an old woman, who is bent nearly double, hobbling to the synagogue. I think that, like the Psalmist, she is glad when they say unto her, "Let us go to the House of the Lord." Some day I am going to put her in a book, for I have imagined many things concerning her. The

synagogue across the street is orthodox. Many of the men have whiskers, and the women wear shawls, and there are no cars parked on the Sabbath day, for these people still remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The tunes of their songs sound weird to me. Perhaps they are the same tunes their ancestors sang when they hanged their hearts on the willows by the rivers of Babylon. No, I have no prejudice against Jews, for I think that under their skins they are people not so different from you and me.

Prejudice is an evil thing, and the Jew has been the unfortunate victim of much prejudice; his blood has been poured out, his property destroyed, and his women outraged in a hundred ghettos of the Old World. Even in this land of freedom he is ostracized in our society, black-balled in our clubs, debarred from college fraternities, and his presence forbidden in summer resorts by that ominous sign, "Gentiles Only"—a sign I never read without my emotions being stirred.

### Prejudice, Sources of

Professor Harry Elmer Barnes is of the opinion that prejudices are due to the fact that man is a timid animal and also a lazy animal. His fear and his indolence are the two outstanding causes of prejudice. We tend to accept and get joy out of the things that are like us and agree with us, and to be hostile to that which differs from us.

I think all that is true. Prejudices often spring from trivial causes. We may form a dislike of a person because he parts his hair in the middle, or wears spats, or because we don't like the color of his eyes or the shape of his nose. General Frederick Maurice once told a group of American students of Cambridge University that during the war he had found American soldiers definitely at odds with English soldiers, because, as one chap expressed it, "Them fellers drink tea."

### Problem? What Is a

G. K. Chesterton has reminded us in one of his essays that one of the oddest things about advanced people is that while they are always talking of things as problems, they hardly have any notion of what a problem is. A real problem occurs only when there are disadvantages in all courses that can be pursued. If it is discovered just before a fashionable wedding that the bishop is locked up in the coal cellar, that is not a problem. It is obvious to anyone that the bishop must be let out of the coal cellar. But suppose the bishop had been locked up in the wine cellar and it is discovered that he has

indiscreetly tested the vintages around him, then, indeed, we may properly say a problem has arisen, for, on the one hand, it is awkward to keep the wedding waiting, while, on the other, any hasty opening of the door may mean an episcopal rush and an unfortunate scene.

### Progress, Human Betterment and Material

We must be careful not to confound material progress with moral betterment. In the natural sciences, physics, chemistry, and biology, we have witnessed wonderful progress. Tremendous advances have been made in transportation and methods of illumination, and ten thousand new inventions of labor saving machinery are ours. Certainly, the world of today is almost a new world as compared with the world of one hundred years ago. In 1833 pioneers came to the Middle West from New England by canal boats, sailing vessels, on horseback, and in covered wagons. Today they come in Pullman cars, automobiles, and airplanes. But it would be a very rash man who would assert that the people who use these modern methods of transportation are any better than the pioneers.

On the contrary, the machine we build with our own hands may destroy us. We can look abroad today and see that men are employing their inventive genius to the utmost to develop devilish devices to destroy each other. Airplanes are used to slaughter helpless civilians—men, women, and children; submarines and magnetic mines sink defenseless neutral ships, sending to the bottom cargoes of food and supplies destined for countries that have nothing to do with the war. Fire-breathing tanks move on tractors that were designed for agricultural use. Chemicals harmless in themselves have been combined to make gases that sear men's lungs and destroy the very vegetation. Whole populations have been uprooted from the soil and turned out of their homes by mechanical genius bent on wiping out all that has gone into the making of civilization. Not only that, we have manufactured machines that destroy labor, and man is paying in thousands of lives a day for his desire for speed, ever more speed. We seem as helpless as Frankenstein before the monster of his own creation. Self-destruction rather than self-preservation seems to have become the first law of nature.

This may seem like extravagant language, but there are many facts in connection with modern machinery that are menacing and terrifying. Human faith will never be redeemed by machinery, and the return of faith will never be hastened by the return of prosperity.

## Progress, Sanitation and

There is a very close connection between sanitation and progress. In my early ministry, which was among the very poor, there was rarely a summer that I was not called upon to officiate at funeral services for babies, who died like flies in the tenements, and for strong men and women who had been stricken with typhoid fever. Again and again, I have gone into homes and poured out my heart in prayer to God to save the lives of these little children and of these strong men and women. My prayers were not answered. In the eighteen years that I have been a minister in Chicago I have attended the funerals of hundreds of people. To the best of my knowledge, I have never attended the funeral of any baby who had died of cholera infantum, or of any man or woman who had died of typhoid fever. Is it because the people of this city are more highly regarded by the Deity than the people who lived in the city of my early ministry? Certainly not. It is because we have learned the value of pure water, clean milk, good housing, and because medical science has discovered better methods of prevention and cure.

Once an epidemic was regarded as a visitation of God. Prayers were offered to the Virgin Mary, to the Saints and to Christ. Money was paid to the priest for special prayers. Today we call in not a priest but a physician; we visit not a shrine but a hospital, where every week miracles of healing are being performed—the lame made to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear. Every year sees a lower death rate. Epidemics no longer carry off thousands of people. We owe all this to that spirit of progress which God has implanted in the human soul, and which some day will banish pain and disease from an afflicted world.

## Promises, Broken

Among some old papers I picked up recently was a pledge signed by a man who came to me seeking help. It read like this: "With the help of Almighty God I hereby promise that I will never again touch a drop of intoxicating liquor." I happen to know that before the ink was scarcely dry on that pledge he was reeling home in a beastly state of intoxication to a heartbroken wife who was awaiting his coming. Two years later I officiated at his funeral. He had been killed by drink.

If there are angels around the throne of God, I think they must sometimes shed tears over the shattered promises that ascend daily from the lips of a great multitude. How many times have you said,

"I am going to do better"? You began to promise when you were but a boy in your teens, and now your hair is grey and your face is lined and the spring of life is gone, and you are still saying, "God help me, I am going to turn over a new leaf." God is willing to help you, but you haven't the grit and the self-sacrifice to help yourself.

### Propaganda, How Shall We Meet It? Radical

In meeting the menace of radicalism we must not resort to unconstitutional methods. Even if they are abused, nothing must be done to curb the rights of free speech, a free press, and the right of peaceable assembly. If, in a panic of fear, we apply Soviet and some European methods of repression, intimidation, and violence, the only effect will be to increase the number of radicals and to intensify their radicalism. American ideals of democracy must be taught to those whose only idea of government is government by autocracy. They must be shown that in a democracy political power is in their hands, and that the cure of social evils lies in the Constitution.

### Protestantism in Great Cities, The Decline of

The church in a great city is in constant peril. It is in a continual struggle for its very life and it is almost literally true that it stands in jeopardy every hour. Some of the difficulties it must confront are inherent in its own frailty, others are due to the instability of a changing community and the rushing currents of urban life. According to the estimates of experts who have conducted surveys in cities like Chicago and New York, a very large proportion of churches, as high as one-fourth, have actually ceased to exist, while an equal number continue to live precariously. This is not altogether due to the materialistic temper of our age, nor to the influence of motion pictures, the automobile, and the radio in weaning people away from regular church attendance. According to Doctor Paul Douglas, in his book, *A Thousand City Churches*, there are, relatively speaking, fewer Protestants in urban population now than formerly. "The rapid growth of American cities," he says, "has been from non-Protestant sources, and Protestantism now constitutes a smaller fraction of the total than it once did."

The high hazard of the urban church makes the task of building up a membership a thrilling adventure of faith. It calls for a high heart, a fighting spirit, infinite patience, and the will to experiment—the will to try new tools when the old tools fail to work. Emerson once said, "If we can write a better book, preach a better sermon,



or make a better mouse trap than our neighbors, the world will make a beaten path to our doors, even though we build a house in the woods." A church that is a little more efficient, a little more consecrated, a little more loyal to Christ and His gospel than its neighbors can, I believe, survive in the most adverse environment.

### Protestantism in the Suburbs of Great Cities

The suburbs of our cities retain their Protestant character. The great rich and flourishing churches for the most part are no longer in the city proper, but in the suburbs. That is true of Chicago. I have reason to believe that it is true of other great cities as well.

Some time ago I talked with a minister of one of our suburban churches and inquired how his work was progressing. "Very well," he answered. "Hundreds of people are building homes in our community and almost every Sunday some family waits after the service and hands me its church letters." And I thought sadly of my weary and often fruitless tramp up and down the boulevards and avenues of the city in search of Baptists, lost, strayed, or stolen, an overwhelming majority of whom have been crossed off the books of their churches, and, ecclesiastically speaking, have been buried in unknown graves.

### Prudence

Prudence is the controlling motive in the lives of many men. It may produce a rather fine type of citizenship. The prudent man is very apt to be honest, self-respecting, law-abiding, with few enemies and a wide circle of acquaintances. He is discreet, circumspect, frugal, knows on which side his bread is buttered, and has acquired the fine art of cultivating the good will of people whose friendship has a market value and can be converted into dividends. He is the kind of man who will emerge from the fiery furnace of a world war without a smell of smoke on his garments, with a reputation as a patriot of the first water, and with unimpaired ability to collect new stocks and bonds in his safety deposit box so as to banish forever any fear of becoming a public charge. The prudent man will never lead a forlorn hope, will never brave public opinion, will never arouse violent antagonisms or burning enthusiasms. He studies the winds and the tides, and never gets caught out in the rain without an umbrella.

### Puritan Conscience, The

The Puritan conscience was an awareness of the soul's individual

responsibility to God. To him duty was sacred—"the stern daughter of the voice of God." He was under bonds to God to consecrate his every faculty to its fulfillment. Puritans lacked those external graces that contribute to the amenities of social intercourse, but one could rely on their sense of justice.

When the *Mayflower* was sailing the stormy Atlantic many of the Pilgrims were seasick, which fact excited the profane hilarity of the sailors, who delighted to hurl gibes at their unfortunate passengers. But when, after their arrival, the crew were stricken with disease, and, because of fear of infection, refused to aid one another, it was the Pilgrims who ministered to them. I doubt that they were actuated by any divine spirit of compassion, but the Puritan conscience would not permit them to allow sick men to go uncared for, even though by their ministrations they were imperilling their own lives. The Puritans were not distinguished for their amiable qualities of mind and heart, but so near to God was the Pilgrim that when Duty whispered low, "Thou must," he answered, "I can."

### Radiance, The Lost

There is always the danger that our religion shall become prosaic, and in becoming prosaic lose its power. Some years ago one of our most gifted writers, L. P. Jacks, editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, wrote a book entitled, *The Lost Radiance*. As I remember, he contrasted present-day religion with the religion of that first group of disciples upon whom Jesus had laid His hand. The difference between them and us is that we have lost the radiance. They had a glow, an ardor, an effulgence, which is lacking in most present-day Christians. The modern church, like the rich young ruler, has wealth, prestige, and authority. There is hardly a philanthropic institution which does not derive its main support from men and women who learned to care for the poor, the weak, the homeless, the sick, the orphan and the aged, either in Christian churches or in Jewish synagogues. It is the Christian church and the Jewish synagogue that are the leaders in the fight against social injustice, war, commercialized vice, and the liquor traffic. But, like the rich young ruler, there is one thing lacking, and that is the glow, the ardor, the passion of primitive Christianity.

A story is told of a little girl who lost her way in the woods in the autumn. Dry leaves were all around her. Crying, she went on her way. The crackling of the leaves and the breaking of the twigs beneath her feet prevented her from hearing any of the cries of those who sought her. At last, spent and despairing, she flung herself at

the foot of a great tree, and when she was still she heard the quick beating of her own heart and the shouts of those who would have found her long before if she had only been quiet. And so it is with us.

The world is too much with us. The din of the multitude is continually sounding in our ears. The skyscrapers and the smoke of a thousand mills obstruct the radiance. Our souls are cumbered with many things. Meditation is becoming one of the lost arts. Our ways are feverish, and we lack the glow that shines on the face of the man who has entered into the secret place of the Most High, and who abides under the shadow of the Almighty.

### Radicalism, The Philosophy of

Roughly speaking, the philosophy of radicalism may be summed up in the statement that capitalism is responsible for all our social miseries. The radical divides mankind into two classes, producers and parasites. The producers, or, to use the common word, the proletariat, are at present working as slaves. By their back-breaking labor they support a host of parasites who toil not, neither do they spin. Religion and patriotism are shrewd devices to bolster up the existing capitalistic regime. They are to be compared to stupefying drugs ingeniously designed by the capitalist to make the workers content with their servile lot.

### Radicalism, Work and

In an article in the *World's Work*, entitled, "Radical Propaganda, How it Works," Samuel Crowther contended that the strength of the agitator is found in the growing hatred of work. He wrote:

"Until a few decades ago, the average human being spent his time in investigating formulas that would prevent him from going to hell. It had not occurred to him that he might get on without work. All of the newer movements of the past half century that have gained force or popularity have to do with getting rid of work. Your truly revolutionary socialist is fully convinced that he can bring on heaven right now. The socialist, who is more revolutionary than socialistic, thinks that he can bring on hell right now, and that heaven will, somehow, emerge from it, and the revolutionary who is just plain revolutionary thinks that he can bring on hell, and is entirely willing to wait around to see what happens after that."

Let it be admitted that the gospel of work is a very unpopular gospel. Work is looked upon as a primal curse. Even the heaven

of popular hymnody is a place where no one works. Most men work in order that they may accumulate sufficient money so that one day they can stop working. We are naturally an indolent race, and when we put our noses to the grindstone it is usually because some stern necessity is applying pressure in the rear. It is a fair proposition that without work there can be no salvation. We are a consuming race, therefore we must be a producing race. The radical who paints some utopian picture of a world without work is either a victim of a strange delusion, or is deliberately attempting to stir up the passions of the ignorant.

### Reconciliation, The Gospel of

In the stormy days in which we live the question, How shall we escape another world war, which inevitably must result in a world catastrophe? is coming with a new insistence. Some years ago a Philadelphia newspaper asked a large number of men, representing many professions and viewpoints, what the world most needed.

I was one of the number requested to send an answer, and I was especially interested in the replies. The physicians said, "Better health, especially for children, and a cure for cancer." The inventors said, "Perfected radio and the releasing of atomic energy." The business leaders said, "More faith in one another as a basis for credit and trade." But the great majority of leaders in all walks of life took the position which I took in my letter, that the greatest need of humanity in a world racked nigh unto ruin by hate and recrimination was justice and forgiveness.

The greatest problem that confronts the world and the Christian Church is not poverty and unemployment but how to cure the world of hate and malice, suspicion and fear. It is the soul that is sick, not the body. Is there any remedy for these evils? There is. Christ and His gospel are the only solution for a world that is broken and hastening to another catastrophe. The reconciliation of nations and classes and warring groups can be brought about only by an application of the spiritual values found in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Christ must be enthroned in our own lives, in the church, in society, and in the world at large. The church must respond to the challenge of a bleeding world with this gospel of reconciliation. The state is national; the church is universal. The state thinks in terms of its citizens; the church thinks in terms of humanity. It is the church that must assume the rôle of mediator and reconciler, for to the church has been committed the gospel of reconciliation.

## Redemption by Blood

It is not a strange law, nor one foreign to human experience, that suffering even unto the death should be the price of salvation. Redemption by blood is written all over the pages of human history. Social progress, scientific achievement, spiritual conquest—all come by way of the cross.

A story is told of a Frenchman who invented a new religion, but could get no attention paid to it. He went to Talleyrand for advice. "My religion," he said to Talleyrand, "is a great deal better than Christianity, but no one will even consider it. What would you advise me to do?" "Get yourself crucified," was the reply.

The cynic hit upon what Matthew Arnold called "the secret of the gospel," and that secret is self-sacrifice for the sake of others. Jesus saw that the only way He could get His religious and social ideals before the world was to die for them. Coronation was to come through crucifixion.

## Redemption, a Drama of the Crucifixion

Some years ago I wrote a drama of the crucifixion. In the closing act, which was supposed to take place on the hill of Golgotha, I tried to set forth the effect of that death upon three people who stood around the cross—Mary, the mother of Jesus, Marcus, a Roman centurion, and Simon of Cyrene, a common man. Simon was the New Testament character upon whom the soldiers laid their hands, and compelled him to bear the cross upon which Jesus was crucified, after Jesus had fallen by the wayside.

When the Roman centurion put the question to him, "Why didn't you leave when the crowd left?" Simon answered, "I carried His cross. I think I shall always carry His cross. Something that is strange and beautiful has come into my life." "What do you mean?" said the Roman centurion, and this is what Simon answered, and it sums up not only the effect of that death upon Simon, but, as I see it, the effect upon all men who really behold the Man upon the cross:

"I have no learning. I cannot find words to tell all that I mean. But that Man up there—He may be a prophet, or He may be the Messiah, as some people say that He is. I do not know. But something has happened to me. I watched Him through the long hours. I saw the soldiers drive nails through the quivering flesh of His hands and feet. I heard the priests taunt Him. I looked upon His face. It was bloodstained, but it was like the face of an angel. I listened as He prayed for the men who murdered Him, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' Was it ever known that a man died praying for his enemies?

That thief on His right hand—at first, he cursed and reviled Him, but something happened to him. It was so dark that I could only see the three white faces on the three crosses. In the silence I heard the thief cry like a man in the agony of death, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' I saw the face of the Nazarene shining like the sun which came out a moment ago from behind the cloud, and His voice rang out like a trumpet, 'Today thou shalt be with me in paradise.'

"There was a tumult in my soul. My sins were heavy upon me. Somehow, it came to me that it was my sins and the sins of all the people that had brought that Man to His bloody death upon the cross. He was dying, the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty. In my soul, I cried, 'Have mercy upon me, oh, Thou Crucified One.' And He looked at me and smiled, and the burden of my sins, heavier than the cross I carried, fell from me. I felt clean. I was happy. I felt like singing. I am a man redeemed by blood."

### Reform Movements, Character and

Men who fight for moral and social reform take their lives in their hands. Their words will be distorted, their motives questioned, popular prejudice will be stirred up against them, and they will be fortunate if their own characters are not assailed.

Theodore Roosevelt reminds us in his autobiography that the man who goes in for reform must himself have a character that is unassailable. He tells us that traps were set for more than one of his group, and that if they had walked into them, their public careers would have ended. Riis in his book, *Theodore Roosevelt, The Citizen*, tells this story: The police department of New York were extremely anxious to get the goods on Roosevelt, and they had him shadowed at night, thinking to catch him off his guard. Some friend informed him of the action of the police. He flushed angrily. "What," he cried, "catch me off my guard at night when I am going home to my babies! "

It was his babies, his beautiful home life, and the native integrity of the man that nullified all attempts to catch him in any trap. Hundreds of thousands of people admired him and followed him enthusiastically because they believed that he was an honest man, honest in his relation to money, and honest in his relation to women. Roosevelt did not escape the tongue of slander. There were times when the reactionary forces prevailed against him, but his life was a splendid triumph of moral idealism, and it will always stand as a rebuke to the men who, because of moral cowardice, refuse to fight the great battles of reform.

### Refuge, Our Need of

Refuge is an Old Testament word. It carries with it the associa-

tions of the cities of refuge, where the man who accidentally had taken the life of another found shelter from the blood avenger. It is a word that was continually on the lips of the Psalmists.

I need not argue the question as to whether we need a refuge. Human life, even at the very best, is so pitifully forlorn. It seems, sometimes, as if man stands alone in the universe and single-handed is fighting against all the forces of nature. We build houses to protect us from the snows of winter and the scorching heat of summer. We call in the best medical skill to save us from the diseases which waste our bodies and threaten us with death. We put armies of men at work to mine our coal and to grow and prepare and transport the food which nourishes our bodies. But after thousands of years of struggle we still live in a world that grips us by the throat and thunders in our ears, "Fight or die."

Surely we need a refuge. Said the Psalmist, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." If it be true that the great forces which men understood are our friends and not our enemies, and are expressions of a loving heart, that for our own good has put us under the discipline of pain and struggle, then we need not fear the ills of life.

A policeman tells of finding a little girl on the street. He could not learn her name. Finally he said, "Where do you want to go?" "Home," she said. "Where is home?" asked the policeman. "Why," she replied, "home is where mother is." That was all she knew. Home was her refuge. You cannot find a refuge in any material thing. God is our home and the only real refuge is to be found in Him.

### Religion, A Sterilized

A religion that is worth possessing is worth propagating. The world is to be saved not by angels, not by supernatural intervention, not by miracles, but by men and women whose lives have been illuminated by the light of the gospel and who are spreading that light to others. Real religion, like sunshine, is catching. If your religion is not contagious there is something wrong with it.

A professor's daughter who had recently moved into the neighborhood and a girl who had become very much interested in her grandmother's new Bible, with its pictures and the stories they told about them, were talking together one day. The latter said to her new playmate, "Have you got religion over to your house too?" The other hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes," and then think-

ing that the idea had become a little clearer to her, she said, "But mother never uses it except it's sterilized."

A sterilized religion is a religion that is not contagious. If you can talk with people, and mingle with them in social and business relationships without their ever catching anything of the spirit of Christ from you, it is quite evident that either your light has gone out or you have covered it with a bushel.

### **Revolution, It Must Begin Within**

The noblest spirits in all ages have looked forward to a better world. They have dreamed of millenniums, utopias, cities and kingdoms of God. Plato and Augustine, More and Marx, the Puritans of New England and the Mormons of Utah—all have painted pictures of ideal social and religious orders. Men have struggled and suffered and counted not their lives dear unto themselves in their efforts to build their dreams into institutions that would mean a greater measure of life and happiness to their fellow men. They have not been overscrupulous at times in their methods to translate their visions into realities. The dream that Mahomet dreamed in the desert was not without certain elements of nobility, but the means that he used involved the world in a bloody and costly war.

Men are still dreaming of a better world. One says, "More democracy," and another says, "Less democracy." One calls for socialism and another wants syndicalism. One wants dictatorship and another seeks anarchy. One calls for the open shop and another calls for the closed shop. One says, "Stop meddling with business," and another says, "Abolish private ownership and let the state control the means of production and distribution and, lo, poverty will disappear, the wilderness will blossom like the rose, and every man will sit under his own vine and fig tree."

But it is the conviction of many of us that the revolution that is to bring in a world without poverty, social injustice, war, and class hatred must begin in the souls of men. Individuals must be transformed before the world can be transformed, for it is true that the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul. There is today a growing recognition among thoughtful men everywhere that reforms must begin from within. In a book of poems, James Oppenheim preaches with power the only gospel that is sufficient for the salvation of society and of individuals. It is a gospel for a turbulent world. Eight lines of that magnificent poem express the idea al-



though the whole poem should be read to get the full grasp of his vision:

" Let him start a revolution in his own soul, and  
Free the slaves in his own spirit,  
And conquer the tyrants in his own breast,  
And harness the beast in his blood,  
And put away the temptation to be a supreme God,  
And the equal temptation to be a powerful demon;  
Then, perhaps, he shall step upon the shore of a new world  
And find what all are seeking."

### Roads, Human Progress and

Carlyle once wrote a book on the philosophy of clothes. Every college student of my generation was expected to read and digest the metaphysical teaching of that book, *Sartor Resartus*, or *The Tailor Retailored*. In that book Carlyle made a violent attack on the mechanical view of life, and applied the clothes philosophy mystically to the universe at large. His contention, which he set forth with sardonic humor and startling paradoxes, is, as clothes hide the real man, and as customs and conventions hide real society, so time and space hide the real spiritual essence of the universe.

It has occurred to me that what Carlyle did with clothes as a symbol some genius might do with roads. I can imagine a man like H. G. Wells writing a most fascinating history of the human race and a philosophy of conduct, under the title, *Roads*. It would naturally begin with naked man standing in a trackless wilderness, listening to the crash of the thunder, watching the movement of the sun, and wondering what it was all about. I can imagine that primitive man tramping out a little road to the spring at which to quench his thirst, going home to the cave where he has found a refuge from those strange prehistoric animals that looked like nightmares, and slowly learning through the sensations of pain and pleasure the things to avoid and the things to court.

What is the difference between the life of today and the life of that bewildered man who stood peering out into the mystery and terror of the unknown jungle? The answer may be summed up in one word, *roads*. For ten thousand years and more man has been engaged in the task of road building. A road is something more than an easy means of locomotion between two given points. There are many kinds of roads. What is education but a road to knowledge? What is medicine but a road to health? What is ethics but a road to conduct? What is religion but a road to God? The great

men of the human family who have left the impress of their personalities upon history were all road makers.

### Roosevelt, Theodore, a Fighting Idealist

Theodore Roosevelt was a man of superabundant vitality. He bubbled over with the joy and zest of life. He lived sixty-two years by the calendar, but he crowded those sixty-two years with the most intense living. He was a man of reality. He hated shams, humbugs, hypocrites, snobs, and all pious pretense. He faced the sinister and evil things of life not only courageously, but with Homeric laughter. He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith, and he had a bully time through it all. There was nothing subtle or complex in his personality, but his very simplicity baffled the astute and crafty politicians who vainly set pitfalls in his way.

### Russia and Liberty

Poor, unhappy Russia has never known the blessing of civil and religious liberty. Under the old autocracy men were hounded, imprisoned, sent to Siberia, or put to death for no other reason than that they hated tyranny, and claimed the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

I have never forgotten a sight I witnessed in Philadelphia in the summer of 1911, at a meeting of the World Baptist Alliance. Seated on the platform was a group of perhaps twenty-five men who had been brought over from Russia to attend the meetings of the Alliance. For the most part, they seemed like old men. Their hair and beards were white. Lines were cut deep in their faces. Out of their eyes tragedy looked. It was not age, but suffering that had streaked their hair and beards with the frosts of winter, and cut such heavy lines on their faces. Their wrists were scarred. Their backs were furrowed. They had been imprisoned, tortured, scourged, mutilated, not for any crimes they had committed, but because, as Baptist ministers, they had refused to conform to the State orthodox religion.

When the revolution started in Russia I thought of that scene and I thanked God, because I believed that at last liberty had been born in Russia. How grievously so many of us were mistaken. If the old autocracy was bad, the new autocracy was worse. In the name of liberty a whole nation has been enslaved.

### Salvation, Man's Deepest Need

Man's deepest need is salvation. He needs to be saved from self-

ishness, blindness of soul, self-satisfaction, and pride. He needs to be saved from discouragement and despair. He needs to be saved from evil appetites that wreck his body, deaden his conscience, and alienate him from God and the things that are true and lovely, pure and uplifting. He needs that social health that will make him at home in the universe, that will bring him into harmony with God, that will sensitize his soul so that he may recognize all social and individual sins. He needs a salvation that will broaden his sympathies, breaking down the caste system of race and color, nationality and class, a salvation that will inspire him with a love for all men, because Christ died for all men. He needs to be saved from fears, superstitions, to be delivered from the bondage of death to the conviction that death is not a hooded horror, but an angel of deliverance.

### Science, A Belief in God and

Some years ago there appeared in the *Christian Century* a three-page article by Robert A. Millikan, entitled, "A Scientist Confesses His Faith." Doctor Millikan was for over ten years professor of physics in the University of Chicago and now holds a high position in the California Institute of Technology. He is one of the famous scientists of the world, and in 1923 won the Nobel prize in physics for isolating and measuring the ultimate electric unit, the electron.

In evolution he finds a revelation of God. He wrote: "No more sublime conception of God has ever been presented to the mind of man than that which is furnished by science when it represents Him as revealing Himself through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man, and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his Godlike powers."

Robert Blatchford, the famous agnostic, found God in the atom and was converted from a thoroughgoing materialist to a believer in spiritual realities. He wrote:

"Ever since I began to read and think about life I have been what is called a materialist. But of late the distant drums have been beating out new and strange measures, and it has never been a fault of mine to shut my ears. The fact is, I have had to abandon my positions. Materialism seemed to be an impregnable fortress, so long as there remained a material foundation to stand on. How can one hold to materialism if there is no material? It seems to me that the division of the atom shook the materialistic fabric dangerously. If the infinitesimal atom is divisible into millions of electrons, all of them in motion, there is no such thing as material substance. I have been driven out of my materialistic philosophy. Let us, then, give a little thought to the soul."

Such testimonies could be multiplied. Let us not get into a panic because some assistant professor or instructor at some university tells us that science has banished God from the universe. The trend of modern science today is toward the spiritual interpretation of life rather than the materialistic. If I may be permitted to paraphrase Browning, "God's in the atom and all's right with the world."

## Science, Religion and

The old conflict between science and religion is happily largely a thing of the past. The scientific method in religion adopted by practically all our leading theological seminaries has created a new sympathy of scientists for religion. And the abandonment of the materialistic interpretation of the universe by leading scientists has brought religion and science into a new brotherhood. Many of our greatest scientists believe in God and in the Christian religion. A few years ago there passed away probably the world's greatest authority on botany, a man who for thirty years was head of the department of botany at the University of Chicago. Few scientists in America received from the world such marks of honor and confidence as did the late John M. Coulter. In one of his latest books, *Where Evolution and Religion Meet*, are found these words:

"The reason why so many scientific men believe in Christianity is that they find it to be thoroughly scientific. What can be called the scientific approach to religion may be outlined briefly as follows:

"Religion is now known to be a universal human impulse. No race of men of any age of the world failed to give expression to this impulse. Any universal impulse must have some function. The function of the food impulse, for example, is to keep us in health and vigor. It seems obvious that the function of the religious impulse is to develop the greatest efficiency, to bring man to the highest expression of his being."

## Seeing Is Believing

The difficulty is that a great many people do not see, and, therefore, do not act. I like the way Gerald Stanley Lee puts it in his book on *Crowds* (Doubleday, Doran Co.):

"If two great shops could stand side by side on the main street of the world, and all the vices could be put in the show windows of one of them and all the virtues in the show windows of the other, and all the people could go by, all day and all night, and see the window full of virtues as they were, and the window full of vices as they were, all the world would be good in the morning.

"It would stay good as long as people remembered how the win-

dows looked. Or, if they could not remember, all they would need to do when a vice tempted them would be to step out, look at it in its window a minute, possibly take a look too at the other window and they would be good."

Christianity is a window full of virtues. If men would take it into their hearts, their homes, their business, their politics, there would be no need of jails, penitentiaries, armies, or courts of justice. One reason that the world has not been won to goodness is the fact that we have been very inefficient advertisers. Either we have hidden our lights under bushels, or we have misrepresented the goods.

### Self-Deception, The Sin of

There is no sin so paralyzing in its effect upon the whole moral character as the sin of inward dishonesty. The man who believes what he wants to believe, who brings his intellect into subjection to his desires, is hopeless. The light that is in him is darkness. It is easy to yield to this temptation of self-deception. Many people prefer the world of illusions to the world of facts, and by some method of self-hypnotism they identify the shadow with the reality.

In the commercial world men try to excuse their greed, their inhumanity, their sharp practices by saying that business and religion, like oil and water, will not mix. We form a dislike of some individual, and straightway condemn every action of that individual. We yield to fits of ill-temper and act like a spoiled child who ought to be spanked, and we call it our highly organized temperament. We are bombastic and conceited, and love the limelight and the chief places in the synagogue, and we call it the expression of a strong personality. We are narrow, self-opinionated, full of prejudices, and we call it our devotion to the faith of our fathers. We are critical and censorious, and delight to pick flaws in the characters of those whom we ought to support, and we think we are revealing evidences of a superior mentality.

The three things that Jesus condemned in the Pharisees were their externalism, their insincerity, and their hypocrisy. That they tried to deceive other people was not nearly so tragic as the fact that they deceived themselves. Jesus told them that what they needed was not a sign from heaven but the heart of a little child, not more theology but more reality. A man who juggles with truth, who can make two plus two equal five, if it will be to his interests; who has cultivated the art of hurdling facts, is hopeless. The truth is not in him, and he is like a house built upon sand.

## Selfishness Versus Love

You cannot build a stable society on the ethics of selfishness. Selfishness disintegrates; love unites. Selfishness is antisocial; love is the great society-making force. Selfishness destroys; love constructs. Selfishness is narrow and sees through a glass darkly; but love's vision sweeps a wide horizon and has a wisdom that was never dreamed of in the philosophy of egoism. Love is of God, and when it becomes the governing principle of an individual, or of society, selfishness with its brood of evils is cast out.

## Selfishness, the Root of Our Social Ills

Selfishness has put things above men. It has put Mammon before God, private interests above public good. It has invaded the home, taken the mother from her family and chained her to a machine, and coined dollars out of the body- and soul-destroying labor of little children. It has bred a race who reap where they have not sown, and gather where they have not strawed, and waste in one social function enough money to support fifty families one year in decency and comfort. Selfishness has crippled the home, commercialized the institutions of love, and for profit has tolerated the curse of the tavern, which is worse than the old saloon; commercialized vice and gambling, and has prostrated itself in adoration before the god of things as they are.

This may seem like extravagant language, but only the man who is wilfully blind can fail to see that evil spirit of selfishness, which is not confined to any one class or to any one nation. It is lawless, greedy, turbulent, remorseless. Those who throw a mantle of charity over its ugly deformities are prophets of the devil, and not speakers of the Most High God. It is the Antichrist, drunk with the blood of men. It is an evil spirit that must be cast out of society and human life.

## Sermon to Preach, If I Had Only One

One summer day at Green Lake, Wisconsin, a young lady, who was attending a Young People's Assembly at the Bible Institute near by, called at my cottage and abruptly opened up the conversation by saying, "You are, I believe, the minister of the First Baptist Church of Chicago." I fancied that I could detect a rather dubious expression in her eyes as she looked me over. I was just starting on a trout fishing expedition, and my top boots, corduroy trousers, and very worn felt hat, which always carries a faint odor of punky dope,

must have seemed sadly out of keeping with her preconceived ideas of ministerial proprieties. I nodded my head, and said, "Well, what's on your mind?" In very solemn tones that seemed to rebuke my levity and unclerical garb, she said, "I have been sent here by one of my teachers to interview you and to ask you this question, 'If you had only one sermon to preach, what would you preach about?'" I said, "That's a question I shall have to ponder over a bit before replying."

The pale ghosts of the sermons of the years began to flit across the chambers of my memory, but they seemed sadly inadequate. Then I remembered that once a certain man was asked a somewhat similar question. It was, "If you had one, and only one, question to ask the sphinx, what would that question be?" And he quickly replied, "I would ask the sphinx, 'Is the universe friendly?'" Of course, for if the universe is friendly, it means that man is not without a cosmic companion, and it is as though he heard a sentinel walking up and down, and saying, "All's well; let not your heart be troubled." But if the universe is unfriendly, then life resolves itself into a bitter and ruthless struggle, and there is hope neither for the individual nor for the race. I said to the young woman, "If I had only one sermon to preach, I would preach a sermon on God."

### Sermon on the Mount, The Social Dynamite in the

If the world would give the Sermon on the Mount a fair trial, it would, I believe, solve every problem that carries with it a menace to human life and welfare. It has been said that there is enough dynamite in the Sermon on the Mount to shatter our present social order, which, perhaps, is only an evidence that Jesus was not only ahead of His own age, but also is ahead of our age as well.

Some time ago I was discussing the ethics of competition with a learned friend and I expressed my difficulty to conceive of a social order in which there would not be some form of competition. He replied, "The difficulty is that for thousands of years society has been on a competitive basis, and we are so accustomed to think in terms of competition that it is only by exercising the most vivid imagination that we can think of life under any other terms. It may take another hundred years to work it out, but it will be worked out sooner or later."

We take up some teaching of Jesus and it seems paradoxical. We cannot translate it in terms of the thought and conduct of our age. But under the pressure of new social forces we discover that what we

thought to be a paradox is in reality a revelation. That is why some of us believe that Jesus is the Son of God in spite of the arguments for His deity advanced by the theologians of the church.

### **Service, the Test of Love**

In the Sermon on the Mount we have revealed most exquisitely Jesus' gospel of humanitarianism. It is not dogma, nor ritual, nor ecclesiasticism that counts at the Great Assize, but loving service for the poor, the diseased, the outcast. Jesus stresses the sin of neglecting one's neighbor. Henry Drummond puts it thus strongly:

"The final test of religion at that great day is not religiousness, but love; not what I have done; not what I have believed; not what I have achieved, but how I have discharged the common charities of life. The withholding of love is the negation of the spirit of Christ, the proof that we never knew Him, that for us He lived in vain."

The man who has never caught Christ's vision of service, and who lives simply for himself, has not even seen the kingdom of heaven.

### **Sex, The Modern Novel and**

Many of the novels published today may be classed as unclean. The flood of putrescent nastiness in books presents one of the gravest problems of our times. Many of them present marriage as a temporary sex adventure, love as a jungle passion, and purity as an inhibition born of the Victorian era. Modern psychology is called into play, and out of the dogma of suppressed desires and sexual impulses we have an orgy of sensualism and naked filth posing as pure and scientific literature. The modern novel which dismisses the old-fashioned virtues as outgrown cannot help but demoralize the moral standards of the adolescent generation.

### **Sin, The Cross of Christ and**

The cross of Christ teaches us something of the divine estimate of sin and the exceeding high cost of forgiveness.

A life once appeared on this earth so beautiful, so gracious, so loving that it embodied the highest and noblest ideals that the world has ever known. He went about doing good, a friend of the friendless, the Saviour of the lost, a light to all who were in darkness, a revelation of the loving heart of the eternal. He was the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Evil men hated, hounded, and finally crucified Him because His ways were not their ways and His thoughts were not their



thoughts. He died with scarcely a soul believing in Him, amid the taunts and mockery of a rabble of people who had come out of the city to view the public spectacle of the crucifixion.

It is the conviction of the Christian Church that the man who died in agony upon that shameful cross was the Son of God. It is also another deep conviction that in some way that death was connected with the forgiveness of sins. When we look upon the man on the cross, we do not find it easy to condone sin, to make light of it, to treat it as some sort of a complex for which the individual is hardly responsible. It was sin that brought that innocent man to His bloody death upon that hill. It was hate and jealousy and blind passion and bigotry and self-righteousness that were responsible for the nails in His hands and feet and the spear thrust through His side. More than that, the crucifixion tells us something of the cost of forgiveness. The price was paid in blood, in soul agony, and it must have cost the Father anguish to give His only begotten Son to die for the world.

### Sin, a Fact of Life

I accept the doctrine of original sin with certain reservations, but I have not lived without learning that in the hearts of people who nominally would be classed as good and respectable are capacities for beastliness. I know that a demon lurks in my body and that if, in some moment of moral wilfulness, I should allow that demon to have his way he would drag me into the place of outer darkness. We are not as frank as the people of an earlier generation in discussing sin, but who is there who has not felt sin as a heavy debt, a galling load, an intolerable slavery?

Sin is a terrible fact of life. It torments the conscience, paralyzes the will, defeats the fine instincts of the soul, and alienates it from God and the good things of life. Sin is the prolific mother of poverty, vice, crime, war, prostitution, and all the other evils which curse, degrade, and damn humanity. Fools may revel in it, hyper-fastidious people may politely ignore it, and brutes may glory in it, but, however it may be explained and condoned and ignored, it is a frightful, heartbreaking, conscience-destroying fact of life.

### Sin, The Green-Apple Theory of

There are some genial optimists and moral amateurs who lightly dismiss the whole problem on the ground that sin is nothing more than ignorance and weakness, and that the sense of guilt is but the

result of a morbid imagination. Emerson taught that man's shortcomings are not sin, but only a necessary stage in his progress. It is the green-apple theory of modern evil. Sin is a green apple which needs only time and sunshine and growth to bring it to ripeness and beauty and usefulness.

In a charming little essay on "The Gentle Art of Make-Believe," Robert Louis Stevenson recalled that as a child he was fond of wearing a toy sword. When he was made to wear a shawl over the sword he was very distressed by such an unsoldier-like uniform. At length he comforted himself with the idea that if he wore the shawl in a certain manner, he could make himself look like a soldier doing a night march. That was the bit of deception that he played with magnificent courage all through his life. He transformed the careful and darkened journey of a chronic invalid into a night march and the shawl of a convalescent into a martial cloak.

However, there is nothing honorable and gallant in playing the game of make-believe with sin. The Victorian age, with its shallow philosophy that this was the best possible world and that the millennium was just around the corner, was responsible for a good deal of loose thinking on the subject of sin. So far as possible, the Victorians tried to soothe the putrefying sores on the social body with applications of rose water. One of the compensations of the Great War was that it tore off the bandages and compelled us to face naked realities. Social sin, with its evil consequences, has taken on a new meaning since 1914. We know now that sin is not a green apple that will develop into beauty, but the fruit of hell that when matured will bring forth death.

### Sin, The Terrible Outreach of

Sin has a terrible and devastating outreach. In Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," as translated by Edward Fitzgerald, we read:

"The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,  
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

It is not so hard for me to grasp the idea of forgiveness for the sin I have committed against myself. For that sin I may win absolution by the suffering which the sin entails. But what of the sin which I have committed against my innocent neighbor? Suppose I turn over a new leaf, set my moral house in order, break away from

evil habits, what of the men and women who have been contaminated by my evil life? How can the slate be wiped clean while the sins born of my lusts and passions are still working in other lives?

When I think of the suffering that sin so often brings to innocent people I have little patience with the light-hearted and jocular views of sin so prevalent among people today. An English preacher once defined sin as "a blundering quest for God," and there is a modern sect that can find no stronger word for sin than the word *error*.

Three beasts in human form not long since forced a girl barely in her teens into an automobile, and left her some hours later on a lonely prairie whimpering and sobbing, broken in body, and with scars on her memory that will last as long as life itself. To call that damnable deed "a blundering quest for God," or an "error," is not only a mockery of language, but a palliation of evil that I think even God must find it hard to forgive. The devastating outreach of sin complicates the problem of forgiveness.

### Sins, Little

It is the little sins that spoil the character. I am not afraid for you or for myself of the big sins. It is very unlikely that any of us will ever hold up a bank, kill a policeman, or run off with some other person's husband or wife. Such sins are rare in church circles. When they do occur they get front-page headlines. If tomorrow the *Tribune* came out with the announcement in half-inch type, "The Minister of the First Baptist Church is Still Living with His Wife," the readers would say, "Well, what of it? Who cares?" But if the *Tribune* came out with the headline, "The Minister of the First Baptist Church Eloped Last Night with the Wife of One of His Leading Members," that would be news, unimportant as the minister of the First church may be. The news value would be in the fact that he was a minister. Probably the story would be carried in every newspaper in the country. It is even possible that someone would write a syndicated article on "The Decay of Protestantism," and a newspaper might find in it material for an editorial on "The Collapse of the Social Gospel," or some allied theme. The sins that damage the members of a church are not the big sins, but the little sins.

### Slave Virtues, The Ultimate Triumph of

Self-abnegation, purity, unselfishness, love of humanity, and sacrifice for others were called by Nietzsche, the apostle of the super-

man and of unbridled self-assertion, slave virtues. The three dogmas of his code of ethics are the will to power, master morality, as opposed to slave morality, and egoism. It was that code of ethics which was largely responsible for the World War. It is opposed to all democratic forms of government, and has won what I believe to be only a temporary triumph in Germany, Italy, and Russia. It carries within it seeds of decay and death. States built upon autocracy have no firm foundations. They collapse, even as Nietzsche collapsed as an individual. His dreams of pomp and power, the destruction of the weak, finally landed him in a madhouse, and a writer who visited him described him "as babbling of the sublime and unspeakably horrible things, regarding himself as the successor of a dead god, fantastic, dancing, and leaping."

These ideals of love, purity, and gentleness, so foreign to the pagan ideals of cruelty, lust, and domination, involved Jesus and the early church in a bloody struggle that lasted three hundred years. But even in the darkest days of New Testament history, those bloody days which are so vividly portrayed in the Book of the Revelation, you can hear the jubilant cry of the men and the women who saw the kingdoms of the world becoming the kingdoms of their Lord and Christ. They changed the moral climate of the world. There is no doubt of that. The old paganism, with its altars and temples, its deification of hate and greed, lust and power, was dethroned and overthrown. A new king sat in the throne room of the conscience of the world, and the stream of life began to run in new and purer channels.

### **Social Gospel, The Church and the**

The greatest discovery of the modern church is the discovery of Jesus' central thought of the kingdom of God on earth. Once the whole emphasis was laid on the salvation of the individual soul. To-day we are beginning to see that our social order, as well as the men and women who comprise that social order, must be born again.

Bishop Brent tells us that he told a prominent New York millionaire that the next step for the church to take was to endeavor to apply the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount to practical affairs, and especially to industry. "If you do that," said the millionaire, "you have declared war." And Doctor Abernathy, of Washington, who tells this story, comments on it:

"I suspect the man was right. It would mean a mighty upheaval to say the least. Jesus Christ is theoretically popular today with many people so long as

His name is confined to sermons and prayers and hymns. But when it comes to an actual adaptation of His teachings to industry, to internationalism, to private conduct even, He is no more popular today than in the days when the people cried, 'Crucify Him.' "

There is a good deal of criticism of the church today. It is not as popular in high circles of finance and society as it once was. I think that one reason for that unpopularity is the fact that the church has declared war against certain evils which for centuries have afflicted humanity, but which were taken for granted by the people of former ages. The church today sees, perhaps dimly, the vision of the city of God, and is seeking to realize that vision.

### Social Order, Materialistic Philosophy and the

If the universe is not concerned with ethical values, if there is no God of love, no God of justice, and man is a sort of cosmic accident, a foundling left on the world's doorstep, then the masses of men will see in life only opportunities for plunder and sensual gratification. A lot of humbug is to be found among certain of the intellectuals, who lightly dismiss belief in God and immortality as outgrown superstitions. Many of them live in a little world of books and futile philosophy, but they shrink from the grip of reality, and they do not know the logic of the untamed human heart. I am not an admirer of Bertram Russell, but at least he faces his materialistic philosophy honestly. In his book, *The Scientific Outlook*, he vividly portrays what it will mean for society:

"Scientific efficiency will eventually control the whole of life. Love will be reduced to mere biological terms, and children will be born to parents who have never seen each other. At last the whole nightmare regime will end in a universal war. The handful of people who survive it will begin again the long upward march of civilization."

Paul knew how ordinary men react to their beliefs. He knew that if men were once persuaded that extinction is the end of the race and of the individual, nothing could save humanity from a descent to the brute. He wrote to one of the churches, "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?" Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus, and Socrates fought with beasts at Athens, and Jesus fought with beasts at Jerusalem, and Savonarola fought with beasts at Florence, and Livingstone fought with beasts in the jungles of Africa, and all their faces were marred with suffering, and they died in agony. But they

lived and suffered and died triumphantly, because they believed in spiritual values. But if these values are outgrown superstitions, what profit is it? Why struggle for a more righteous social order, or for a more righteous individual life if there is no God and tomorrow we die?

### Sodom, Pitching Your Tent Toward

In pitching his tent toward Sodom, Lot took the first downward step that finally led him into Sodom. There were three stages in his downfall. First, he pitched his tent toward Sodom; second, he moved into Sodom; third, Sodom moved into him, and especially into the members of his family. All of this is an illustration of the progressive nature of evil. When a man takes the first step toward Sodom, as a rule the collapse of character speedily follows. Sin is a toboggan slide. The momentum of past sins shoves him forward. He keeps going. That is the awful fact of sin. No man is safe who pitches his tent toward Sodom.

Hawthorne, in his *Consular Sketches*, tells this story: He was sitting in the United States Consulate in London one day, when a gentleman, a fine-appearing fellow, came in. He said, "You can keep my mail here, addressed to Rev. So and So, until I return." Hawthorne said he would watch out for him. One day in comes the gentleman, so disfigured, so changed that he was scarcely recognizable. Hawthorne rose and said, "Come into my office." The gentleman reintroduced himself. "Yes," said Hawthorne, "I know you. You needn't tell me anything at all. You have been lost in the crowd. You didn't know how weak a man you were when you were at home. You go home and stay there. You keep within the restraints and impulses of your better surroundings."

Now, that man was weak, pitifully weak, and I mention it as an extreme case. But, unfortunately, there is a taint of weakness in us all. If it were not for the influence of right surroundings, many of us would soon find ourselves at the bottom of the hill.

### Soul Carrying a Corpse

Man is something more than a bundle of appetites. Emperor Marcus Aurelius was not using the exact language of modern psychology, but he was, nevertheless, expressing a great truth when he asked himself, "What art thou?" and then answered, in words that have survived for fifteen hundred years, "A little soul carrying a corpse." He meant that man is something more than so much dead

matter governed by the law of gravitation and all the other laws that have to do with matter, that the essential thing in man is that something which he calls a soul, that something that feels, that wills, that aspires, that thinks.

"A little soul carrying a corpse," said Marcus Aurelius, and that little soul has hopes, aspirations, ideals, capacities for suffering and sacrifices that have nothing to do with the body. Man is born with a hunger for love, a hunger for righteousness, a hunger for God, which testifies that he is born of God. Chained to the earth by his perishable body, his soul rises above the stars.

### Soviet, American Ideals of Labor and the

The British Labor party, which at first was inclined to take a sympathetic attitude toward the Soviet form of government, sent delegates to Russia to investigate conditions. On their return they reported: "Personal freedom, together with freedom of speech and of propaganda (including newspapers, the issue of election literature and the holding of meetings), are severely repressed in the case of all those whose activities are supposed to threaten the Soviet regime."

Democracy stands for the rights of labor. In the past twenty-five years legislation has been passed safeguarding the lives of the workers and improving the conditions of labor, so that the American workingman occupies a position of dignity and of material prosperity unknown in any other country. It is because the Soviet form of government is opposed to American ideals of labor that the leaders in the American Federation of Labor are perhaps its greatest enemies.

### Star, Following the

Youth cannot help seeing stars. The heavens are blazing with them. Youth is swayed by high ideals. It looks for a new heaven and a new earth. I can dimly remember, as a youth in college, how a group of us would get together and talk over ways and means of creating a better world. It seemed to us that the millennium was just over the hill. A world without poverty, a world without war, a world without physical pain seemed to be less than a Sabbath day's journey. It is now nearly forty years since we went out from that small college, situated on a hill that overlooks the Basin of Minas and the Land of Evangeline. One of that group became Premier of a Province, another editor of the most widely read newspaper in the Dominion of Canada, but most of us occupy humble positions. The

star is still shining. I wonder how many of us are still following *the* star.

### Stewardship, Illustrated in John D. Rockefeller

Thirty years ago John D. Rockefeller was one of the most unpopular characters in American life. Ida Tarbell had written a book, *The History of Standard Oil*, and the elder Rockefeller stands out in the pages of that book as a despotic, avaricious, and sinister character who had amassed his colossal fortune by exploiting the weak.

Today, the memory of Mr. Rockefeller is held in respect, and even in the affection of the great mass of American citizens. Mother Jones, the violent radical labor leader, sent greetings to him on his birthday, and when he died an almost universal chorus of praise was heard from men representing all classes in American life.

How do you explain this complete reversal of sentiment? The explanation is that John D. Rockefeller discovered ways of investing his millions that brought dividends of respect and appreciation. Hundreds of millions of dollars were loosed by him and sent out to combat the ancient enemies of the human race—ignorance, disease, and poverty—and it is probably literally true that to hundreds of thousands of people he has brought light and health and economic salvation. Through it all he and his family lived quiet, simple, kindly lives, and his children and grandchildren are free from the extravagances and scandals that have stigmatized so many millionaires and their families.

### Stewardship

Years ago, in Rochester, New York, I listened to an address on stewardship by Mr. A. A. Hyde, a prominent business man of Texas. It was the story of an experience. Mr. Hyde told of going to Texas, and accumulating in a few years one hundred thousand dollars. He found that wealth was having a bad influence upon the members of his family, especially his sons. He passed through some terrible experiences. Then came a financial panic. He lost his money, and was a hundred thousand dollars to the bad. His misfortunes drove him back to the Bible. He began to study that most revolutionary document ever put into print—the Sermon on the Mount. He came across such passages as these, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves



break through and steal," and "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

The tide of his fortunes, after a few years of hardship, turned. He began to make money, big money. Instead of making him happy, it troubled him. He kept thinking of that saying of Jesus, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." He found that as the money accumulated, it began to take more and more of his life. He was looking for safe investments. Then he came to the great decision of his life. He decided to invest his money in the kingdom of God. Then he found happiness.

He sent out five hundred letters to rich men, asking them if they found happiness in material things. He had one hundred replies. With hardly an exception they were in the negative. Mr. Hyde claims that nine out of ten men of wealth have learned that material investments are not satisfying, are a curse to their children, and are shortening their lives. Instead of amassing millions, Mr. Hyde devotes a good part of his time in persuading the rich and the well-to-do to give away their surplus wealth. He said, "Many opportunities are offered to me to make material investments, but I have always one answer to all, 'My friends, I have a better investment than you can offer to me if you search the whole world over.' That usually opens their eyes and they wonder what it is. So I get an opportunity to preach the gospel to them." He said that he generally gives away thirty percent of his net income and that his gifts are the only investments that really make him happy.

### Storms of Life, Preparation for the

Storms are usually unexpected. More than once I have been caught in a storm that has suddenly broken while I have been engaged in the gentle pastime of fishing, perhaps a mile or two from land, on some lake, and only with great difficulty and with considerable risk of life have I been able to make the shore.

So with all the different kinds of storms. The financial storm of 1929 was unexpected. It caught thousands of people with little or no preparation. That storm, which after ten years has not entirely subsided, meant millions of men out of work, millions of families on public relief, and millions who were formerly in comfortable circumstances reduced to poverty. It meant starvation, the loss of homes, industrial unrest, social misery, changes in government, new deals. The storms that break upon us in our individual lives are many and varied, and what so often adds to their terror is not simply the fact

that they are unexpected, but that we are without any adequate preparation.

Some years ago I read in the *British Weekly* a very beautiful story of an incident that happened in the Highlands of Scotland. All day long the snow had fallen, as if with quiet, steady purpose. As the light faded, the wind rose and rose, till the night was of the wildest. In each little house in the countryside the inmates knew that they were cut off from their neighbors, and that that night there could be neither coming nor going. Light after light in the little village went out, and all was dark. Yet, though it was now near midnight, there was one window, if there had been anyone but God to see it, in which a light still shone. It was in a farmhouse high on the hillside. For within an old man lay dying. Late in the evening he had taken a turn for the worse, and his daughter began to be afraid, knowing that on such a night she could send for no one, neither doctor nor minister, and that she would have to face the angel of death alone. Hour after hour she watched and waited. She looked at the grey locks that once had been black as the raven's, on the pale cheeks once red as berries, on the strong, straight nose that still spoke to her of all his strength and uprightness. "Never again," she murmured to herself, "will I see him in the little church bearing the vessels of the Lord—the tallest, dearest figure among them all."

"Father," she said at length, "wull I read a chapter to ye?" But the old man was in sore pain and only moaned. She rose, however, got the Book, and opened it. "Father," she said again, "what chapter wull I read to ye?" "Na, na, lassie," he said. "The storm's up noo. I theekit my hoosie in the calm weather."

Have you thatched your house in the calm weather? If not, what will you do in the swelling of Jordan?

### Suffering, Jesus and the Problem of

The problem of physical suffering is on the way to a solution as a result of the marvellous advancement in medical science during the past half century. But even if we were able to abolish physical suffering from the world, sorrow would still remain. Our keenest sufferings are not physical, but mental. The most painful experiences of life come through our moral failures, our affections, and our sympathies. What the world needs is not a new serum for the treatment of some malignant disease, not any ingenious method of rejuvenating old men by the grafting of monkey glands, not any muddy philosophy of the unreality of suffering, but the assurance that there is a Great

Companion who is with us as we pass through the furnace, and that there is a divine purpose even in the sorrows that sometimes almost overwhelm us. The hopeless man is not the man who suffers, but the man who thinks of the universe as meaningless.

In a book by Dostoevsky, the famous Russian novelist, is an admirable expression of this thought. The devil is speaking to Jean Karamasoff:

"You are always thinking of the earth as it exists today. Well, the earth, exactly as it is now, has been repeated millions of times in the past. Each time it perished, disintegrated, turned into dust and decomposed; after that a fresh nebula was formed, then a comet, a new solar system, a new earth. The whole of this evolution has been repeated times without end, and always precisely in the same manner down to the minutest details. One is bored to death to think of it."

If the secular process is nothing but infinite rotation, then life is without meaning and there is no answer to the problem of suffering.

The gospel brings to us the assurance that a Great Companion will be with us in our sufferings. The pages of the New Testament are radiant with that conviction.

Jesus never promised the disciples freedom from pain, sorrow, disease. He never told them by the power of mind they could conquer material forces and live free from pain. On the contrary, He frankly told them, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." And they went out and they overcame the world with its sin and sorrow, its pain and diseases, not by any system of self-hallucination, but by the power of their faith in a good God and a Living Christ who was with them even unto the end. The solution of the problem of suffering is the fact of a good God who is with us in the suffering and who has ordained that suffering is one of the steps that lead us to the stars.

### Supernatural, The Appeal of the

The primitive religions have always multiplied signs and wonders. The witch doctor owes his position of supremacy as a religious teacher to the fact that he was a great healer. People believed in him because by certain incantations, hypnotic suggestions, and feats of supposed magic he was able to stir their simple souls with awe and wonder. In the Dark Ages every community had its sacred shrine for the lame and the blind. The appeal of the church in the Middle Ages was to the superstitions of the multitude. Even today, in the Province of Quebec, there is a church which is said to possess a bone

which was once a part of the body of the grandmother of our Lord. Thousands of pilgrims visit that shrine every year, and the list of the miracles of healing said to have taken place there is so long that no modern healing cult has been able to duplicate it.

Spiritual truths cannot be established by any array of material facts. If a man undertook to prove the existence of an almighty and loving God in the universe by healing a man of cancer of the stomach, it would prove nothing of the kind. If successful, it would be simply an evidence that either a mistake had been made in the diagnosis, or that he actually had discovered a cure for cancer.

Jesus came to save men from their sins—lusts, selfishness, anger, pride—to reveal God as a loving father, and to teach and illustrate in His own person the beauty of holiness and the glory of self-sacrifice.

He saw clearly that such a mission would not be accomplished by any supernatural feat of jumping from the pinnacle of the temple, that, indeed, such a miraculous display would be an act of presumption, that it would establish an erroneous idea of the nature of the spiritual religion He came to establish. And so He made answer, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

### Sympathy, Not Words but Deeds

In his book, *The Freelands*, John Galsworthy takes a characteristic fling at that type of sympathy which finds expression in fine talk, but never in practical deeds.

Nedda, winsome maiden of the book, after listening to a group of very prosperous, self-complacent people discussing the land question at a dinner party, said to her Uncle John, "They make me ashamed of myself." John, whose dislike of the bigwigs was that of the dogged workers of this life for the dogged talkers, wrinkled his brows. "How's that?" "They make me feel as if I were part of something heavy sitting on something else, and all the time talking about how to make things lighter for the thing it is sitting on."

Our Lord was no armchair philosopher. He entered into the experiences of humanity. He knew what it was to be tired and hungry and homeless. He knew what poverty was, what ingratitude was. Because He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities He gave His life in loving and sacrificial service to others.

### Talents, The Consecration of

In some old records I discovered some interesting facts concerning

Dr. Levi Boone, grandnephew of Daniel Boone, the hero of Kentucky. It must be admitted that he had little love for the red men, for his father had been shot and killed by Indians when he was only a boy of ten. He fought in the Black Hawk War of 1822 at the head of a company of cavalry. For many years he was prominent in the public life of Chicago and was mayor of the city in 1855. He united with the First Baptist Church in 1836, and throughout his long life the church was the center of his activities. Here is the record of how that man consecrated his talents to the service of Christ through the church of which he was a member:

"He was deacon, superintendent of the Sunday school, chorister, lamplighter, wood-fire maker in two stoves, often sawing the wood and cutting the kindling, and never forgetting the pastor's salary, which must be collected by personal calls. Also he made it a habit to invite to a Sunday dinner at his home any young men strangers in the city who happened to be at the morning service."

Every church has in its membership men and women who have consecrated their talents to the good of others. Not long ago I made an address in a certain church in Chicago. I was captivated by the beautiful voice of a lady who was on the program. I was informed that she had been singing in that church for thirty years. Other churches had tried to secure her services, offering large financial remuneration. I was astonished when I was told that she sang without any cost to the church. This is her position, as she stated it to me after I had expressed my admiration, "God has given me this talent. I am not able to give large sums of money to the church, but I want to use my gift of song for the Master." And for thirty years she has consecrated her talent to spreading the gospel.

### Tares Among the Wheat

In the world of nature, good and evil, health and disease, life and death are all found together. There are tares among the wheat. I go out on the streets of the city, and I breathe into my lungs life-giving forces, but I also breathe germs that are poisonous and destructive. There is life in the atmosphere, but there is also death. The winds of heaven, that drive the smoke from our cities and are like an antiseptic breath from the eternal, sometimes gather into a tornado which sweeps over the land, leaving in its wake death and destruction. There are flowers that are beautiful and fragrant. There is also poison ivy. There are mushrooms and there are toadstools. There are nightingales and there are hawks. There are butterflies and there are wood ticks.

What a mixture of good and evil you find in a great city. Here a church, and there a brothel; here a commission for the prevention of crime, and there a school to train criminals; here a thug lurking in a dark alley for an unsuspecting pedestrian, and there a hospital ready to receive the victim of the outrage; here a Sunday school trying to develop in boys and girls the qualities of mind and heart that will make their lives strong and beautiful, and there the cheap dance halls, taverns, and venders of obscene pictures, seeking to entice them into ways of intemperance and vice.

In the tangled world in which we live, good and evil are so inextricably intertwined in society, in the church, in the family, that any attempt to root up the tares will result in injury to the wheat. A minister once undertook to have a pure church. His method was not the gentle method of persuasion and an appeal to the gospel, but the forcible method of excluding from membership all who failed to meet his standards of what a church member should be. When he had finished, the only wheat left were himself and his wife, and it is perhaps questionable whether they should be considered as wheat.

### **Temptation, a Fact of Life**

Temptation is a great fact of life. No man ever lived exempt from temptation. It is a part of the common lot. It is true that temptation is unequally distributed. There are individuals who seem instinctively to love the good and hate the evil. Their characters are placid and never become the prey of evil passions. On the other hand, there are stormy natures which must battle continually against the forces of evil. Some people are sheltered from temptation. They live in some gracious, kindly environment which makes for righteousness. There are others who are surrounded continually by associations and influences hostile to virtue. But, whatever our condition of life, there is not one of us so immune from the power of evil as to find it no longer necessary to pray, "Lead us not into temptation."

### **Termites, Little Sins and**

Some time ago I saw in a newspaper a picture of a house in Chicago that was falling to pieces as a result of the destructive work of termites. From various articles I discovered some interesting facts concerning these little insects. They have a very ancient history, and could, with considerable justification, look down with lofty contempt upon the human family as newcomers and upstarts on the earth. Termites have been discovered in fossils millions of years old. They

have their cities or colonies, and their government is a curious blend of aristocracy and communism. They have a king, who rules by divine right, and a small but very efficient army of professional soldiers, while the rest of the colony comprises the producers or workers. Our interest in the termites is due largely to the fact that we have suddenly awakened to the damage they are doing our property. It is estimated that their food bill costs us about a million dollars a week.

They suggest the destructive power of little things. A termite is so tiny, so inconspicuous, and works so silently that the damage is done before one is even aware of the peril. So it is with little sins, such sins as envy, jealousy, gossip, spite, and selfishness. They are little sins, but they sour the soul, poison the springs of conduct, and paralyze all the fine, generous, idealistic impulses of the soul.

### Thought, The Value of Second

Gerald Stanley Lee, in his book on *Crowds*, (Doubleday, Doran Co.) writes:

"If the men who were crucifying Jesus could have suddenly stopped at the last moment, and if they could have kept perfectly still for ten minutes, and could have thought about it, some of them would have refused to go on with the crucifixion when the ten minutes were over. If they could have been stopped for twenty minutes, there would have been still more who would have refused to go on with it. They would have stolen away and wondered about the Man in their hearts. People crucified Christ because they were in a hurry."

I think Lee is right. That is the trouble with so many people to-day—they have no time for second thought. For the sake of things that are temporary and immediate, for the excitement of a moment, for the sake of some prize that is just within reach we sacrifice the things that are of eternal significance.

### Tolstoy, The Kingdom of God and

A phrase we continually run across in the writings of Tolstoy is one that was often on the lips of Jesus, "The kingdom of God is within you." He meant by that, that all reforms must begin with the individual. You cannot reform others until you yourself are reformed. Tolstoy described himself as a Christian anarchist, and his idea of a millennium was a condition of society in which every man would do what was well pleasing in his own sight, and every man would do right, not because he was compelled to do right, but because he wanted to do right. He held that force was the root of all evil and he looked forward to a day when there would be no king, no

czar, no president, no soldiers, no force of any kind, but when all men would be governed by the principle of love. A committee of Social Democrats who had drunk deeply from the fountain of Marxism once came to him with a question similar to that asked of Christ, "Master, what shall we do to inherit freedom and property?" Tolstoy answered, "The first thing for you to do is to sacrifice, to ask nothing, and to give everything." And, like the young ruler, they went away sorrowful, for although not of great possessions, they craved riches and luxury.

### Treasure, The Discovery of Hidden

The man in the parable was not looking for treasure. I do not know what he was looking for. Perhaps he was spading up the garden, with the idea of planting an early crop of peas. Perhaps he had strayed into a neighbor's field and was digging worms to go on a fishing trip. When he came upon that treasure, it was as unexpected as an experience I once had on the Restigouche River, when, in casting for trout, I hooked a twenty-five pound salmon. It is a wonderful experience to go fishing for trout and to hook a salmon. It must be an even more thrilling experience to go digging potatoes and to come upon a treasure calculated to make one rich beyond all dreams of avarice. The man in the parable lighted on the treasure when he was thinking of everything else but treasure. It came to him like a direct gift from God.

So it is with the kingdom of God. Men sometimes come on it by chance. They are pursuing the even tenor of their way, thinking of quite other things, when, suddenly, the kingdom of God, with its imperial demands, bursts upon them. So it was with Saul of Tarsus. You remember the sunburst in his soul. His life was revolutionized. He had found the hidden treasure on a dusty road leading into a heathen city.

The experience is not unusual, except in some of its external features. Probably it is only a minority of people who, like the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, deliberately start out on a quest for the kingdom of God. We go into some religious service out of curiosity, or perhaps from force of habit, and, in some mystic way, we find God and His kingdom. Sometimes it is a bitter sorrow that has ploughed deep into our souls and uncovered the treasure hidden in the field. Sometimes it is an utter weariness with the frivolities of material things that has turned our attention to the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Sometimes it is under the pressure of temp-



tations that are assailing the very citadels of our souls, and perhaps threatening us with moral and physical ruin, that we cry out for deliverance, and the kingdom of God comes near us. Let us acknowledge that many of us found the kingdom of God without seeking it.

### **Trees, Their Life Is in the Roots**

A great part of the tree is under ground. It is the hidden life that nourishes the tree, that enables it to weather the gales that sweep through its branches, and in the spring clothes it with the beauty of new foliage. A tree is absolutely dependent on its roots, and the roots must have the nourishment that they find in moisture and soil. What a miracle it is, that from these roots tons of water are lifted a hundred feet into the air.

After a great storm you will often find trees uprooted. They lie prostrate on the ground, and the thing that gave them life, beauty, and glory is gone forever. Why is it they were not able to survive the devastating wind? It is because their roots did not go deep enough.

Human lives are like that. None of us escapes the storms of life. There are sudden gusts of evil temper, of blinding lust that gather and break upon us, often without warning. Happy is the man whose roots go down into the eternal. The storm may bend him, but will not break him. Paul speaks of those who are rooted and grounded in Christ. Such a man may not escape the storm, but he will escape catastrophe.

### **Trees, The Ministry of**

There is nothing in the living world of nature more lovely than a tree. Next to man it is the noblest work of the Creator. I know of no experience more refreshing and inspiring to the soul of man than to get away from the smoke, the noise, the turmoil of human passions of the great city, and for a little while to live amid the silence of the trees—a silence that is full of music.

I think of a camp that we occupied for many years in the great woods of northern New York. Trees on every side of us, birches, with their trunks shining like burnished silver; pines murmuring a lullaby as the evening breeze blew softly through their branches; the quivering poplars, the fir, the spruce, and the balsam, dark and high, with its life-giving aroma. Under the ministry of the trees the tired nerves relax, the soul revives, the mystery and wonder of life once

more cast their ancient spell, and there descends, like a benediction, the peace of God passing all knowledge.

### Trouble, How to Avoid

Jerome K. Jerome, in his book, *All Roads Lead to Calvary*, put into the mouth of one of his characters these words:

"The only sound suggestion for avoiding trouble that I ever came across was a burlesque of the *Blue Bird*. You remember the scene where the spirits of the children are waiting to go down to earth and be made into babies. Someone had stuck up a notice at the entrance to the gangway, 'Don't get born. It only means worry.'"

### Truth, Freedom and

The University of Chicago campus is a symphony in Gothic architecture. Towering above all the noble buildings is the great Gothic chapel. The Joseph Bond chapel is another fine example of the glories of the Gothic art. The inscription between the great windows of the west front declares the goal of religion in these words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Truth and freedom are two words that kindle the imagination and stir the hearts of men. For truth and freedom men and women have sacrificed even life itself, and other men, strangely misunderstanding, have in the name of truth and freedom imprisoned, tortured and killed their fellow men.

### Unconcern, The Sin of

A Jewish prophet standing on one of the streets of Jerusalem over twenty-five hundred years ago expressed the sin of unconcern in a striking sentence. The city had been captured by the Chaldeans. The Chaldeans were a proud, warlike people, who were never so happy as when they were conquering the surrounding nations, converting cities into smoking ruins, cutting off the heads of their enemies, and dragging thousands of men and women into captivity. The gods of the Chaldeans seemed to be triumphant even in Jerusalem. The burden of the city oppresses the soul of the prophet. He watches the crowds as they surge by, careless, thoughtless, indifferent, and half in anger, half in sorrow, he cries, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

The problem of bringing the gospel to a heedless, money-loving, pleasure-seeking people—such people as are found in our cities—is by no means easy of solution. We have powerful rivals to contend

against. Millions of dollars have been spent in developing to the very highest point of perfection the recreational life of the city.

Moral inertia is one of the greatest evils of our day. The great majority of our church members do not take their religion seriously. They are like the character that Ibsen draws in one of his dramas, the man who did nothing except in a half-hearted way. One day in autumn he goes into the country. There are the withered leaves, and all of them are saying, "We are the watchwords that you ought to have uttered, but now it is too late." Then he hears the wind sigh and say, "We are the songs you ought to have sung. Now it is too late." He sees the dewdrops hanging from the boughs, and they say to him, "We are the tears you should have wept over humanity, but now it is too late."

We see our cities, mighty in their achievements, beautiful with their parks and boulevards. They are half divine and half brute—modern Babylons and cities of God. They seem to stretch out imploring hands and say to us, "Save us from those who would drag us into the mire. Help us to be cities wherein dwelleth righteousness." If, seeing the city, we are not moved with compassion, then we belong to that other class to whom the prophet spoke, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

### Unemployment, Spiritual

The ideal of the state is the ideal of the kingdom of God—a job for every worker. The most dangerous surplus that can exist is a surplus of idle men. It is estimated that even in fairly prosperous years in the United States millions of people live in dire poverty, with wreckage for furniture, cast-off clothing to wear, and much of the time depending upon charity for food. This is not an act of God, like floods and earthquakes. It is not due to any lack of material resources. It is nothing more than a maladjustment of social machinery.

What is true in the state is also true in the Christian Church. Church depression is closely connected with spiritual unemployment. Some years ago Dr. A. B. Curran, a Methodist minister, asked for a service contribution from his membership. He passed out a form and asked them to indicate the service they would perform to build up the church. The majority indicated that they would be willing to attend one service on Sunday. About twenty-five percent agreed to attend two services. Ten percent volunteered to attend the mid-week service. Three percent were willing to call upon the sick and

strangers. The minister inserted a joker in the form, "I will notify my pastor of sick and strangers whom he should visit." Nearly all who signed the form indicated that they would be happy to do this. They were quite willing to serve the Lord in an advisory capacity.

### Universe, Is it Friendly? The

The greatest question that confronts scientists, philosophers, and theologians is the question, "Is the universe friendly?" I have listened to descriptions of the size of the universe, and of its ten billion stars, many of them thousands of times larger than the earth, until I have felt like crying with the Psalmist, "What is man that thou art mindful of him or the son of man that thou visitest him?" I suppose it was that same crushing sense of insignificance in the presence of the vast universe that caused one of our modern skeptics to say, "We humans are merely a couple of billion microbes living on a speck of dust called the earth." And yet I know that many of our scientists are today among the prophets of God.

Arthur Compton, winner of the Nobel prize in physics and an authority on cosmic rays, writes:

"In terms of value, it may be a newborn child is more important than the great nebula in Andromeda. Certainly it is more important to the mother, and if the babe develops into an Isaac Newton or an Einstein it is more important to the astronomer. It may be that life is the goal of all, that everything exists to produce consciousness, to flower into mind. Not that anyone can prove it, but neither can one prove that size, or mass, or velocity, is more important. I can well believe that if intelligent direction is back of the universe, life may be the greatest reality in it. The study of physics has strengthened my confidence in the reality of God. I feel surer of a Directive Intelligence than I did at twenty."

### Universe, Results of the Materialist View of the

The conception of the universe as a mere machine, without sympathy or purpose, is bound to bring to the individual a sense of futility, fatalism, and despair. In his book, *The Bystander*, Maxim Gorky expresses this pessimistic view of the universe in the words of one of his girl characters:

"Some sort of mysterious force hurls a man defenseless on the universe without reason or speech. Then, in his youth, tearing his soul away from his flesh, it makes that soul an impotent spectator of the tormenting passions of the body. After that, this devilish force infects a man with sickly vices, and, having broken him on the rack, holds him for a long time in old age's disgrace, but without extinguishing in him, even then, the thirst for love, holds him without allowing him to forget the griefs he has lived through, torturing him with envy of the

joys of youth. Finally, as though avenging itself on man for his having the hardihood to love, this pitiless force puts him to death. What is the sense of it? Whither vanishes that strange thing we call our soul?"

This is a voice out of Russia, and what a tragic voice it is! I am not indifferent to the fact that the newer science is combating this mechanistic view of man and of the universe, but the older view is still powerful, and it leads inevitably to disillusionment and despair.

### Unknown, Facing the

Life is a constant adventure. We are continually entering upon untrodden paths. We go along the even tenor of our way and then unexpectedly life suddenly grabs us by the throat, tumbles us in the dust, and all the old habits of a lifetime are swept away. The old landmarks disappear, the old foundations slip from under us, and, like Abraham, we go out not knowing whither we go.

Jeanette Marks has written an exquisite little poem entitled, "The Vanished Years." She likens life to a stairway. The steps go down into the darkness and up into the darkness. Life begins in the unknown and ends in the unknown. She pictures a pilgrim of the night climbing the dark stairway. The years are the little steps, and half-way up the pilgrim pauses, and, first, looks down the stairway at the vanished years, and then, kneeling, looks up that dark stairway at years to come. The pilgrim is fearful, for beyond the last grey step she sees a shape in flight and she has no answer as to what that shape is:

"A wing some say,  
Some answer Love.  
And some say Night and Sleep,  
But I . . . I do not know."

### Values, Market and Real

The financial depression, and what has been called the recession, through which we are now passing has not been without some compensations. For one thing, we have discovered that market values must not be confounded with real values.

I was interested in an article that appeared in the *Readers' Digest*, entitled, "I Am Still Rich." The writer, after discussing the crash of the market and his discovery that his paper money had vanished into thin air, goes on to say:

"I was compelled to take an inventory and discovered that after all I was still rich. All my capacity for the enjoyment of life was intact. My \$200,000 eyes

are just as good as they ever were. My \$100,000 sense of hearing is still unimpaired. Then, there's my million-dollar stomach, and half-million dollar appetite. No man can be rich who is compelled to take orders daily from his stomach. The depression has not lowered the value of a single friendship. Neighbors still greet us in the same old cordial way, and our sons hold us in high respect."

The depression has cost us some of the things we have created, but has robbed us of none of our powers to create. Many men are finding in hard times a thrilling spiritual adventure, through which they have discovered their real wealth. Bereft of dividends and profits, they are discovering the sustaining powers of a strong religious faith, the abiding values of courage, honor, charity and trustworthiness.

### Vested Interests, The Gospel and

Christianity has social consequences. The gospel is not a series of theological propositions that have no bearing upon political, social, and commercial institutions. You cannot confine it in a cloister or a cathedral while the tide of human life rushes by its doors untouched by its influence. Christianity is a life-giving, life-changing religion. Jesus taught the disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." That prayer carried in it the germ of a revolution. It meant a new earth, in which the great social evils shall have disappeared. When the gospel is clearly and fearlessly proclaimed there is bound to be trouble. It is a message of reconciliation, but it is also a declaration of war. It is the uncompromising foe of all habits, customs, and institutions that breed human misery and sorrow.

Historically, Christianity first came into collision with idol-making, a great vested interest in the city of Ephesus, and when Christianity got through with it there was a ruined industry. The gladiatorial contests, in which thousands of men were slaughtered for the gratification of people's lust for blood, could not survive in a world in which the brotherhood of man was proclaimed, and it wasn't long before the gladiatorial contests went the way of idol-making.

Christianity is still struggling toward the answer to the prayer of Jesus, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Slavery has been abolished, but war still casts its bloody shadow over the nations of the earth. Gladiatorial contests have been ended these many centuries, but the liquor traffic, which is the mother of poverty and vice, still exercises its ancient curse. Any vested interest that is harmful to men, women, and children, is an enemy of

Christianity, and must be abolished, as other great social evils have been abolished.

### Vice, The Attractiveness of

*The Lancet*, a London medical journal, has pointed out that the microbe is as beautiful as it is deadly. There are bacteria which need only a suitable environment to produce almost every variety of color. So the things which work greater havoc in the soul than microbes in the body often beguile us by their splendor and loveliness.

Pope expressed a great truth in the familiar lines:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But I am persuaded that vice does not often present itself to the young as a monster. If we could see it in its true form, there is not a young man but would shrink back in horror. But vice does not come in its true form. It comes usually as a beautiful temptress, with ravishing smiles, enchanting words, beguiling glances, caressing touches, which inflame the senses and deaden the conscience. The great masters of art have been true to the facts of life when they have painted vice, not as a monster with frightful mien, but as a beautiful woman, sometimes, indeed, as an angel, who, in the beginning, can scarcely be distinguished from a heavenly messenger. It is that fact which makes it so easy for men and women to tread the primrose path, which cannot be followed long without the loss of that which can never be replaced.

### War, The Terrific Cost of

Into the fiery crucible of war and the preparation of war are going billions of dollars. The money now being spent by all the nations of the world in preparing for another world war, which many authorities claim is inevitable, are sufficient to abolish poverty from the earth, to clean up every slum district in every city of the world, and to make the wilderness blossom like the rose.

War means butchery, the slaughter of innocent people, the breakdown of the family relation. It means the outrage of women, the starvation of little children, the destruction of great cities, with their monuments of art. It means the emerging from the thin crust of civilization of the savage, the brutal, the lustful, and the fiendish. It

means tears and blood, anguish, martyrdom, and heartache. War is hell, and if there were any stronger term one would not hesitate to use it.

### War, Lest We Forget the Great

Let us remember the high ideals with which we entered the Great War. I am not referring to the war profiteers and militarists, or to those swayed by Old World antipathies, but to the great mass of plain Americans. We may have been misled by false propaganda, but certainly we did not send our men across the sea to make the world financially safe for the bankers of Wall Street, who had invested hundreds of millions of dollars in the warring nations. We were told, and we believed, and some of us still believe, that we went into that war to defend the sanctity of international law and the rights and liberties of small nations, and to combat the diabolical doctrine, "Might makes right." To such a task we felt that, in the noble language of President Wilson, we "could dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are, and everything we have, with the pride of those who know that the day is come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and the happiness and peace which she has treasured."

In spite of what has been said and written by professional pacifists, many of us have not changed our opinions that we went into the war with clean hands and pure hearts. We had no songs of hate to sing. We had no old grudges to work out upon any nation in Europe. We envied no country its prosperity. We had no territorial ambitions to gratify. We desired not an inch of land, nor a dollar of indemnity. We went into the war not to get but to give, and we gave our most priceless possessions—the flower of our youth and manhood. They went, this gallant army of young men, to hush the war drums forever. They were told that this was the war to end war. They slept in mud and bathed in blood. They knew the horrors of vermin and filth and the spectacle of men converted into red pulp. But the souls of the best of them dwelt, in their best moments, amid the stars where their great idea reigned.

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### War, as Such, Opposed to the Ideals of Christianity

Christianity proclaims the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It exalts love as the solvent of all difficulties in the social and political world. Its beatitudes are for the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, and the seeker after righteousness. Against all forms



of hate and greed and brute force it opposes the glowing ideals of love, service, and sacrifice for the common good.

War, with its brutalities, chants of hate, lust for blood, wholesale destruction of human life, and massacre of multitudes of innocent and helpless people, is opposed to the ideals and principles of the Prince of Peace. The church must take a part, and a leading part, in the abolition of war, for to the church is committed the gospel of reconciliation and the principles of peace and good will to man. The time to stop war is to stop it before it starts.

At a summer camp a small boy suddenly appeared waving a smudge, from which issued a cloud of pungent and unpleasant smoke. Someone called, "Jimmy, why are you using the smudge? There aren't any mosquitoes." "No," answered Jimmy, "but I'm smoking the mosquitoes before they come, so they will stay away when they get here." Something like that the church must do. It must create an atmosphere in which war will not breed, and a machinery of peace that will make war impossible.

### War, The Madness of

A writer who visited an insane asylum said that he found one guard in charge of seventy or eighty inmates. He inquired of the guard, "Are you not afraid to be alone with all these people?" "Afraid? No, I am not afraid," was the reply. "But don't you know," continued the visitor, "they might get together and make away with you?" "Get together!" said the guard. "They can't get together. That's why they are here."

And that is one reason why we are still cursed with the madness of war. It is because our minds are so deranged with prejudice, fears, hates, and misunderstandings that we can't get together. It is only a mad world that will tolerate war. If the nations of the world could only get together in a sane and sober mood, and face the fact that unless humanity abolishes war, war will abolish humanity, in six months' time war would go the way of slavery.

### War, The Real

In Basil Mathews' book, *The Clash of Color*, is a chapter entitled, "The Real War," in which he says:

"There is a war—the real war. But this real, ultimate war is not of race against race, of self-determination of colored races against domination by white races. It is not a war of man against man, but of man with the deadly foes of life. The nations and races of the world, if real civilization is to come to the

world and to triumph, have to lose their race differences in a real fight. Man has his enemies, his absolute and final enemies, whom he must fight tooth and nail to the last gasp, or himself perish. These enemies are the low civilization that imperils the high; the greed that exploits weaker people; the diseases that threaten ordered life; the personal sins that poison man's soul and wreck his character."

What does Basil Mathews mean by that? He means that the real war is the war between good and evil, that war never ends, that no armistice has ever been signed. There has never been even a lull in the fighting. It is, perhaps, an evidence of some godlike character in man, that he has never settled down, made a truce with evil, and said, "Let there be peace between us." The story of man is a story of war. The Genesis story in which God said to the serpent, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," has in it the ring of history and prophecy. The seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent have never been reconciled. Always there has been war between them.

War is an eruption. It is not a disease; it is the symptom of a disease. The real war, the war that never ends, is the war against the things that cause war.

## War Unprofitable

The new and improved methods of transportation by which millions, instead of hundreds of thousands, of soldiers can be kept on the firing line; the multiplication of terrible engines of war for the destruction of human life; the invention of the submarine and of the airplane, which can inflict death and destruction from under the sea and out of the sky—all these means of modern warfare are so horrible that the common sense of mankind ought to demand that war shall be abolished.

In his *Christ or Cæsar*, Dr. Hugh Black says that war "is the most insensate and stupid method imaginable to settle the difficulties that emerge among men," and he goes on:

"Apart from the bloody business of the stricken field, there are many other effects which make the state of war hateful to a sensitive mind. It clouds society with hatred and revenge, and lets loose passions black as hell. It is soul deadening and heart-searing. In war we begin to think of it as a kind of military game, with strategic moves, and easily forget the human side. The pawns of the strategy are men, and the worst victims are women and children. The real harvest of the battlefield is not the glory or the gain, but the sheaves of the dead, the tears of mourning hearts, the ashes of homesteads, and all the unspeakable pain and loss and sorrow. . . . The deterioration of character which accompanies

war is evident in every class of society. In spite of the self-sacrifice often so gloriously displayed and the heroic virtues which often shine like a light on the very battlefield, only a sentimentalist can think of warfare ennobling human nature. And after it is all over, it is long and arduous work to soften the asperities and kill the enmities, and root out the hatred which are some of the hellish brood of war."

War can be abolished as other evils have been abolished. Chattel slavery, feudalism, gladiatorial contests; ecclesiastical tyranny, with its machinery, the rack, the thumbscrew, and the dungeon—all have been abolished. War is a survival of a barbaric age that now in its turn must go the way of these other evils.

### Washington, Ancestral Background of

Washington, unlike Lincoln, was not a man of the people. His ancestral roots went down into the soil of the blue blood of England. He was at home with the aristocrats who came out to the New World. He spoke their language. He knew their ways. He was a master of the art of social life. He never made a mistake in deportment. He belonged to the dominant class. He owned thousands of acres of land. He was a sportsman, a gentleman who imported his clothes from smart London shops, a slave owner, in short, an aristocrat.

It is to the glory of Washington that he was able to break away from these hampering ties of blood and social prestige, rank and culture, to become the leader of the common people against the tyranny and oppression of the very class to which he belonged. The fact that he was able to make that sacrifice must have been a stirring appeal to many men who were bound by similar sentimental ties of blood and culture and attachment to the aristocrats of England. Revolutions usually have as their leaders men who have been ground under the heel of oppression, who have nothing to lose but their chains. But in Washington we have the record of a man who was able to rise above the natural prejudices of the privileged class to which he belonged, and assume the burden of the cause of the common people. That, to me, is one of the greatest proofs of the essential nobility of Washington and of his right to one of the highest places in our national hall of fame.

### Washington, The Idealization of

It is a familiar trait of human nature to idealize the men who have left an indelible mark upon the political, social, or religious history of our nation. That work of idealization is seen in all its power in

the case of George Washington. Parson Weems, whom Vachel Lindsay calls "the most outrageous liar about George Washington, possibly the greatest liar the world has ever known," was the first biographer of Washington. Books were scarce in those days, but almost every family possessed a copy of Weems' *Life of Washington*. Lindsay's theory is that the book penetrated to the farthest South, and to farthest West in the covered wagons, and that very often the most isolated families that accepted the book piously for fifty or one hundred years had no other book of history. Thus, according to Lindsay, the Weems' legend is older than the oldest schoolhouse or log cabin remaining on the Western frontier. To overthrow Parson Weems we have to begin in the grass roots indeed.

Parson Weems was only one of many of the early biographers to perpetuate what might be called the myth of George Washington. Even his letters were edited so that no unfortunate expression might grate on the ears of the people who looked upon him as a paragon.

Rupert Hughes, whose book, *The Human Being and the Hero*, created such a commotion in the dovecotes of the D. A. R., recalls the case of one of the painters who have done so much to fasten picturesque falsehoods on the public. The painter shows Washington wooing Martha while her pretty children play on the floor. Washington and the widow stand by the mantelpiece as still as the statuary which commemorates them.

The iconoclastic school of biographers to which Rupert Hughes belongs have at least separated truth from legend and given us a picture of a real man, without, in my judgment, dimming the splendor of his fame or robbing him of the glory of his achievements.

### Washington, A Religious Man

It would be easy to multiply quotations from Washington's writings in which he acknowledges God's providence and guidance. He believed in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But a man may give lip service to all that, and yet not be a religious man. Arthur W. Nagler has said of Washington:

"No New England Puritan exhibited a sterner loyalty to conscience. No evangelistic Christian gave himself in a more sympathetic way to the needs of others. No martyr of Christian history more fully reflected the spirit of sacrificial service. No civic saint in our national life ever showed greater fidelity to the public trust. It was in his willingness to bear his cross that the moral grandeur of Washington reposes. His utter selflessness in placing the cause above himself brought pain and anguish, which suggest parallels to the martyrs of history."

As an occupant of the highest office in the land he was the victim of partisan politics. In the cabinet there was bitter, incessant strife. False accusation and slander cut into Washington's sensitive soul, but he refused to recriminate or to act in his own defense. The man whom Gladstone called "the purest figure in history" is pictured for us in the remarkable testimony of President Timothy Dwight of Yale, uttered the year after Washington's death: "If he was not a Christian he was more like one than any man of the same description whose life has been hitherto recorded." Patience, simplicity, selflessness are Christian virtues, and there are few men in public life who can even be compared with Washington in the possession of these virtues.

### Wealth, The Sanctity of the Home and

Great wealth is a continual menace to the sanctity of the home. The simple virtues, honor, fidelity, and purity, do not thrive in a hot-house environment. Luxurious habits of life sap the moral foundations. It may be granted that a sensational press has exaggerated the scandals of the very rich, but there is no doubt that the marriage tie is very loosely regarded by a large section of what is sometimes known as our best people. Rich people, and especially the sons and daughters of rich people, are exposed to temptations that do not assail some of us humbler folk. I have known not a few young men in my college and university days who went to pieces morally because indulgent parents supplied them with more money than was good for their souls.

### Wheat, The Parable of the Dying Grain of

Lyman Abbott once asked a professor of philosophy of international reputation, "What do you say to your students when they ask you why you believe in immortality?" "I answer by asking them why they believe in mortality?" And Lyman Abbott made this comment:

"Why should the decay of the body be thought to indicate the decay of the spirit? The body is in a state of perpetual decay and repair. With every exertion, physical or mental, some part of the body dies. We are engaged in a perpetual repair and rebuilding of a perpetually decaying body. The man who lives to be eighty years of age has had probably eight to ten different bodies during his lifetime. It is not probable that any atom in my present body was in it seventy years ago. Death has been busy with me for over eighty years. But I am still Lyman Abbott, and I hope a wiser and better man than I was three-quarters of a century ago. The spirit has not only survived all this continuous bodily decay, but has grown wiser and better. Why believe that when the final decay comes the decay of the spirit should accompany it?"

Why indeed? I go to the book of nature, and while that book half conceals, it also half reveals the truth which sustained the faith of Lyman Abbott.

I take a grain of wheat. I take a thousand grains of wheat, and I sow them in the earth. What happens? They die, and if at the expiration of seven days I should dig up those thousand grains of wheat they would be worthless. But I leave them in the earth. The seeds die, but they die as seeds. They take new life as blades. Out of death issues life, and in three months I look out upon a field of waving green—a miracle of resurrection.

The dying grain of wheat is a prophecy of immortality. It tells us that what appears to be the end is really a beginning, that what seems to be the seal of failure is in reality the condition of success, that out of decay and death emerges life.

### Wings, Plodding Feet and

A former minister of the church which I serve, the late Dr. P. S. Henson, described how the soldier boys went to war in 1861. He wrote:

"We watched them as they swept through the streets, keeping step to martial music. How immaculate their uniforms. How beautiful their silken banners. How superb their carriage, as, amid the shouts of admiring spectators, they marched to war. But when the fight was finished, and Johnnie came marching home, our eyes beheld a spectacle incomparably more inspiring. We saw the battle-scarred veterans returning from the war, wearing carelessly their old slouch hats and their mud-bedraggled, bloodstained uniforms. No thought had they of the figure they cut as they bore aloft the battle flags, all torn to tatters by shot and shell, which they were bringing back with victory perched upon them. The boys that went to war, fired with patriotic enthusiasm, mounted up on wings as eagles, but the same soldiers coming home just plodded through the streets. They had learned to walk and faint not."

It is a rare and ennobling experience, when, by some flight of high emotion, the soul is able to mount up with wings as eagles, stand where Moses stood, and see the common bush aflame with God. Some of the most beautiful characters in history have never attained that experience. The mystical element, the power to see visions and dream dreams, is not given to all of us. There is something wonderfully alluring in the rush of daring, in the sudden drive against some fortress of evil, in the spirit that counts the world well lost if that black flag can be pulled down. But, after all, the battle is to be won, not by the dreamer, not by the man who makes the sudden and

swift onslaught. The spirit that wins the victory is the spirit of the plodder, who is content to dig trenches, to tramp the dusty highway, to persevere even when the battle seems to be going against him. Consider the glory of the commonplace, "They shall walk and not faint."

### Woman, The New Freedom and

The new freedom, which might almost be termed a revolution, is profoundly affecting the lives of women, young and old. A great army of women have been driven from the protection of the home, and are working out their own salvation, economic as well as ethical and religious. The old fences are down, and woman has entered into man's world, so that there is hardly a trade, a profession, or an occupation in which man is not feeling the competition of woman. It was not so many years ago that man graciously agreed that certain spheres of work were permissible to women, such as teaching, nursing, and clerking. But law, medicine, politics, and the Christian ministry were tabooed. Marie Mitchell's reply to the gentleman who told her that women were unfitted by nature for the irregular hours required of an astronomer is worthy of note. "Sir," replied Miss Mitchell, "my mother had more irregular night hours than ever will be required of an astronomer. She raised eight children."

This new freedom for women is not without its moral perils. I sympathize with a young woman who said:

"You are letting me undertake work never before done by woman. You are allowing me to be exposed at an early age to conditions and temptations to which woman has never been subjected in the history of the world. My sisters and I are in factories, stores, offices in the daytime, and in theatres, at public dances, and on the streets at night, with no protection save such as society offers to all its members. You allow me to return to my home from my work or my play at all hours of the twenty-four unguarded. I am fending for myself in a world strange and alluring to me. I try all things, good and bad alike. You do not take responsibility for me. I will take it for myself, and you shall not blame me for the disasters I bring upon you or myself."

No, we do not blame you. We see the danger, perhaps more vividly than you see it. We who are now old were once young as you are. We, too, skated on thin ice and some of us broke through. We would like to tell you where the ice is thin, but you won't listen to us. That is the saddest part of it. You feel that you have got to know things for yourselves. So we can only stand aside and watch and hope and pray.

## Woman, Power Machinery and

There are few problems in our modern economic world that are not related closely to power-driven machinery. It is labor-saving machinery that was largely responsible for taking women away from the home into the factory. Spinning and weaving, once performed by women under the shelter of the family roof, are now done in a mill, to the accompaniment of the din of machinery. Women have left the home, not from choice, but from necessity. The old industries which centered around the home have been taken away, and women who must work as well as weep have followed their jobs outside, and a new and changing world is the outcome. Instead of tending babies, women look after a machine and someone else cares for the baby. A young married woman once informed me that she worked in a mill until three weeks before her baby was born and that she was back at the mill when her baby was three weeks old. She babies a machine; her mother-in-law tends the baby.

## Woman, a History of Oppression

In considering the place of woman in the life of yesterday and the life of today, one is always tempted to magnify the great changes for the better that have taken place. Changes have occurred, but movement does not necessarily mean progress. Some of the most shameful pages of history deal with the lot of woman. In primitive times she was little more than a beast of burden. She was cast for the field and the home, and when she was old her lord and master could put her away. In the so-called glorious days of chivalry she was little more than a chattel, and her chief function in life was to bear sons who could carry arms to slaughter other women's sons. And in some countries in Europe that is her sole function today. Motherhood is being sacrificed on the altar of war, and Rachel weeps for her children and will not be comforted.

Hardly less to be considered in this arraignment is the degradation to which marriage in our own country has been subjected. Motherhood is regarded as a burden, and childlessness has become fashionable. Home life is outmoded, and thus woman is removed from the function to which she has been ordained by both nature and God.

Whatever may be said of man, it is certainly true of woman that she has been a victim of fashion and oppression. Plato thanked the gods for eight blessings, the second of which was that he was not a woman. In the Persian prayer book occurs the sentence, "Blessed be God, for He has not made me a woman." Even the great apostle



to the Gentiles was so much in bondage to Jewish traditions and customs that he used the rather remarkable argument that woman is inferior to man because God created Adam before Eve.

Thanks to the liberalizing influence of Christianity, the status of woman is steadily growing better, although it was not so many years ago that wife-beating was legal in England, and the law even regulated the conditions under which a man might beat his wife. "The stick," says the law, "must not be thicker than the husband's thumb." Some Englishmen have very thick thumbs, and doubtless a lot of damage could be done with a stick. In the United States woman has come into her own, and the granting of the right to vote has given her a new weapon to use against those who have so often exploited her weakness and inability to defend herself.

### Women, Wages and

The reasons advanced by employers for paying women low wages are that they lack physical endurance, that competition fixes conditions of labor, and that any attempt to provide a decent income would mean bankruptcy for the firm, that women lack efficiency, that they do not fully exert themselves, because the great majority of them are looking forward to marriage. The pin-money theory is the argument most frequently advanced. The employer will sometimes frankly confess, "Yes, the wages are small, too small to live on, but these girls are living at home, and they come begging for jobs in order to earn pin money and have a good time."

The pin-money theory has never stood the test of investigation. It has been proven by surveys that of the ninety percent of women employees who lived at home, all but three percent of these young women not only carried their share of the family burden of rent, food, fuel, and clothing, but also helped to carry the burden and bear the expense of the rest of the family. Any industry that does not pay a living wage to its employees is a parasite on other industries, which must make up the deficiency. If Mary Jones, living at home, works in a department store for seven dollars a week, and it costs nine dollars a week to support her, then that department store is a parasite on the industry which employs her father, who makes up the deficiency to the extent of two dollars a week. A parasitic industry is a scab industry.

### Work, The Cash Value of

It is very usual for people to judge the value and dignity of work

by the financial reward. You say, "This is the highest class of work because the pay envelope is the bulkiest." But the commercial yardstick is the most faulty instrument to measure the value of any particular piece of work. The things which have most enriched the human race were not produced because of the need of money. The poems of the world, the great statues of the world, the masterpieces of the painters were not the result of financial compulsion. The heroes and benefactors of the race were, for the most part, poor men. Socrates and Plato were two of the greatest men of classical times, and they were both poor, and one of them was put to death as a criminal.

If money were the test of the value of a man to society, then we would elect only millionaires as president. But so deep is our distrust of money as a test of service rendered that a millionaire stands a far better chance of being sent to the penitentiary than to the White House. The three most altruistic professions, teaching, medicine, and the ministry—the professions which demand the longest apprenticeship and the highest type of moral character—yield the most meagre returns in dollars and cents.

### Work, The Joy and Inspiration of

There are few occupations and professions in which happiness is not to be found in the mere act of working. Even the man who is engaged in some monotonous toil has the satisfaction of knowing that his work is rewarded with a financial remuneration which provides him not only with the necessities of life, but also affords opportunities for recreation as well. He has also the higher satisfaction of knowing that he is fulfilling his duty in the social organism, and that by his labor he is contributing to the progress of the world.

It may be admitted that in the present evil world the burdens of life are most unequally distributed. Work that should be a delight and an inspiration becomes a heavy load to multitudes of people.

In honest, self-respecting work, whether of mind or body, lies not only the salvation but the happiness of the race. One of the happiest people I ever met was a woman who lived in a garret and made her living by washing and ironing. She was also a cripple. One of the most unhappy persons I ever knew was the wife of a millionaire, who scoured the four corners of the earth to obtain a great collection of coins. It is on the path of labor that we have the best chance of catching the bluebird.

## Work, Religious and Secular

I make no distinction between secular work and sacred work, between communion services and community service, between prayer meetings and political meetings, between work rendered to God and work rendered to the world. Since I understood the gospel preached by the Son of Man, I have contended that the kingdom of God is universal in its scope, that it includes all life, social, industrial, political, and international, and that in the kingdom of God there is nothing common or unclean. I am in sympathy with the noble words spoken by Lyman Abbott many years ago, when in reply to the question, "What does the kingdom of God mean?" he said:

"It means first of all square dealing in business. It means the carpenter making a good joint, the plumber making a pipe that will not burst. It means the employer of labor paying fair wages, the workingman doing good work. It means square, upright, honest dealings of a man with his fellows. This is religion. It is the very thing that Christ came to establish upon the earth. It means the carrying of peace and good will into our daily life. It means the using of one's influence to make commerce, not a war, but an emulation for service; not a struggle to see how much we can get, but to see how much we can achieve. It means that kind of a spirit of brotherhood that will take life and lift it out of drudgery, and make it a noble, elevating, inspiring purpose, because it is working toward the kingdom of God on earth."

The mission of the church is the extension of the kingdom of God on earth. It is to build up the fellowship of those who believe in the great spiritual principles of the kingdom, and seek to apply those principles to every department of human activity. Foreign missions, home missions, work among the foreign elements of our cities, educational work among our boys and girls, social and recreational centers, evangelism—all are phases of that work. The church is the one organization that exists primarily and solely for the purpose of bringing in the reign of God in human life. Loyalty to the church is loyalty to the kingdom of God, and without the church—the communion of those who believe in the moral and spiritual leadership of Jesus, and who are pledged to carry out the ideals of the gospel and of the Great Commission—the kingdom of God will never come nigh us.

## World That Is Coming, The New

I think that, on the whole, we may cherish a spirit of optimism. The world of tomorrow will be a different world and it may be a better world. The world of tomorrow will be shaped by the men and

women of today. The best hope for society, as I see it, is that gospel of spiritual ideals identified with the name of Jesus Christ. In these days of moral sluggishness the church must carry on, bearing its witness, protesting against such social evils as war, poverty, intemperance, and national and racial antipathies, and calling men back to a living faith in God and life everlasting. The old science, which was antagonistic to traditional Christianity, is undergoing a change of heart, just as Protestant orthodoxy is undergoing a change of heart, and that, to me, is by all odds the most encouraging sign of our times. In the new world we may witness science and religion advancing together for the spiritual conquest of humanity and the realization of the vision of Jesus and of the Hebrew prophets, "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

### World on the Toboggan Slide? Is the

Let us listen to those who assert that we are in the twilight of faith, that both in religion and in morals there is nothing before us but catastrophe. They will point out that it was in the twentieth century that the world witnessed the greatest and most destructive war in all history. Russia has closed the doors of the churches, has abolished religion as an enemy of progress, and is conducting a campaign of education which is touching every man, woman and child and impressing upon them that Christianity is a system of superstition and priestcraft, that there is no God, and that life ends with death. As evidences that the world is on the toboggan slide, they will cite the rapid increase in divorces and the consequent breakdown of the family relation. They will point out that sexual immorality is widespread, and that the old standard of purity has collapsed. They will call attention to the fact that lawlessness is threatening the very existence of the organized life of communities, that murder, robbery, and kidnaping are on the increase in every nation of the world. Looking out from the observatory of despair, they will tell you that all signs point to another great war, in which new and terrible engines of destruction will convert cities into smoking ruins and destroy hundreds of millions of human lives. So much for the voice of despair.

Let us hear the case of the optimist. Henry Morton Robinson, in an article published in the *Readers' Digest* on the subject, "No Time Like the Present," bubbles over with joy. I quote two sentences: "Temperamentally, I am not a shouter of glad tidings, but I wish I could inscribe upon a luminous banner the positive joy that shook

me recently as I finished reading Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. I was happy, not because human beings had been subjected to the fiendish tortures of steel and fire described in this amazing book, but because these agonies were no longer possible in our world, and because the human spirit had somehow outgrown this type of barbarism."

Certainly a strong case can be presented along these lines. Torture as a means of bringing people to a knowledge and acceptance of religious truth is now out of date. However, some stories that come out of Russia, and even Germany, would seem to indicate that forcible and painful methods are still in vogue to bring people to the knowledge and acceptance of political and economic ideas. The nineteenth century put an end to human slavery. Laws have been passed safeguarding the lives of men and women in industry. Women have been emancipated and placed on a political equality with men. Medical science has practically wiped out certain diseases which once plagued mankind. There is a more humane treatment of the insane and the prisoner. Science has made the world a more comfortable place to live in. It has solved the problem of production, so that today there is food enough to feed every family that sits at the world's dining table. The Protestant denominations were never so united and ready to cooperate in Christian work as at the present moment. Which one of these two opposing views we shall accept probably will depend upon our temperament, and perhaps upon our eschatological outlook.

### Youth, The Fact of a Changed World and

Life was comparatively simple fifty, even twenty, years ago. The church was the center of the community life. Our Puritan ancestors were God-fearing, church-going, Sabbath-observing people, and we were still under the spell of their influence.

Today we live in a new world. A thousand new factors have entered into our lives. This modern and complex civilization is profoundly affecting our young people. Take one fact cited by Jane Addams in that book which ought to be read by every city pastor, *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*:

"Never before in civilization have such numbers of young girls been suddenly released from the protection of the home and permitted to walk unattended upon city streets and to work under alien roofs. Never before have such numbers of young boys earned money independently of the family life and felt themselves free to spend it as they choose, in the midst of vice deliberately disguised as pleasure."

The decline of parental authority, due largely to the economic independence of boys and girls who are still in their teens; the fact that youth is always turbulent and vulnerable at every point, and the failure of the church to keep pace with the complex and highly organized life of the city render the problem of how the church can get and hold its young people serious and baffling. The world moves, conditions change, and new problems grow out of the new environment, and it is useless to hark back to the past. We have got to face our age, and if the old machinery will not work we must scrap it and buy new tools.

### Youth, Cultivating a Sympathetic Understanding

Youth is restless, volatile, rebellious, idealistic, and, at times, cynical. It is ardent, generous, prone to hero worship. It is plastic, enthusiastic, delighting in motion.

For the most part, the leaders of our churches are men and women who have arrived at or passed middle life. It is only by exercising what might be called our historical imagination that middle life is able to understand and sympathize with youth. We lose our young people not infrequently because the middle-aged leaders of the church are so much in bondage to old traditions, old ideas, old methods that they lack the courage or the inclination to break out a new trail. We try to confine the bubbling, sparkling new wine of youth in bottles that were old even when we who are now middle-aged were young. We try to impose our autumn programs upon boys and girls who are living in the showery springtime of life, and then wonder why those programs are not enthusiastically received. When your boy comes home at night after two hours' football practice, with mud from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, with black and blue marks scattered over different parts of his anatomy, the feminine member of your household is often at a loss to understand what he finds to attract him in such a rough and brutal game. We know the kind of a game she would like him to play—a game that would expose him to no risks of life and limb. But such a game doesn't appeal to a boy with a football soul. Fundamental to the solving of the problem of young people is a sympathetic understanding of the psychology of youth.

### Youth and Its Ideals

Longfellow tells us somewhere that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, which means not only that the eye of youth sweeps

wide horizons, but that the thoughts of youth are not merely of a moment's duration. They go far out into the future. They affect manhood and even old age. It means that the boy is father to the man. Crowd the mind of the youth with ideals of truth, love, faith, and duty, and, no matter how strong and evil may be the forces that shall be hurled against him, he will never entirely escape from the moulding and transforming influences of the first glorious visions.

### Youth, The New Freedom and

Our young people today enjoy a freedom that was unknown fifty years ago. There is freedom of ideas. They discuss sex problems with a frankness that would have made the hairs on the heads of their elders stand on end. The motion pictures have acquainted even the children with all the facts of sex life, and they have a knowledge of the technique of love-making that was unknown to the young people of my generation.

There is not only freedom of language, but also freedom of action. The old bars are down, and the young people feel free to roam in any green pasture. The old parental authority, by virtue of which wives were subject to their husbands and children were made to obey their parents, went out when the automobile and votes for women came in. He who was once the lord of creation and whose word was the law of the home is today usually the most inoffensive member of the household.

As a matter of fact, the old-fashioned home has almost ceased to be. In cities like New York and Chicago the great majority of people live, not in houses, but in kitchenette apartments. A few years ago they tore down a beautiful one-family house across the street from where I have lived for sixteen years, and erected in its place an apartment building in which fifty-six families live, move and have their being. The modern young person who was born in a hospital, who entertains her friends at country clubs or hotel restaurants, and who has flitted with her parents from apartment house to apartment house, can never thrill to the old-fashioned song, "How Dear to My Heart Are the Scenes of My Childhood."

It is a different world that we live in. If the young people of today are going, as in our pessimistic moments we sometimes think they are going, the pace that kills, it is well to remember that they are the products of an environment which we of the past three or four generations have created.

## Youth, Whither Is It Travelling?

Is modern youth going to the dogs? I do not think so. Youth has a freedom today that the youth of the past generations did not possess. That freedom has brought new dangers to be sure. The old external authority that guided the young people of yesterday is a thing of the past, but I believe that the adolescent generation is on the road to the establishment of new standards of conduct—the standards born of inner convictions.

It is said that on the tombstone of Emily Sturgis, who was born in New Jersey in 1832, and who died in 1876, is recorded, "She had a good time." I think the youth of this generation is having a good time. I think that in the pursuit of that good time they are exposing themselves to some very grave moral dangers. On the whole, however, I am inclined to believe that the youth of today are just as fine and wholesome, and have just as high ideals and as much will to achieve these ideals as had the youth of the past.

## Year, Beginning the New

A singular charm is connected with beginnings. It is so much easier to begin a thing than to finish it. At the start there is freshness and spontaneity, and, apparently, a certain element of the miraculous. But usually we haven't travelled very far before the colors fade, and a certain amount of disillusionment enters in. Usually the happiest day of the year is the day when I start on my vacation, and the second happiest is when I start home. Between the two there is the unpleasant process of adjustments between dreams and realities. It is so much easier to begin the writing of a book, the building of a house, the study of some branch of philosophy, science, or literature, or even the creation of something new in a bass bug or trout fly than to finish what one has started.

I think that is one reason why we always welcome the coming of a new year. We have made something of a mess of the old. But here's for a new start, the turning of a new leaf, the beginning of a new day. It is perhaps easy to get cynical about new-year resolutions, just as a small boy is sometimes cynical concerning what seems to him the unnecessary operation of scrubbing the back of his neck, and washing behind his ears. Even so, a moral bath once a year is a profitable undertaking. It may not last for three hundred and sixty-five days, but at least one will start the new year clean, and cleanliness, moral as well as physical, is such a sanitary satisfaction that in time it may develop into a habit.



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